GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1864.

Engraved by Illman Brothers from an Original Drawing

YANKEE DOODLE.

Chs. Kimmel & Co. N.Y.

GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR JULY 1864.

Chc. Kimmel

GODEY'S FASHIONS

& E.C° N.Y.

FOR JULY 1864.

NETTED MITTEN.

FOURTH OF JULY.

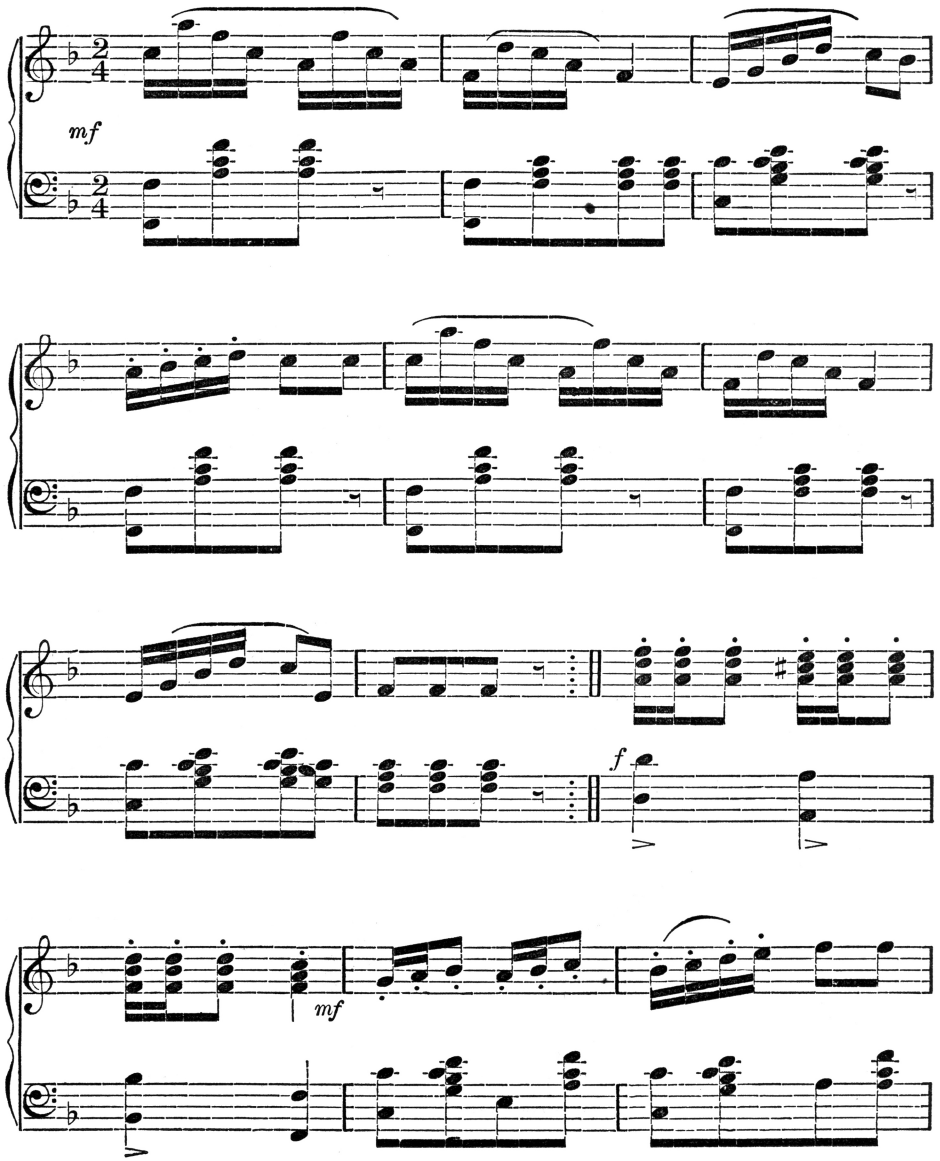
To James Coff, Jr., St. Louis, Mo.

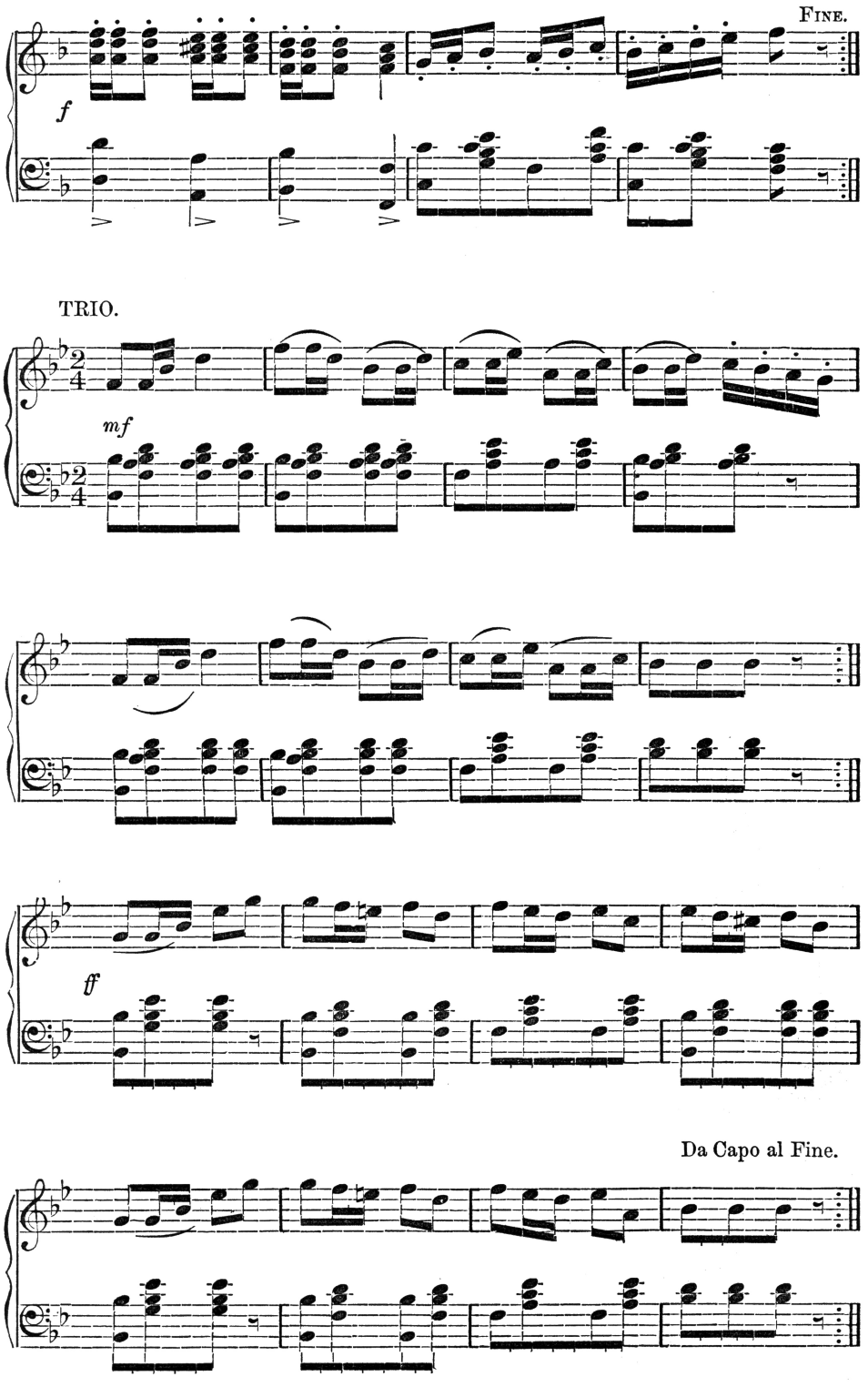
MARION SCHOTTISCHE.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

By CHARLES W. OHM,

COMPOSER OF MOMENT MUSICALE.




Fine.
f
TRIO.
mf
ff
Da Capo al Fine.

CAMBRIC ROBE.

(*From the celebrated establishment of* Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., *of New York.*)

The dress is of the color styled *cheveux de la reine* (which is somewhat of a leather color) printed in a very rich black design. Most of these dresses have sacks to match. The same style of robe is to be had in various colors.

ROBE DRESS.

(*From the celebrated establishment of* Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., *of New York.*)

This dress, very suitable for the sea-side, is of pearl-colored mohair, with a bordering of black and Magenta. The jacket is of black bordered with white, and the vest a deep Magenta bordered with black. The turban is of black straw, trimmed with a Magenta-colored wing and curled plume.

ORGANDY ROBE.

(*From the celebrated establishment of* Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., *of New York.*)

The dress is of a rich salmon color, striped with chocolate brown. The bordering on the edge of the skirt is in different shades of brown.

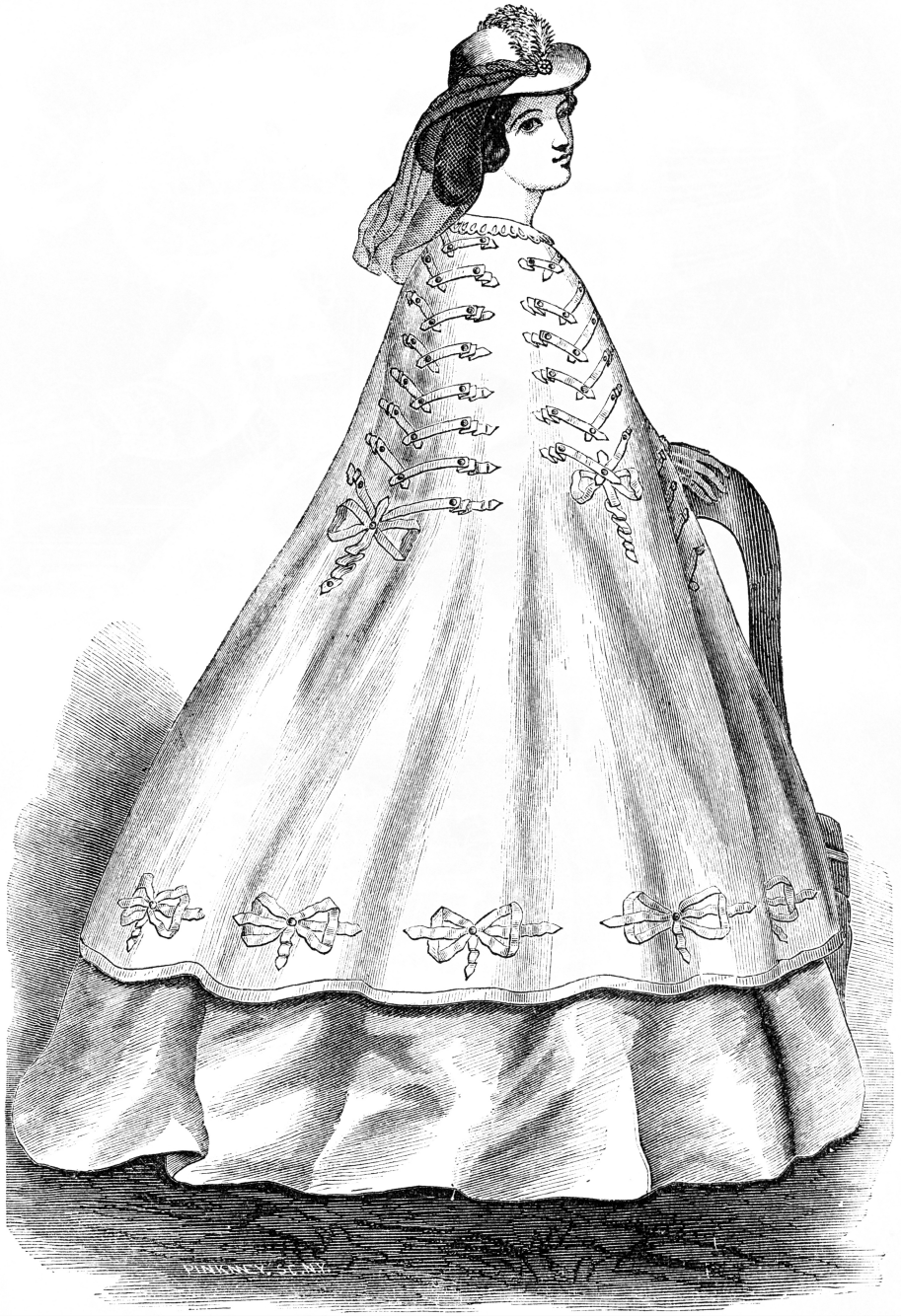
MOHAIR ROBE.

(*From the celebrated establishment of* Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., *of New York.*)

The ground of the dress is a light Russian gray, with a plaid bordering on the edge of the skirt of Violina purple, black, and white. Above the plaid is a rich vine, in different shades of purple. The designs on the corsage match the skirt, but are reduced in size.

THE ANDALUSIAN.

[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]



Simple in construction, being a circular with holes and flaps for the arms. This very pleasing garment owes its elegance to the mode of ornamentation. Narrow taffeta ribbons are sewed, as delineated, upon the material, which is berage, or other summer light tissues. Very small buttons of metal are placed at the ends and overlappings of the ribbon scrolls.

BATHING DRESSES.—(*See Description, Fashion Department.*)

BATHING DRESSES.—(*See Descr*

ription, Fashion Department.)

Fig. 1.—Evening coiffure for a young lady. The front hair is arranged over cushions, and the back hair in the waterfall style, with one long curl falling over the shoulder. The ornaments are peacock plumes.

Fig. 2.—A Grecian coiffure for a young lady. The ornaments are white and peacock's plumes, with a fancy comb.

Fig. 3.—Ball coiffure. The coronet is formed of black lace and brilliant colored flowers of the Scotch style. The streamers are of scarlet and green velvet ribbons. The hair is rolled from the face, and arranged in waterfall style at the back.

COIFFURES.

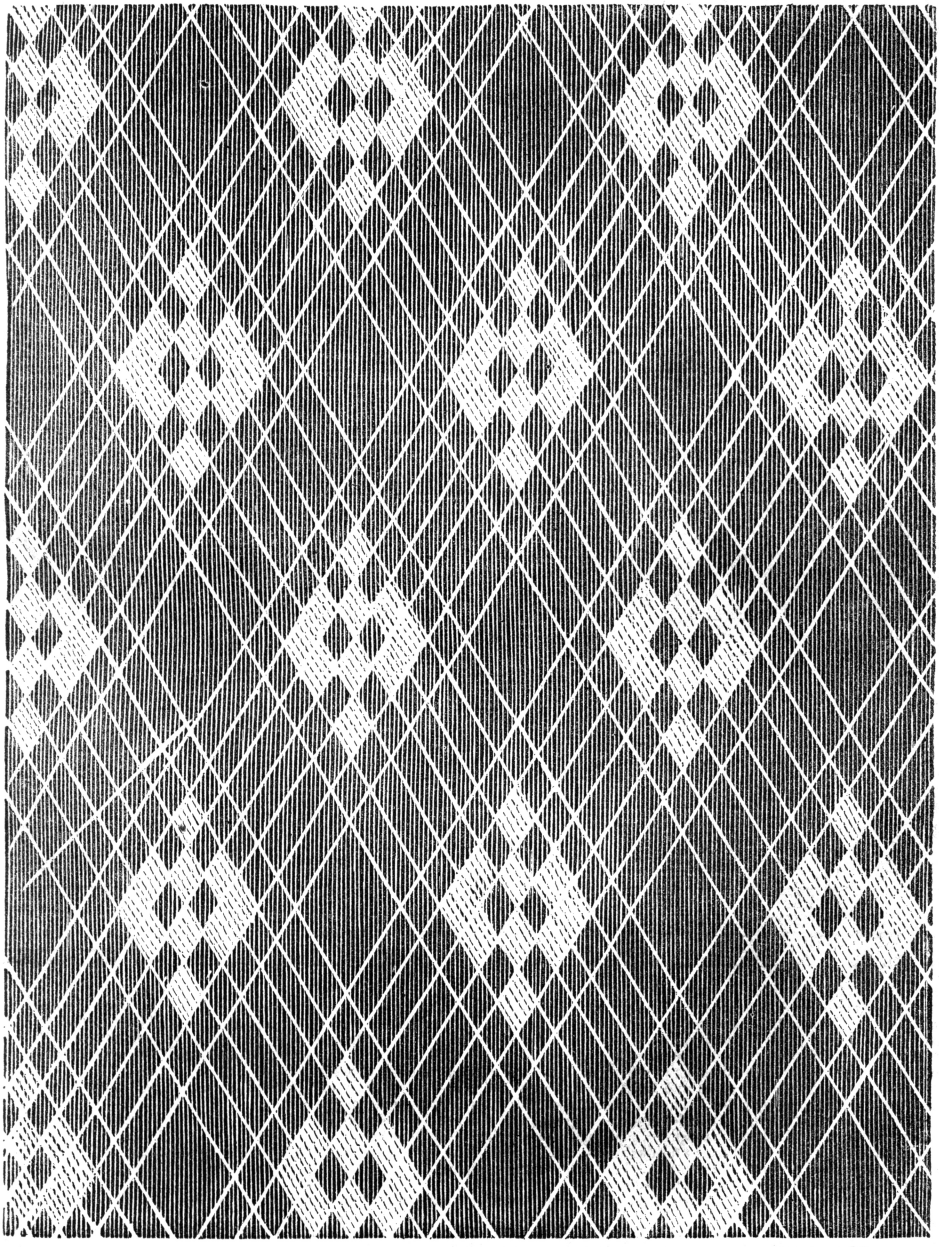
Fig. 1.—Evening coiffure for a young lady. The front hair is arranged over cushions, and the back hair in the waterfall style, with one long curl falling over the shoulder. The ornaments are peacock plumes.

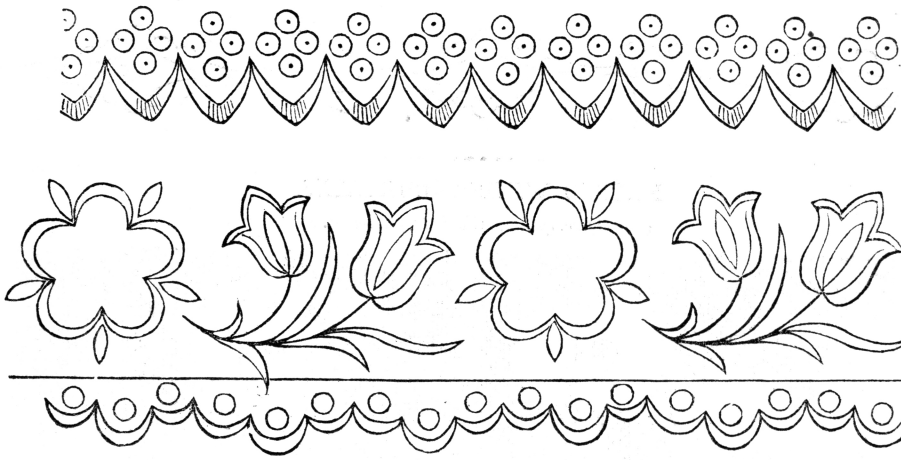
Fig. 2.—A Grecian coiffure for a young lady. The ornaments are white and peacock's plumes, with a fancy comb.

Fig. 3.—Ball coiffure. The coronet is formed of black lace and brilliant colored flowers of the Scotch style. The streamers are of scarlet and green velvet ribbons. The hair is rolled from the face, and arranged in waterfall style at the back.

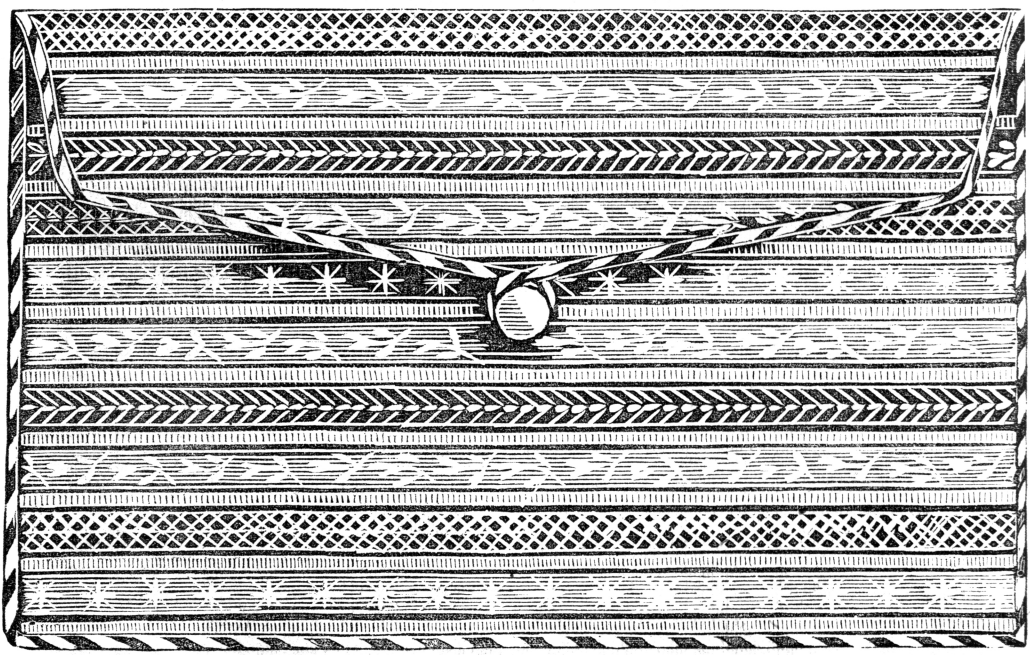
NETTED WINDOW-CURTAINS.

(*See Description, Work Department.*)





EMBROIDERED NOTE-CASE.



This style of work has an exceedingly pretty effect. It is useful for a variety of purposes, and curious from the material on which it is worked. Although having the appearance of Indian embroidery, it is only done on ordinary linen bed-ticking, which makes it very strong, and well suited for slippers, belts, etc. It is worked with various colored netting or Berlin silks; and in our present design a narrow gold braid is run on the centre of the broad black line. We give an enlarged section as a guide for the embroidery, which is always worked on the broad white stripes.

The first stripe is of crimson and light green. Work with one color a row of herring-bone along half a stripe, and the other half with the other color. Then a row of chain-stitches in mauve down the centre.

In the second stripe the little leaves are of green, and formed by a simple chain-stitch; and the flowers alternately of mauve and red, worked in button-hole, making three stitches close together.

The third stripe is of orange and dark green, a long stitch of each color being alternately taken in a slanting direction from the edge to the centre of the stripe, the stitches on the other side being the reverse way. When worked, make a row of chain-stitches down the centre with crimson.

The fourth stripe; for the stars: first make a cross with crimson, and then recross this with blue; reverse the colors for the remainder.

It is made of ticking, and folded in the shape of an envelope, one end rounded to fasten with a button. The lining should be of silk, and a small gold cord sewed all round the outer edge.

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1864.

"NOBODY TO BLAME."

BY MARION HARLAND.

(Concluded from page 527.)

CHAPTER XIII.

IF Lorraine did not forget the helpless pair he had left in the "she-dragon's" den, he took no pains to assure them of his continued remembrance. A month rolled by, and the promised letter did not arrive. The meagre morsel he had given his wife wherewith to appease the rapacity of the monster, as he chose to consider the industrious woman whose leniency to him and his far exceeded his deserts, was paid over within two days after he left, and Maggie, now thrown entirely upon her own resources, was so far confidential with the landlady as to inform her of her penniless state until her husband should send her money, and solicit, through her, work of the other boarders. To the honor of human nature be it said, that they not only responded cordially to the appeal, but the men, most of them clerks with slender salaries, privately raised a purse among themselves, and presented it to Mrs. Richards in liquidation of the claim upon the Lorraines. Maggie's gift of acquiring friends had not deserted her, and, although exerted unconsciously, still had its effect upon those who were brought into communication with her.

Mrs. Richards had a homely face and a harsh voice, but she was by no means unpopular with the majority of her mixed household. She could drive a bargain with the keenest man of business there. She could ill afford to lose a dollar, and she never did, without a vigorous effort to secure it. She despised Lorraine, as a "good-for-nothing loafer," a "would-be swell," and a "real cheat," and would have bundled him out of the house upon the first pay-day, but for the unoffending sufferers in her third-story back. Louise was the only baby in the house, and reminded her of one she had lost twenty years before, and she made no secret, except in Maggie's hearing, of her opinion that poor Mrs. Lorraine was a martyr, and was "paying dearly for her foolishness in having married that dissipated, lazy husband of hers." It is certain that she would not have given Maggie notice to quit, had the board remained unpaid, but as it was, she was very glad that she was not the loser by this fresh villainy on the part of one whom she now regarded as an absconded debtor.

So the month had passed—a week—a fortnight followed it—and there were no tidings of the absentee, and Maggie began to look forward with serious forebodings to the Spring and the probable event it would bring, the trial for which she could make so little preparation. Each day diminished the chance that she would be able to go to her husband, should he send for her, and if he failed to supply her with the means of paying her daily expenses, what was to become of her?

"The burningest shame I ever knew!" said

Mrs. Richards to her daughter, one morning, as the two were clearing away the breakfast things. "And I have seen my full share of the wrong side of this life. I don't believe that rogue has the least idea of coming back. He has turned that poor young thing loose upon the world to pick up a living as she can. He can't abide me, but he isn't too nice to leave his family upon my charity. It just amounts to that, for he doesn't know that she ever took in sewing, or that the boarders have raised a subscription."

"I wonder how her rich relations would take it if they knew all!" remarked the daughter. "To my notion they are as much to blame as he is."

"No, they aren't! She offended and disgraced them by a secret marriage with this disrespectable fellow. I've heard it said that they never guessed that he was even courting her, until he was taken up for some rascality—robbing his employers, or some such thing—and she went into highsterics about it, and lo, and behold! they had been married two months, and nobody the wiser, except Mrs. Clement Lorraine—Miss Dupont she was then. He was living with the Lawrences, and they would not prosecute him, although he had robbed them of several hundred dollars. 'Twould have been better for her if he had been sent to Sing-Sing for ten years. Her father is a proud, high-tempered man, they say, and he vowed she should never cross his threshold again, and none of the family would have anything to do with this Lorraine. I've heard that her married sister would receive her any day she would leave him; but he would never let her go near them. I dare say they take it for granted that she is well enough off, seeing that he had a situation with his brother. She behaved very imprudent—there's no denying that—but she has found out that the way of the transgressor is hard. I think her mother would pity her, if she could see her now."

"A gintleman, ma'am!" said the maid-of-all work, at the door.

There was no mistaking him for anything but a gentleman, thought Mrs. Richards, as she stepped into the hall where he stood.

He bowed respectfully. "Mrs. Richards, I believe!"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you a lady amongst your boarders by the name of Lorraine?"

"I have, sir. Her parlor is No. 12, third-story back—or stay! Norah! show this gentleman up to Mrs. Lorraine's room."

Maggie felt unusually depressed this morning. Her strength was giving way under the unintermitting strain upon body and mind. She had no appetite, and Mrs. Richards' best food was not tempting to an invalid. She took up her sewing as soon as she returned to her room; but her hands trembled with nervous exhaustion, and her temples throbbed with such pain that she was fain to close her eyes and rest her brow upon the work-stand before her. She did not raise it until Norah followed up her knock at the door by throwing it open, and calling out in her broadest brogue:—

"Mrs. Lorraine! here's a gintleman to see ye!"

And lifting her frightened, haggard face, Maggie saw Will Ainslie standing on the threshold.

Forgotten now was the part he had taken in exiling her from his house as her parents had done from theirs; forgotten his long, cruel silence; his seeming forgetfulness of her existence; his slights to her husband and child! She only thought of his goodness in the past, and her base requital of it all.

Springing forward with a scream of mingled joy and anguish, she fell upon her knees at his feet.

"Will! Brother! Oh, forgive me!"

She remembered nothing more distinctly, until she found herself stretched upon the hard sofa, and Mrs. Richard's face, wet with tears, bending over her.

"Mrs. Richards!" she said, faintly. "Oh, I have had such a sweet, blessed dream!"

"It was not a dream, dear Maggie!" Will came forward from behind the couch. "I have come to take you home—to your own old home, where you can stay as long as you like."

Maggie smiled and sat upright, like one who has quaffed a potent cordial.

"But—" added Will, seriously and cautiously. "It will be a sad visit to you—to us all. Can you bear sorrow, better than you did joy, just now?"

"I ought to be able to do so, rejoined she," involuntarily, speaking out the thought that arose in her mind. "I am used to suffering."

"But this trial is an unexpected one. Your father died suddenly last night!"

"Died!" repeated Maggie, clasping her hands. "Died! and I never made my peace with him!" She burst into tears.

Will had no comfort to give her. Mr. Boylan's attack had been severe from the commencement. He had sustained severe losses in trade that had depressed him much for a fortnight past, and probably tended to bring on a fit of apoplexy. He did not speak coherently from the moment of his seizure until his death, which occurred six hours afterwards. It was a terrible stroke to the family. Mrs. Boylan had borne it best of all, to the surprise of those around her. It was her proposition and earnest request, that the disowned daughter should be sent for.

"Dear mamma!" said Maggie, as she heard this. "I have never doubted that she loved me." Then, as she observed Will's pained look, she continued, putting her hand within his: "I have blamed none of you, dear brother. I had forfeited your esteem, abused your confidence, deceived you in every respect. I was no more worthy to be counted as one of your number."

This loneliness of spirit had in it no savor of affectation, and before it the feeble remains of Will's just displeasure against the truant faded into air.

When he drew in his smoking horses before the late residence of his father-in-law, and lifted out the pale, trembling daughter and her infant, he was as truly her knight and stanch defender as of yore, resolved to maintain her cause to the last, though Marian herself should be his opponent.

Tiny and Marian were with their mother in her room, and while both heard the subdued bustle of arrival in the lower hall, and knew what it portended, neither stirred to receive the new comers. There was, instead, a perceptible toss of Tiny's head, ever ready to execute this movement, and a hardening of Marian's features into inflexibility of resolution. Both women were proud in their way, and Maggie's career had been to them the most deadly mortification, the heaviest sorrow of their lives. They imagined her changed into such a character as befitted Lorraine's wife and Marie Dupont's scholar, and for this creature, Marian's dislike was fully as inveterate as Tiny's. Each, rapidly and silently, reviewed the circumstances of her union with the thief and gambler, the consternation, distress, the disgrace that ensued to themselves, and the twain tacitly determined that, so far as they were concerned, the exile should be to all intents and purposes, an exile still. Forgetting the awful commentary upon human pride that lay in the adjoining apartment, they arose together as they heard Will's voice upon the stairs, and stood, one stern, the other scornful, to meet the shameless intruder.

The door unclosed softly, and there entered, upon Will's arm, a drooping figure, her countenance so marked and seamed with sorrow, so eloquent of humble entreaty, as she beheld the mother and sisters she had deserted, that even the vain Tiny was surprised into tears. Mrs. Boylan opened her arms, and her wanderer fell within them. For some moments, the sound of low weeping filled the chamber. Then, Will, whose affectionate heart was ever yearning for the blessing denied to his otherwise happy home—the music of childish steps and baby voices—set Louise upon his wife's knee.

The little one gazed into her aunt's face, with the innocent wonder, the clear, confiding look that had characterized her mother's expression in the early days Marian remembered so faithfully. She caught the unconscious peacemaker to her heart with a burst of emotion that swept down the walls of resentment and haughtiness at once and forever.

Maggie remained at her mother's until after the funeral. When everything was done to show respect to the dead that the living could perform, the Ainslies took their newly-regained relative to their home. She was sadly in need of such rest and nursing as Marian was ready to give. In the perfect revulsion of feeling common with persons of strong affections, united to strength of will, she was eager to efface from Maggie's mind all past unkindness by present benefits; willing to confess that she had been unjust, implacable, inhuman, as she surveyed the wreck her husband had brought back to the fold. But this Maggie would not allow. The fault had been hers—all hers—she persisted in declaring. They were only too good to receive her again. She revived rapidly, now that she was restored to an atmosphere of luxury and love.

"But I fear that her constitution is terribly shattered," said Mrs. Ainslie, to her husband, when Maggie had spent some ten days with them. "I more than suspect that wretch of

a Lorraine of maltreating her. She will not say a word against him; but she acknowledged, when I questioned her, that she had not heard from him since he left, two months ago! Think of that!"

"I have thought of it, and of many other things, as bad, and worse, which it is as well you knew too," responded Will. "I have had a talk, to-day, with that Mrs. Richards, who, Maggie says, was so kind to her. Ah, Marian, we are bitterly punished for our harshness to the poor, erring child!"

"Do not say 'our!'" said his wife, generously, seeing him pause to gather self-control. "While her own father forbade the mention of her name in his presence, you begged me to see, or at least write to her, and tell her that we would befriend her, whenever she needed help or comfort. I would not do it. I was outraged at the discovery of the systematic deception practised upon us, and ready to believe her as bad as the rest. And then, John's broken heart! But it was wrong, and it was all my doing. Now, what have you heard?"

"It was a long, sad story, one with which the reader is better acquainted than was honest Mrs. Richards; but she knew enough, and had revealed sufficient to Mr. Ainslie to fill his soul with grief and indignation, and to extort from Marian exclamations of horror and anger as the recital proceeded.

"One thing is settled!" she said. "She must stay with us this winter, until her husband (how I detest to call him so!) returns."

"Then you are willing to resign her and that sweet babe to him when he chooses to claim them?" asked Will.

"Willing! not I! Still, if she wishes to go with him, how can we hinder it?"

"We cannot, if she really prefers a residence with him to the home we offer. I am much mistaken if she has any affection for him. We will not borrow trouble. He may be so enamored of Western life as never to honor us with his presence again."

"I hope so, most devoutly!" said Marian. "There is but one drawback to her living with us. What is to be done about John's visits? The dear fellow has no other home, you know."

"Let him come as he has always done!" returned Will, boldly. "No one dare speak ill of her while she is under my roof."

"That may be, yet it may not be pleasant for them to meet. When did you hear from him?"

"This morning. He will return to-morrow or next day. I merely wrote to him of your father's death, without saying anything of Maggie—"

He was interrupted by the entrance of the person last named. She held Louise by the hand; but no sooner had that young lady espied her uncle than she left her mother, and ran to him with uplifted arms.

"Take me, take me, Uncle Will!"

He obeyed, saying, as he swung her to his shoulder: "How are mamma and Louise, to-night?"

"Mamma is pretty well. Louise is hoarse, I think," said Maggie. "She is subject to the croup, and I am alarmed whenever she takes cold."

"Hoarse! I do not notice it. Let me listen, my small lady!"

He laid his ear to her chest with physician-like gravity, an attention which she recognized by clutching a double handful of hair, and laughing out so clearly that Marian decided the hoarseness to be all a fancy of "mama's." Then ensued a game of romps, that lasted until dinner-time.

"The evening is stormy," observed Marian, as they repaired, after their meal, to the family gathering-room, the library.

"Yes. There is every promise of an old-fashioned snow-storm," said her husband. "Maggie, will cigar-smoke irritate Louise's lungs?"

Maggie looked up amazed. She had been so long unused to these "small, sweet courtesies of life," that they seemed strange to her.

"What an idea!" She smiled. "It will not hurt her, and if there were any danger, I would send her out. You should not postpone your cigar."

"But I would, with the greatest pleasure imaginable. What is the best weed that was ever manufactured, compared with her company? Come to me, monkey, and mount my foot. Steady, now! 'Ride a high horse to Banbury cross!'"

He was in the midst of the rhyme, and Louise shouting with delight at her rapid flight, when, without a note of preparation, John Cleveland walked in!

He stopped short upon seeing Maggie. She was smiling at the frolic in progress, and the

warmth of the room had called up a faint color into her cheeks. Seen but imperfectly as she was, in John's sudden transition from the darkness without to the brightness that surrounded her, she seemed to him the same merry, rosy girl that had made this snug retreat an Elysium for him, on his birthnight three years before. Time sped backwards, sweeping into oblivion the sorrow that had made him old, while yet in his prime. He advanced one step and stretched out his hand to greet her. The motion dissolved the spell. As Maggie perceived him, a shadow from her mourning-dress appeared to spread over her face. She endeavored to rise, but her limbs failed her. She was literally dumb with the shame and woe of awakened memories.

The scene was inexpressibly trying to all, and when Will, in his haste to set himself with the rest at ease, presented his laughing playfellow to his bachelor friend, Marian nearly groaned aloud. "The very worst thing he could have done!"

John took the child into his arms, kissed her gently—it almost seemed, reverently—and gave her back to her uncle; then turned to Mrs. Ainslie.

"I was grieved to hear of your loss, my dear madam. You have my sincere sympathy. How is your mother? I feared the blow might overcome her."

While Marian replied Maggie had an opportunity to recover her confused senses, and Will leisure to prepare a series of questions that should prevent any more awkward pauses.

"I did not look for you before to-morrow night at the earliest," he said. "How did you happen to drop in upon us, so like a visitor from cloud-land?"

"I reached Albany a day sooner than I expected, and hurrying through my business there, came down in the afternoon train. I had no baggage except a carpet bag, and when I found myself at your station, the temptation to alight and shake hands with you was too strong for my better judgment."

"You obeyed your better judgment in getting off!" said Marian, kindly. "And you have had nothing to eat since noon—have you?"

"I am not hungry—"

"But you ought to be! I will see that something is prepared directly. We have just left the table. Not another syllable! I am mistress here!"

She cut short refusals and expostulations by quitting the room.

"Who can that be!" marvelled Mr. Ainslie, as the door-bell rang furiously. "It is early for calls, and so stormy, too! Another peal! You made less noise when you arrived, John."

"Because Katy happened to open the door to draw in the mat out of the snow as I came up the steps," was the reply.

"She has grown deaf since," said Will, as a third summons made his ears tingle. "I will let in this importunate visitor myself."

He put Louise down, and went to admit the guest or messenger. A tall man, muffled in a travelling cap and cloak, stood without in the driving snow.

"Walk in, sir!" said Mr. Ainslie, with instinctive kindness. He could not have suffered a strange dog to remain in such a tempest while he had a shelter to offer him.

The man stamped and kicked his boots to rid them of the snow, holding his head down during the operation, and accepted the invitation by entering the hall. It was not until Will shut the door and turned to address his visitor again, that the latter removed his cap, and tossing back the mass of hair that overhung his brows, said, roughly: "I want to see my wife, sir—Mrs. Lorraine!"

Dismayed as he was by the unwelcome apparition, Mr. Ainslie had self-possession enough to say—"If you will step in here, sir—" showing him into the front parlor—"I will inform her that you have arrived."

Sorely perplexed, he forthwith sought his prime counsellor, his wife, who was busied in superintending John's impromptu repast. A hasty sentence told her what had occurred, and agreeing with him that not a moment was to be lost, she left her unfinished task, and prepared to accompany him back to the library.

Lorraine, left to himself during this conjugal conference, was not disposed to wait idly. In his perturbation, Will had not thought to light the gas, and as he shut the door when he went out, the gambler sat in total darkness. The library was divided from the parlors by an arch, closed always, during the evenings, by sliding doors of stained glass. These, gayly illuminated by the chandelier and fire-light beyond them, caught Lorraine's attention immediately. She whom he sought was probably in that family sanctum. By a single bold manœuvre he could upset what-

ever nonsensical designs her relatives might have of preparing her to receive him, according to their ideas of his demerits. It was all very dignified and proper to leave him here in the dark, while they instructed her in her lesson, but he would show them that he was not to be trifled with in that style. He crept softly to the lighted doors and tried to hear what was going on in the other room. All was still. The truth was, that John and Maggie would have esteemed almost any interruption, save the one that now menaced them, a welcome relief from the embarrassment of their present position. Neither had spoken since they were thoughtlessly left together, and Maggie doubted her ability to accomplish the retreat she longed to attempt. Louise stood leaning on her mother's lap, her great, brown eyes rivetted upon the strange gentleman—their solemn stare added to his uncomfortable sensations.

Lorraine pushed one of the sliding leaves back, cautiously, and without noise, so that it left a narrow crack in his screen, and listened again.

"Is she a healthy child? She looks delicate," said a voice, that, constrained as it was, sent a thrill through the whole body of the jealous eavesdropper.

"Yes, that is, she is quite well, thank you!" answered Maggie, hurriedly. "Louise, daughter! bid Mr. ——, the gentleman, 'good night.' It is time for you to go up stairs."

As Mr. and Mrs. Ainslie made their appearance from the hall, the inner doors were shoved rudely back, and Lorraine confronted his wife and Mr. Cleveland, who had arisen simultaneously at the crash. One glimpse of his fierce, dark face caused Marian to throw herself before her sister and the child, while Will advanced to his friend's side.

"And this is why I was told to wait until you, my fine lady, were informed that I was here!" commenced Lorraine, choking with rage. "Your gallant was to have a chance to clear out before I caught sight of him!"

"Marian!" said Will, authoritatively, "take Maggie and the child out of this room!"

"Stir, if you dare!" vociferated Lorraine to his wife. "I came for you and your brat, and—" with a horrid oath—"I mean to have you, alive or dead. I'll show you who your master is! I'll teach you to play these tricks while I am away!"

"Be quiet, John!" Mr. Ainslie held back his partner. "He is her husband, and as such, entitled to an explanation, it matters not in what terms he may choose to demand it. You may not be aware, Mr. Lorraine, of Mr. Boylan's death. Mrs. Lorraine was sent for to attend his funeral."

"As if I didn't know all that! What else brought me East in such a hurry, but seeing the notice of the old man's death in the papers? And, no sooner do I reach New York, than I hear that the stingy old curmudgeon never mentioned his youngest daughter's name in his will, and that she, forsooth, is staying up the river at her brother-in-law's, licking the boots of the people who have cheated her out of her just rights! And then—" his countenance gathering malignity, as he proceeded—"I find her holding a private conversation with this—" Here followed a string of opprobrious epithets.

"Marian, ring that bell!" ordered Will, struggling to appear calm. "If you utter another word such as those that have just insulted these ladies, sir, I will order in my gardener and have you put out of the house. Every syllable was a falsehood, and you know it!"

In a second the bully had drawn a revolver and levelled it at Mr. Ainslie's head; the next, Maggie rushed frantically forward and caught the barrel of the weapon. It was a frightful risk, but the finger that held the trigger was unnerved by liquor and passion, and the action of his wife's lost him his hold. Before he could regain it, John tore the pistol from him, and the gardener, a burly Irishman, who had run up-stairs at the imperative ring, took an unauthorized share in the affray by approaching the belligerent in the rear, and passing his muscular arms around Lorraine's, pinioned him tightly. The women-servants likewise came to their mistress's assistance, and while one carried Louise from the room, the other aided Mr. Ainslie to lift Maggie from the floor. Marian had broken her fall, but she lay in strong hysterical convulsions. Lorraine ceased his efforts to liberate himself, as they carried her past him. He followed her with a half-terrified, fascinated gaze, until she was lost to his sight, and stood passive in the embrace of his captor, silent, if not cowed. The evil spark glowed again in his sullen eye, when Mr. Ainslie reappeared.

"You have treated me very hospitably to-

night, sir," he said, scornfully; "in quite a brotherly manner, I may say. It is no more than I should have expected from you two gentlemen, and I sha'n't forget it in a hurry. Three against one is very fair odds in your code of honor."

"Michael, let him go!" commanded Will.

The gardener obeyed, but remained conveniently near his late prisoner.

"I have but one question more to ask you," pursued Lorraine. "Am I to have my wife and child peaceably, or shall I go to law for them?"

"You cannot have them to-night, assuredly. Neither of them is fit to go out in this weather. Whether you ever regain possession of them will depend upon the success that Mrs. Lorraine's friends have in inducing her to apply for a divorce. Such an application will not be denied by any court in the land."

"You are very candid!" sneered Lorraine. "When I have had my say before that same court, I flatter myself that it will grant me a divorce from her, whatever may be the verdict in her case. There is justice for husbands as well as wives!"

"If you make another such insinuation, I will throw you out of the window!" Will's temper had gained the ascendency at last. "Go to law as soon as you like, and see what you can do! For I declare to you, that sooner than resign to you the two unfortunate creatures who are now, thank Heaven! under my protection, I would shoot you with as little compunction as I would a mad dog. I had rather trust a woman and child in a tiger's den than with you. Michael, wait upon the gentleman down to the depot. Don't lose sight of him until you see him off for the city!"

"All right, sir!"

Lorraine was beginning to feel dull from the reaction of the fiery draughts he had swallowed, both in New York and in the village below. He offered no objection, beyond a growled curse, to his proposed escort, and wheeled heavily to leave the rooms.

"My pistol!" he said, thickly, to John, who still held it.

"I shall keep it, for the present!" was the brief rejoinder.

"As you like! I suppose another will send you to perdition quite as well!"

These were his parting words. After they set off, Will heard from the gate Michael's friendly admonition: "Be aisy, now! Shure, can't ye fale that there 's no fight left in ye? and isn't a sober man a match for two dhrunken ones, any day?"

Clement Lorraine was as cautious as his brother was reckless; avaricious of gain as he was extravagant; moral in the eyes of the community as he was profligate; diligent in business, as Albert was indolent. It was not surprising, then, that his sleigh should be the first vehicle that broke the snow in the avenue leading from Mrs. Dupont's mansion, on the morning succeeding the opening storm of the season. His wife was on a visit to her mother, and although he grumbled in a smothered tone, which was all he ventured to do in Marie's hearing, when he thought of the cold, slow ride to the depot, he never thought of shirking it. That way business lay—and after fortifying himself by a hot and hearty breakfast, he stepped into the nest of fur robes provided for him, and bade the driver "hurry on, or he might lose the train."

The snow was deep, but they made tolerable speed, and were descending the last and steepest hill on the route when one of the horses stumbled slightly over what looked like a drift in the road, and as the sleigh struck the same the rider experienced an uncomfortable jolt. He looked back naturally to ascertain the cause, and there, just apparent above the trampled snow, probably tossed up by the horse's hoof, was a human hand! In less time than it takes me to relate it, the two men had dug out, into plain view, a stark and ghastly corpse; the features, so lately inflamed by anger and intemperance, frozen into marble whiteness, and the open eyes staring blankly into his brother's face!

The tale of his wanderings, after the faithful Michael had seen him upon "a down train," was easily surmised. He had left the cars at the next station, with the design of going up to Mrs. Dupont's, whether because he knew that his brother was there and hoped to gain something by an appeal to him, or from some cloudy impression that he would be welcomed in his old haunts, could not be known. In his condition, the sequel was inevitable, unless he were rescued by some passing traveller, and the fury of the night kept sane people at home. As fools live, he had lived; as fools die, he died. The shuddering hand of charity draws a veil over the

dread awaking that succeeded to the deep, fatal slumber in that snowy bed.

News of the event was dispatched to the wife of the deceased, but he had lain in his grave three weeks before she received the message. As might have been foreseen, the shock of her husband's appearance and conduct on that terrible night, was too great for one in her delicate state of health. During days of suffering, fever, and delirium, Marian watched, and Mrs. Boylan wept by her bedside, expecting that each hour would be her last. Excellent nursing and medical skill, rather than strength of constitution, won back the fluttering life. When she again moved through the house, the mere ghost of her former self, a widow's cap shaded her young forehead, and a little mound, beside the resting-place of the unhappy father, covered the babe whose first painful breath of mortal life was also its last.

CHAPTER XIV.

MAGGIE lived for two years with her mother; the companion, nurse, comforter of her declining years, while Tiny, who had awaited impatiently the close of the conventional twelvemonth of seclusion, again flitted through the gay world, a pitiful caricature of juvenility, with false roses blooming where she used to say the natural ones never flourished; false hair wreathing her restless head, and false smiles contending hopelessly with real querulousness for the mastery in her expression. Her devotion to the society that had so poorly requited her lavish expenditure of time and pains, by persistently denying her life's chief end—a husband; how many absences from home and selfish engrossment in her own concerns when there, were the principal causes of her amazement at the tidings communicated to her by Marian, one day, in the third year of Maggie's widowhood. Her indignation and ill-dissembled chagrin had their source in emotions thoroughly comprehended by herself alone. Even Marian, who knew her failings so well, was surprised at the energy of her disapproval.

"It is perfectly shameful! really outrageous!" she protested vehemently. "All second marriages are abominable, and ought to be prohibited by law; but I *should* have thought that Maggie's matrimonial scrapes had created enough talk in their day without her setting the public all agog again, by this piece of impropriety. That is the way with all these so-called amiable people. They are shallow-hearted—every one of them—and fickle as the wind. She might wait until her weeds are fairly worn out. And after risking and losing everything for the sake of marrying her first husband! I never heard the equal of this in my life—never!"

Marian had greatly improved since the beginning of our acquaintance with her. If Maggie had gained strength and wisdom from her trials, the sorrows that had fallen more lightly upon her married sister had rendered her less caustic and more forbearing with the foibles and errors of others. She would, still, when Tiny became intolerable—particularly if Maggie were her victim—leave the quiet walks of argumentative persuasion, and encounter her upon her own ground, although with weapons of sharper edge and finer polish; but to-day, her mood was pacific. She had brought to the interview a goodly stock of patience, and there were softening emotions at work in her bosom, aroused by the event she had engaged to announce, that kept down any disposition to retort angrily upon Tiny's tirade.

"You forget, Tiny, that Mr. Lorraine was never the man of Maggie's unbiassed choice. Marie Dupont made the match, and hurried the poor girl on to her destruction so insidiously, that she had no time to reflect upon or realize her real position, until it was too late. I have often thought, with grief and remorse, of our want of watchfulness over her inexperience; how cruelly negligent we were in leaving her so much to the influence of associates we knew to be doubtful—if nothing worse."

"I don't blame myself! Not one bit! She had twice the care that *I* ever had."

"And a hundred temptations where you had one," thought Marion. "I believe," she said, aloud, "that if she had been allowed to follow the promptings of her own heart, she would have preferred Mr. Cleveland to Lorraine, up to the moment of her marriage."

"Pretty morality, that, in your pattern saint!" interrupted Tiny.

Marian favored her with a steady gaze fully two minutes long, and went on.

"As to the impropriety of her accepting him now, and the scandal of a spiteful world, the

most malicious can say no more of them than is said every day of other second marriages. The character of both parties is above reproach. Nothing except the meanest envy can find occasion for sneers in the contemplated union, and the pure and good always rise superior to such attacks."

"I don't see how she can have the face to accept him, when he knows all the circumstances of the life she led in New York, and what a brute that Lorraine was!"

"He loves her the better for every sorrow she has borne. Your remark shows how little you know of John's real character," said Marian, her eye kindling with enthusiasm. "I wonder, and so does Maggie, that his affection should have survived the knowledge of her insincerity towards him, and her clandestine marriage, convinced though he was that she was the tool of others. Maggie has told me, in her sweet, beautiful humility, how unworthy she felt herself to be of this magnanimity, this undying love. John and I had a long, frank talk about this last night. He recognizes and appreciates the ennobling and purifying effect of her afflictions upon her; a lustre, which, he says, throws a gleam over the memory of the darkest, saddest passages of her life. He denies, indignantly, that there is anything meritorious in his constancy. He never loved any other woman, he declares, and from the first hour of their meeting, it has seemed as natural to love her as to breathe."

Tiny was standing at the window drumming a quick tattoo on the sill. Marian, absorbed in her subject, did not think of or care for the sympathy of her auditor.

"Dear little Louise!" she continued. "How happy she will be! She has never known what a father's care is. Will is crazy to adopt her, but John will not hear of it. Did I ever tell you, Tiny, the pretty little incident which Maggie repeated to me, about John's chancing to see her walking one day with Louise, during that lonely, struggling winter? Maggie did not observe him, but he was near enough to notice how beautiful the child was, and how worn and thin her cloak looked. So, the great-hearted fellow—"

But Tiny had bounced out of the room, and her heels were clattering up the stairs to her chamber, where the false roses were soon washed out by real tears of disappointment and mortification. With the tenacity of spinsterly desperation, she had hoped to the last, and the last had now come.

Incredible as it may appear to those not versed in the edifying exhibitions of forgiveness and forgetfulness that may be witnessed every day in polite circles, when a change of fortune has altered the position of the offending party, among the first cards left for Mrs. Cleveland were those of Mr. and Mrs. Clement Lorraine. And Maggie perilled her reputation for the Christian graces, in which every fashionable dame should be a proficient, by never returning the call, or inviting the Lorraines to her parties—a shocking breach of decorum, accounted for by Mrs. Clement to her friends, with a melancholy and resigned air—"Ah! my dear! the ingratitude of some persons is enough to embitter one against the whole human race!"

Mrs. Boylan resided with the Clevelands until her death. She lived to see two other golden heads cluster, with Louise, around her knees, while a chorus of infant tongues called off her eyes from the last novel, by importunities for nursery-ballads and sugar-plums. Of these, her memory and her capacious pocket were unfailing reservoirs, and very cheerfully did both surrender their riches. An inefficient mother often makes a popular granddame, and Maggie's children loved theirs as the gentlest, most indulgent of baby-spoilers.

Tiny grew younger every year. Her share of her father's estate, although not a fortune, was near enough to one to invite the closer inspection of a money-loving swain, whose principal matrimonial disadvantages were, first, his youth, he being ten years the junior of his inamorata; secondly, his poverty, inasmuch as he was only a clerk in a retail dry goods store; thirdly, fourthly, and fifthly, his paucity of good looks, intelligence, and breeding. But Tiny could not afford, at this late date, to be fastidious. She caught him, like a gudgeon, as he was, at the sea-side; brought him home at her chariot-wheels, and married him in six weeks thereafter. He has proved himself the master of one art, that of saving money, and of another—a rarer accomplishment—that of carrying his point against a scolding wife, by sheer doggedness of purpose and obstinate silence. Tiny stays at home and minds the house, while he is abroad adding dollar by dollar to his hoards. He will be a rich man in twenty years, say his

friends, and then his sexagenarian spouse may begin "to enjoy life."

CONSTANCE.

AMID the hills of Switzerland, hard by the rapid Rhine,
Whose waters sweep through castled heights, and through broad meadows shine,
And whose legions twine through history like gleaming strands of gold,
Stands the ancient town of Constance with its watch-towers gray and old.

A quiet, dreamy city—streets antique and picturesque,
Quaintly carved projecting gables, oriels heavy and grotesque;
Open squares with sculptured fountains, where the houses stand apart,
Forming rich, fantastic vistas, making melody of art.

But richer far the vistas of those dim and distant days,
Whose gay and crowded pageants gleam through memory's golden haze;
For Constance was imperial once, and monarchs were her guests,
And pontiffs in her council halls proclaimed their high behests.

Here, too, proud Commerce held her court, and gathered to her mart
Her dazzling retinue of wealth, and luxury, and art.
O prosperous age! But fortune turned, her glittering tide ran by,
And fickle Commerce plumed her wings and sought the western sky.

Still stands the mighty council-hall where Huss, the martyr, stood,
Arraigned before the haughty priests who clamored for his blood.
Still stands the vast cathedral, tossing up in joyous ranks
Tier on tier of springing turrets from its tall and buttressed flanks.

On a fair September evening toiled I slowly up that spire,
Whose clustering lines grew lighter as I clambered higher and higher,
Past the vaulted nave and transepts, past the belfry's winding stair,
Till I reached the topmost turret suspended in mid air.

O wondrous view! O vision infinite
Of outspread states and kingdoms! over which the eye
Like lightning travels, overreaching thought itself,
Across the clustered roofs and spires, across the lake,
And on, past fertile plain and fir-clad hill,
To where the distant Alps repose in awful majesty,
In solemn senate gathered, cold, and white, and still,
Their glittering edge sharp cut against the perfect sky,
With here and there some loftier peak on which still glows
The sunset's dying ember.
Fed from those everlasting snows,
The Rhine springs forth and hastens on his way
Impetuous, to where the towers of Constance rise;
Pleased at the sight he stops, and lingers long,
Expanding to an ample lake—the Lake of Constance—
Reflecting in his faithful breast her features fair,
Her walls and gateways, and her tall square towers;
Then hastens by. But scarce has passed the walls
Ere—pausing yet again, reluctant river, loth to go—
Once more he spreads his waters to a lingering lake,
One last and lingering look; then hurries madly on
To where Schaffhausen waits, with writhing cataract,
And plunges headlong down the foamy gulf.

But while I mused the twilight waned. The moon rose full and bright,
And poured on tower and battlement her mild, unearthly light;
And the fountain plashed so softly in the still, deserted square,
That I seemed to hear the silence float and tremble in the air.

Fair Constance, long shall memory love that calm delicious night,
That banquet on thy beauty in the moon's uncertain light;
Not clearer shines thine image in the bosom of the Rhine,
Than in every still reflection, every quiet thought of mine.

SCRAPS.

THE TALENT OF SUCCESS.—Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait; not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavor, always willing, fulfilling his task, "that when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occasion." The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is an indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame, about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the face of others for approval; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting, to hear the echoes of our own voice.

THE BEAUTIFUL.—Men are so inclined to content themselves with what is commonest, the spirit and the senses so easily grow dead to the impressions of the beautiful and perfect, that every one should study to nourish in his mind the faculty of feeling these things by every method in his power. For no man can bear to be entirely deprived of such enjoyments: it is only because they are not used to taste of what is excellent, that the generality of people take delight in silly and insipid things, provided they be new. For this reason, one ought every day at least to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it be possible, to speak a few reasonable words.

DR. JOHN HALE, AND MARGARET THORNE.

BY SUSAN HASKELL.

It was a day one cares to remember. There was no clear shining, and yet no token of storm. The air was still, no breath disturbed the tree tops. Summer birds sang plaintively in the orchards and low shrubbery. There was a smell of sweet brier in the air; clover bloomed in the stony pastures; primroses flushed the hedges; buttercups spangled the cultivated fields that with their grassy slopes went quite down to the water's edge. We were out riding that still Saturday afternoon, Dr. John Hale and I.

Dr. John Hale was a physician in the busy town of Rockland, a village that lay behind us just over the hill. I, Margaret Thorne, was spending a year with my uncle in the same town, and Dr. John Hale was a member of our family. Therefore, it was not so very strange that I occupied the otherwise vacant seat in his carriage.

We were very sensible, good-looking people. I recollect thinking so as we drove through the main street of Rockland. I wore my chip hat that afternoon with fresh ribbons, and soft pink roses under the brim. The pink roses and fresh ribbons bordered a good, not strictly a beautiful face. It suited me well enough, however. It also pleased one or two others, for whose opinion I cared most. Dr. Hale drove slowly over the road, which was new and strange to me. It was little used except by pleasure parties who went down to the Sounding Beach on midsummer days. He called my attention to the islands which lay long and low against the rocky coast. I recall only Haslett's and Thatcher's with their tall white light-houses and dangerous shores. Farther on we passed by Deadman's Headland, standing boldly out to sea.

The rock of Avery's Woe stood miles away from the coast, far to the south, and when I asked for it, Dr. Hale repeated the old ballad, well known among the simple people hereabout, concerning the sad fate of Avery's bark, and afterwards, as I was in the mood, I listened to quaint ballads of Norsemen and Vikings, and wondrous sea legends, of which he knows full store. From the rocky headland where we rested, we could look far away to the old fort, whose brave soldiers (so runs the legend) once on a time vanquished, by their long puritan prayers, a legion of evil spirits who had come to tempt them from their strong and beautiful faith.

"The evil spirits fled confounded," said Dr. John, "as they always will when, with strong crying and tears, we pray: 'Keep us from temptation, deliver us from evil.'"

Down in the heart of dense woods, between Rockland and Hamilton, lies an enchanted valley; there the magnolia blooms and all tropical plants twine.

"The enchanted valley I never saw," continued Dr. John. "The ghostly legions long since ceased to disturb. There are only stately mansions, and lowly fishers' cots, high-born folk, and people of low degree along these shores."

We rode, on that summer afternoon, quite down to the end of that rocky cape, where the land met the sea, where the tide kissed the silver sands. Dr. Hale took me from the carriage close down to the restless waves, and for a long time we walked up and down the shining shore; now talking together in low, subdued tones, and now pausing in our walk, to look out over the ocean with eyes a thousand miles away. A lone fisher boat rested on the calm, unruffled surface of the waters. A solitary sea-bird came and perched on a black, storm-beaten rock just beyond the beach. We rested, at length, on a broad, shelving rock, that a few hours before must have been covered by the creeping tide; now it stood high and dry above the waves that dashed at its base.

"You like all this?" said Dr. Hale, inquiringly. "I thought so," he continued. "This has all the charm of novelty for you, my Green Mountain girl, and I like to watch your face that I may gather your thoughts. You have been in a brown study for the space of ten minutes, now give to an anxious public the result of your meditations."

"I am only thinking of mermaids and pearl divers," I answered. "Of the mysteries of the ocean, with its pearls, and shells, and buried gems; of burning ships and wrecked

mariners, of islands far away under tropical skies fanned by fragrant breezes from sunny seas."

"Very well," he said. "You have almost exhausted your subject; but now, while you are in the mood, repeat that little thing from Tennyson—

'Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!'

in return for some of my rude Norsemen ballads."

I did as desired; all went well till I came to the lines—

"But the tender grace
Of a day that is dead,
Will never come back to me."

Here I failed utterly. Gone was all the beautiful present. I only looked back over the past to the "day that was dead."

For a little time there was only silence between us. He gathered my hands into both his own and held them there, as I looked out over the sea and thought bitterly of the light that had been suddenly quenched, leaving my soul in deepest night; of the bitterness and despair which had been my portion. Farther back strayed my thoughts to an enchanted land, where the air was filled with fragrance, with the melody of singing birds, the tinkle of far away fountains, the sound of murmuring stream. There bloomed the fair flowers of hope and promise, and there love reigned supreme.

"Margaret," said Dr. Hale, at length, disturbing my reverie, and drawing me at the same time very near to himself, "is it true that you still yearn

'For the touch of a vanished hand,
For the sound of a voice that is still?"

"How do you know," I said, turning to meet his eyes, "that I have any bitter memories; that I have ever cared for any other overmuch?"

"Because," said Dr. John, seriously, and looking into my face as he spoke with his singularly grave, beautiful eyes; "because I have studied you from the beginning. Yours is no common character. Once you needed a discipline, a severe one. God sent it to you in love and kindness; let us think now that the sting is past, and it has made you what you are, my true, good Margaret. Your character has lost nothing, gained everything from this conflict. You are better, truer to yourself, and to God to-day than a year ago. Tell me, is it not so?"

I could only say, through blinding tears, "Go on; your words strengthen me, help me; they are true."

"When you came to Rockland, a year ago, you thought thus: 'I will seek no friends, I will love no one, I will rely upon myself and God for human friendship; human love is of no avail.' You treated me with careless indifference at first. But you are friendlier now," he continued; "you almost consider me truthful, sincere. You would fain believe that the interest I take in you is real."

"You speak in all truth and sincerity," I said, finding voice and courage to proceed, "and I am grateful, thankful, that you will let me be your friend. It is true as you divine. I did think, and not long ago, that friendship was a myth, that the foundations upon which love is based, were of wood, hay, and stubble. But I think better of the world now," I added, "better of my kind. I believe in *your* regard, in your friendship; I believe in your strong, earnest, manly life"—

"And will you go on, Margaret? Will you say that you believe in a love that is stronger than death, that many waters cannot quench nor floods drown? Margaret, if you could learn in time to love me; if, by and by, you would minister to me with these kindly hands; if the old love might be supplanted by the new, I should have no greater earthly good to ask of heaven. My life would be crowned with blessings, Margaret," he continued. "I would not force your heart; I would not have you mistake friendship for a deeper regard. But I need your love, Margaret; I want you by my side, always. Look up. Give me one word of hope."

"I love you now," I said, quickly, thus appealed to, and my heart prompted the reply that thus suddenly sprang to my lips; I continued: "I am yours for all time and eternity. I have been wicked, unreasonable; I judged all false, because one failed. But I understand now; I appreciate, I prize the true manly love you offer me, and if my love will make your happiness, will fill your heart, be assured you have it *all*."

"Margaret, my *own* Margaret, God has been good to me," said Dr. John, as he encircled me in his arms, and took me home to his heart, to his pure inner life.

Oh, blissful fleeting hours that followed!

What was the past short, passionate dream, when compared with this present reality? What was Charles Bleecker's boyish, fickle love when placed in the balance with that which was now all my own, and which would, I knew and felt, be with me through all time?

In those hours of unreserved confidence I told my good Dr. John all he had a right to know. He did not ask for it. But I knew when I concluded, that he was glad that from henceforth there should be no secrets between us.

I told him of the days when Charles Bleecker's love had been all the world to me; when my skies seemed cloudless, and the world was so fair. I told him how the day came when the sun went down while it was yet noon; when I would not submit, and could only say, "This is nothing."

"I grew cold and calm at length," I continued. "No healthful, tender sympathies stirred my heart. It was a dreary life I led. I speculated on love and friendship. I said, love is like Jonah's gourd, it springs up in a night and perishes in a night; therefore I will guard my life well, I will steel it against all gentler influences, I will labor earnestly wherever God calls, I will give good heed to my outward life, none shall know that it has passed under a cloud. By and by the love which God giveth shall satisfy; it shall be my greatest solace. In this mood I came to Rockland a year ago. I met you, my good Doctor. What followed you know so well. You taught me (much against my will, at first) that there is everything good and true in life worth striving for, worth attaining; that if one good thing fails there is always a second best behind it. John," I concluded, "this has been a golden year, and to have it crowned with your love is more than I could have asked."

"We are one now and henceforth," said Dr. Hale, as we rose to leave. "I see before us the path down which you and I will walk together, love, to the goal the good and true should strive for. Lean on me, Margaret. Let me help you over the rough places. Let me shelter you here in my heart from all evil."

We rode slowly back to Rockland in the twilight of that summer day. How strange seemed the landscape and the objects by the wayside! I had lived a new life since last I passed them. But little passed between us. There was no need. Silence, just then, was more eloquent than words. I was John's and he was mine. That was enough.

A few weeks after we were married. I am very happy. I only think of the past with regret that I wasted so fair a portion of my life in useless repinings. Few wives are so thoroughly loved and blessed as am I, so thoroughly believed in and trusted. I tremble as I think of my great happiness, of the daily peace which comes into our lives.

I met Charles Bleecker once a few weeks ago. John and I were in the fever wards of a city hospital. Brave soldiers from southern camps with their beautiful lives burning out, tossed restlessly on their narrow cots. I followed John from one low bed to another, I listened to the beautiful, strong words of healing he spoke to them as he ministered to the poor, suffering frame. I followed all John's directions. I held up the poor, fainting body. I parted away from noble brows that mothers had kissed the damp masses of hair. I bathed the flushed brow, I moistened the parched lips. I did all that woman could do to alleviate pain and weary unrest.

We paused, at last, in the officers' quarters, before a bed where lay a patient flushed with fever heats. His eyes were closed. His hands were thrown wildly over his head. His face was a familiar one I saw at once. I bent my head nearer. Yes! it was as I thought. I had loved that face in other days. It was Charles Bleecker's. He opened his eyes just then. They met mine. He raised himself slightly and said: "Is this a dream? Am I dead? Is this Heaven, and is this Margaret! Oh, I have prayed God so earnestly that I might see you once more!"

My husband heard and understood all. I took his hands in mine. I looked up to his face with perfect love and confidence. This was all he wanted. He looked down to the flushed face of Charles Beecker's and said: "Margaret, speak to him. Comfort him all you will."

I knelt down by his bed-side accordingly. I pushed back from his broad forehead the dense moist masses of hair. I passed my hand softly over his fevered cheeks.

"You are married, Margaret," he said, softly. "This man who stands by your side, who has ministered to both body and soul in these last wretched days, is your husband—is worthy of Margaret's love, which I scorned and slighted. But, Margaret, as my stay here is so short, for I shall not see another day, it

will not be wrong for me to say to you here, in the presence of your husband, that I loved you all the time, infatuated as I was. I woke from my foolish dream at last, a wretched, aimless man; but you were gone, you never came again, and not long after I heard that you were married. Margaret, I suffered, I have atoned for all. Last year the war commenced, I was commissioned colonel of a regiment. I have passed through scenes of blood and horror. I have seen my soldiers fall round me like autumn leaves; but I was spared. I, who sought death, who heeded not fiery shot nor bursting shell, came away from gory battle-fields unscathed. But my time has come, thank God! 'The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death;' and, Margaret, your husband has taught me in these dark days, that 'death may be swallowed up in victory,' that I may, through God's sweet grace, dwell forever with 'victors wearing crowns and bearing palms.' It is good to see you, Margaret, as I do now; to feel your dear hand on my face; to know that you are blessed, that you forgive all the pain I caused you. I have no more to ask; God has been good to me; I thank him now from a full heart. Stay with me till all is over, it will not be long. Let your voice cheer me down to the dark valley."

"Stay with him, Margaret, my wife," said John, as I looked up to his face, with eager, questioning eyes.

That night Charles Bleecker died. John held him in those last moments in his strong arms. I bent over him and wiped the death damps from his brow. We closed his eyes and did all that love and care could dictate; then John took me, weak and excited, from the crowded hospital, through the city streets to our hotel.

In our room alone, I, who had been so calm and collected through the day, wept as though all the flood-gates of the soul had been unclosed. I was sheltered in John's arms all the time. That was comfort. He soothed and calmed me; then he said: "Margaret, beloved, there is no help like God's help, no peace like God's peace. Let us pray."

We knelt down together, John's hand rested upon my bowed head. Such a prayer as that evening went up from human altars I shall never hear again. It commenced with strong supplication, it ended like a song of praise. I was very calm as we rose and stood together. I put my arm around his neck, I found my old secure resting place within his arms as I said, "John, I love you; my heart is full. God has been so good."

There was no answer. I only knew by the closer caress, by the bowed head touching mine, that our love is eternal, that it reaches beyond the grave.

CHOCOLATE.

It was among the Mexicans that the Spaniards found the use of coffee established from time immemorial. They introduced it into their native land, whence it soon passed into Italy. But it was not till the seventeenth century that it penetrated into France. According to a tradition, it is to Queen Marie Thérèse that the French owe the popularization of chocolate. An officer of this princess obtained a monopoly for the sale of chocolate, and established himself in one of the principal thoroughfares at Paris. The use of chocolate spread with tolerable rapidity, as a passage shows us in a letter of Madame de Sevigné to her daughter: "You are not well; a little chocolate is sure to restore you; but you have not, as I have, a thousand times thought of the means of preparing it. How will you manage?" Medical science in this matter favored fashion, and in 1684 a physician of Paris, called Bachat, propounded at the schools of the faculty, during his presidency, a thesis to prove that chocolate well made is an "invention of the gods rather than Nectar and Ambrosia." This opinion was also that of Linnæus, who gave to cocoa the name of *Theobroma*, or food of the gods. Nevertheless, chocolate never acquired in France the same popularity as coffee. The reason of the difference may, perhaps, be sought in the French organism. Suitable for the inhabitants of hot, dry countries, chocolate is too heavy for the man of the north. On the other hand, coffee excites him, stimulates him at the same time that it favors the development of his ideas. Chocolate is still less popular in England than in France, and it is not coffee but tea which is in England the prevailing beverage. Tea in France and coffee in England are almost equally undrinkable.

—Either a thing is right to be done or it is not; there should be no neutral ground between duty and inclination.

BE CHEERFUL.

BY S. M. S.

"A MERRY heart doth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones." So saith good King Solomon, and though some squeamish one may contend that this is uncommonly plain language, yet the proverb usefully illustrates a universally accepted truth. There is much allegorical aptness in the superstitious saying, that "every sigh is a drop wrung from the heart's blood;" but laughter adds in manifold ways to longevity. It awakes the mind to merriment, shakes the dust of despondency from the soul, and loosens the shackles of inertion from weak mortality. So all ye who prize beauty, wisdom, and happiness, follow the sage's advice, and wear "a merry heart."

We seldom secure sympathy for bewailing a sad destiny; friends ordinarily prefer fun, feasting, and frolic, to the sober realities of every day life, becoming estranged by the trials of penury and misfortune. They seek only to share prosperity, and "a friend in need" so seldom presents himself at the desired season, that it is better never to be needy. *Appear* to flourish, and you are likely to do so; but let your fortunes perceptibly depreciate, and you find yourself forsaken. Even your familiar friend fears being involved in the struggle; just as the last clutches of a drowning man would drag his preserver down to a watery grave. While thousands stand on the shore, perhaps not one will rush to the rescue, and although such circumstances are said to be excellent tests of friendship, yet sometimes they are so very thorough as to leave you alone and uncared for! Is it not more desirable to rest in the fancied favor of your friends, than to have them all tried and found wanting? But in the midst of popularity, have a care lest you become too proud of "disinterested" attentions, and you should *seem* subservient, though you reign despotically. If you are selfish or overbearing, you inflict the same injury upon others that you are striving to avoid. To enjoy life, endeavor to promote universal happiness.

Is there a luxury in grief? Should we not pity those miserably misanthropic mortals who mope, moan, and mourn over irremediable evils, at the expense of health, wealth, and happiness, instead of thanking their lucky stars for the superiority of their lot to that of others around them? Contrast, in such cases, is a remedy as effective as it is effectual. When "Flora McFlimsey" requires a new style of hat, show her that poor girl who possesses not even an apology for a bonnet. Or if "Mr. Frederick Fitzquisite," growing dissatisfied with his salary of "a thousand per annum," indolently sighs for a handsome expectancy; tell him of yon patient laborer who supports himself and family on six dollars a week. Even in lesser degrees of comparison, we can always discover greater objects of pity than ourselves.

"Keep a stiff upper lip," and rise above the clouds of adversity though they threaten momentarily to overwhelm you. Thus may you be led to forget your precarious position, until soon a ray of hope penetrates the obscurity, and at last all darkness disappears, the day dawning forth with renewed brilliancy. Don't allow your mind to dwell on dismal themes, lest a gloomy imagination run away with you. It always augments grief and magnifies misfortune. Interest yourself in the present, and diffuse the extra pleasures of a day throughout succeeding ones in order to enliven the whole week. Preserve the memory of past happiness until sure of a fresh supply; but never place yourself so as to lose sight of both. It is as oppressive as the darkness of a total eclipse.

Remember, when assailed by affliction, that "every cloud has a silver lining;" and could we but see aright, many apparent calamities are but blessings in disguise. "Hope is a better companion than fear," and "morning is ever the daughter of night." "Whatever is, is right," and presumption alone would avert the hand of Providence.

THE BUTTERFLY.

PAR LAMARTINE.

"Naitre dans le printemps, mourir comme les roses."

BORN in the springtime to die with the roses,
On the wing of a zephyr to swim the pure sky,
To float on the bosom the flow'ret incloses,
And sunshine and fragrance to drink till it die.
Still youthful, and shaking the dust of its wings,
Like a breath through the blue vault eternal it springs.
The butterfly's charming existence is this.
It resembles desire, which is never at rest;
Which everything tasting deems nothing the best,
And returns towards heaven to seek for its bliss.

IN SEARCH OF AN OWNER.

AN OUTLINE OF LIFE.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

I.

THE bell sounded, and the car stopped.

"Here 's your change, sir," said the conductor to my friend John Henry, as he emerged.

John Henry took the "currency," stepped gracefully off the platform, tripped on the step and fell in a rather unexpected manner, I fancy, upon the bosom of a lady who was advancing to enter the car. Considering the suddenness of the embrace, she bore the shock womanfully, and saved John Henry's perpendicular as well as her own from being instantly degraded into the horizontal. The opportunity not being entirely favorable for a prolonged *tête-à-tête*, they separated somewhat hurriedly, the lady got into the car, and John Henry and I went our pedestrian way without special exultation.

"She wasn't at all a bad-looking girl," said John Henry, presently, in a meditative manner, and as if rather to himself than to me.

"No, she wasn't," said I; "on the contrary, quite the reverse."

"And young?" added he, interrogatively.

"Quite so!" I replied, with decision.

"Didn't know her, did you!"

"No! Hello! what 's that hanging to your cravat?"

John Henry put up his hand and took the object off. Having taken it off, he looked at it in a bewildered manner, and exclaimed: "It 's a breastpin, by George!"

Being reluctant to deny so evident a fact, I agreed with him, and added that, "It was a lady's brooch, to speak more correctly, I thought."

"So it is," said John Henry; "a mosaic brooch with a dandelion, or a daisy, or a dogwood flower on it!"

It was an anemone, but this was of no consequence.

"I must have caught it from that damsel," continued John Henry, reflectively.

"Like the smallpox, eh?" suggested I.

"I mean it must have stuck to me when I fell against her."

"I see no reason to dispute your conclusion, John," said I; "but now you 've got it, in the words of the great romancist, 'what will you do with it,' my boy?"

"Find the owner and return it, of course," exclaimed John Henry, as indignantly as if he suspected a covert insinuation on my part that he would immediately leave it with "his uncle."

"Of course," echoed I; "but how?"

"Oh, the natural way; by advertising it in the papers."

"In how many, for instance?"

"I mean only in one, of course. See here, stop your eternal quizzing, Bolker, and let 's be serious."

"Amen! I 'm as serious as—as England's late professions of neutrality were, for instance. Go on. What were you going to remark?"

"Just this. We 'll advertise this thing, you know, and thereby not only have the pleasure of restoring it to its owner, but the still greater one of making her acquaintance. Don't you see? She was a deuced pretty girl, Bolker!"

"Agreed. Her father, or her brother, or her cousin, or somebody, will call for it, thank you, offer to pay expenses, and—*voila!* as the French say."

This supposition appearing probable to John Henry, he looked mildly discomfited for a moment. But, brightening up again: "Well, never mind," said the noble-minded youth, "we shall have done our duty, you know, anyhow!"

"John Henry, your sentiments command my admiration and excite my emulation!" cried I, with more or less enthusiasm. "Let us go and do the thing *instanter!*"

We went and did it.

The next morning the following notice appeared among the "Personals" of a widely circulating daily:—

"If the young lady, against whom a gentleman accidentally fell in getting out of a city passenger-car at the corner of Tenth Street and Hickory Square, yesterday morning, will call on, or send her address to John Henry Jones, No. 50 Butternut Place, she

will receive the mosaic brooch which she lost on that occasion.

"N. B. The brooch has an anemone incrusted in the stone."

[John Henry insisted it was a dandelion, and I had some difficulty in persuading him to substitute "anemone" for that somewhat less poetical wildflower. J. H. is not well up in his botany.]

His conscience being appeased by this honorable action, he waited tranquilly for the result. I also waited with at least equal tranquillity, and quite as comfortable an inward monitor, if not more so.

II.

FORTY-EIGHT hours having passed without any call for the brooch, John Henry's tranquillity became disturbed.

Going into his office to hear the "last bulletin," I caught him with the brooch before him, gazing upon it with a melancholy fixity of expression quite touching.

"She was a remarkably pretty girl, Bolker!" murmured he, with a sigh.

His melancholy was catching. I echoed his sigh, as I replied: "She was, indeed, John Henry!"

Suddenly an idea, passing through space apparently unappropriated, was caught on the wing by John Henry.

"Bolker," said he, "we ought to have looked over the papers to see if the young lady hasn't advertised her loss herself."

Not wishing to acknowledge my defect of imagination, I replied that "I had thought so all along."

"Then why the dickens didn't you suggest it?" asked John Henry, logically enough.

But I did not conceive it consistent with my dignity to answer this somewhat abrupt query, so merely said: "Let 's do it now, my boy."

We took up the pile. (J. H. files all his papers—a legal habit he has: he hasn't many of 'em.) John Henry read, while I looked over his shoulder:—

"'Lost: a wallet containing'—that 's not it!—'a small black and tan'—nor that!—'a carpet-bag, with'—go ahead!—'a sable muff and'—'a gold locket, with a lock of'—'a gold breastpin'—ha! no! it says 'enamel and jet.' 'A small mosaic breastpin'—that 's like it, by George!—'a small mosaic breastpin or brooch, figure of flower, not remembered what flower; somewhere between Berberry Street and Hickory Square'—Hickory Square, you see!—'on Wednesday morning'—ha! the very time!—The finder will be suitably rewarded, and confer a favor, by returning the article to No. 9 Acorn Row.'—Hurrah! that 's the ticket!" cried John Henry, wildly tossing up the paper. "Let 's go, right off!"

"Stop a minute," said I, again picking up the journal, "there 's a lot more losses here yet. Let 's go over 'em all. There's no harm in increasing the chances, my boy."

John Henry reluctantly consented, and I continued to run down the column.

It was lucky I did, we both agreed, since we found three more "mosaic brooches" among the missing; one without other description, but both the others mentioned as having "flowers" upon them, and, singularly enough, all three lost, or at least missed and presumed to be lost, within a reasonable distance of the spot of John Henry's adventure.

The finder of the first (the one described as simply "mosaic") was to call at "No. 190, Tenth Street, West." Of the second, at "No. 2025 Sycamore Place," and the picker-up of the third was directed to "Cranberry Court, no number, but the first house from the corner, lower side."

"Four strings to your bow, John Henry," said I.

"Why, it 'll be a regular 'lark' going round!" cried my friend, enthusiastically. "Who knows how many pretty girls we may come across in these places, eh, Bolker? Wake up, man! You don't seem to see the fun!"

"Oh, yes I do! It will be equal to 'Japhet in search of a father,' in point of dramatic interest, I've no doubt. I feel quite touched by the situation. Suppose we make a story of it, and call it, 'The Mystic Brooch; or, The Tangled Trace of the Mysterious Maiden?' My sympathies are vividly enlisted, I assure you—get the brooch! Hand the poor waif here, John Henry, and let me kiss it for its moth—its owner! *Apropos*, when do we start upon this chivalric quest?"

"Right off, if you like. Let me see: Acorn Row 's the nearest, only five minutes' walk, we 'll begin with that, if you say so."

"Come on! Accoutred as I am I plunge, without hesitation, into the adventure, and

bid you follow—or, rather, lead—John Henry. *En avant!*"

III.

It was a tall, dingy brick house, with green blinds, and a bedraggled female of tropical complexion washing the front pavement.

"Who shall we ask for, Bolker?" whispered John Henry.

"Oh, I'm not particular. Any one you like!" said I, modestly declining the responsibility; but, at the same time, pulling the bell.

"Confound you! Why can't you help a fellow to a serious answer?" objurgated J. H.

"My dear fellow, recall the proverb, I beg of you, which says, so forcibly, 'Help yourself and others will help you.' It's a good proverb. Try a little of it."

"Look here, now, Bolker, if you go on much—"

"No, thank you, I'd rather go in," said I, as the door just then opened, and disclosed another tropic female, not quite so bedraggled as her double outside. And, suiting the action to the word, I stepped into the hall.

"Is—does—is the young lady who lost a mosaic brooch at home?" asked John Henry, of the tropic female.

"Lost a broach?" replied the F. F. showing the whites of her eyes. "Wauk inter de parler, sa, an' I'll tell Miss Bessy."

We walked into the parlor; and I was instantly overcome with a presentiment, or something even stronger, that we were in a boarding-house. If it was anything stronger than a presentiment, I fancy it must have been the combined odor of dishcloth and cabbage.

"I wonder if Miss Bessy is the exceedingly pretty girl I tumbled against!" murmured John Henry, "eh, Bolker?"

"So do I!"

This apparently quenched further remark on the part of J. H. for a time, and before he recovered himself, "Miss Bessy" entered the room.

I wish you could have seen John Henry's face as his glance "took her in." As near as I can describe it, the expression thereof was a luminous representation of that extraordinary physiognomical phenomenon, known as "looking six ways for Sunday." With regard to Miss Bessy's portraiture, I can only state my conviction that, although at some remote period she had undoubtedly been young, no memory of man could have recalled an epoch in which she had claimed, of right, the homage that valor owes to beauty.

"I—beg your pardon, ma'am," stammered John Henry. "Are you the yo— the lady who advertised the loss of a mosaic brooch?"

"Yes, sir, and I s'pose you've found it, hav'n't you?" replied Miss Bessy, speaking with a snap to her words, as if she bit the ends off just before she let go of them.

"Yes, ma'am—that is, no! I don't know, I think not!" stammered poor John Henry, perfectly off his feet, so to speak, and floundering about in a sea of dilemma.

"What do you ask me for, then?" snapped Miss Bessy. "And what d'you come here for, I'd like to know, sir? If you think I'm going to give more 'n a dollar reward, you're mistaken, I can tell you, young man; so you needn't hold back."

"Madam," said John Henry, with a face glowing in all the scarlet effulgence of insulted dignity, "you are a— mistaken in my object; but a further interview is unnecessary. Come, Mr. Bolker."

"Look here, young man!" exclaimed Miss Bessy, with a sharper snap than ever, "I'd just thank you to explain—"

The last "young man" was too much for John Henry. He rose sternly, and walked to the door. "I have not found your brooch, ma'am," said he, "and, therefore, it is unnecessary to explain! Good-morning!"

Just as we reached the front door, the desire for revenge smote upon my friend's soul, and he remarked to me, in a *very* audible voice, "I say, what a confounded bad smell there was in that old woman's parlor!"

And this observation seeming to appease him, he became gay and happy again, and laughed at "Miss Bessy's" impertinence, as we walked away.

"Not very encouraging so far, is it, Bolker?" said he.

"Not specially, I confess."

"Well, never mind; let's put it through, now that we've undertaken it."

"John Henry, your perseverance is worthy of a better cause! Heaven speed you, my boy; but I must positively go to dinner!"

"What! you're not going to desert me in this way, Bolker? It isn't fair. Come, old

fellow, there 's three chances yet for that uncommonly pretty girl! We 'll dine together at the 'Universal,' afterwards."

"Friend of my better days, I 'm with you still! Say no more, but go ahead!" I exclaimed, with heroic resignation, and a resolve to have a bottle of Werk's Catawba at dinner, on John Henry's account, in case of final disappointment in his search, and in case of success on my own.

We therefore wended our way to No. 190 Tenth Street, West. It was a neat, new house, with white marble steps, and hanging baskets in the front parlor windows. John Henry remarked that "his heart beat high with hope elate," and I saw no reason to disbelieve his statement. In point of fact, my own was, in a mild degree, similarly affected.

"I tell you what, Bolker," said J. H. as we went up the white marble steps, "we 're all right this time, I 'm sure. The lovely girl dwells herein, without a doubt. For your sake, Bolker, I wish there may be two of 'em."

"Thank you!" said I, appreciating his generous wish deeply, and feeling no objection whatever to its realization. "Thank you, John Henry! I join in the sentiment!"

At this crisis, the door was opened by a neatly dressed young female, whose chief defects of person consisted in red hair, a turn-up nose, and a double-barrelled squint.

"Is the young lady who lost a brooch last Wednesday at home?" asked John Henry, in a honeyed voice.

The greatly dressed female gazed up street with her right eye, and down street with her left eye, simultaneously, and replied:—

"An' hev' ye foun' the broach, sirr!"

"That is of no consequence to you," said J. H., with the honey entirely gone, and a wintry acid in its place. "Is your mistress at home?"

"An' supposin' she is, sirr, that 's nothin' to do wid the broach. An' if it 's no consequence to me, sirr, I 'd like to know who it is to, thin; seein' it 's mesilf that has lost the same, and paid a whool dollar for pittin' it in the paper, sirr."

John Henry gasped; his feelings were evidently far too many for him, and, without uttering a word, he turned and fled, leaving me standing in the doorway.

The young female gazed wildly in two opposite directions at once, for an instant, then turning to me, and looking fixedly at the tip of her nose, "Is it mad he is?" she asked, hastily.

The question was certainly a natural one, and as simple as it was apt; but, not finding a convenient reply at the moment, and considering discussion the bitter part of valor, under the circumstances, I availed myself of the adage that "imitation is the sincerest flattery," and complimented John Henry by putting it into immediate practice.

IV.

It was with a chastened spirit that John Henry—nay! let me also confess it!—it was with chastened spirits that John Henry and I wended our way toward No. 2025 Sycamore Place. Hope had ceased to tell a flattering tale, and if she still sprung eternal in the human breasts of J. H. and myself, it was as much as a match, and certainly nothing worth mentioning in the way of a spring. Therefore, when we arrived at the elegant brown-stone mansion in Sycamore Place, and upon making the usual inquiry of the servant in livery who opened the ebony door to us, were answered that "Miss Tynsell *had* lost a valuable brooch, and *had* advertised it; *but* it had been returned that morning," we were not wholly unprepared for the shock.

"Bolker!" exclaimed John Henry, with manly resignation, as we slowly descended the lofty steps, "Bolker, the die is cast! We sha'n't find her. That wonderfully lovely girl upon whose virgin bosom I momentarily reposed is evidently a myth, an airy nothing without a local habitation or a name, and the brooch will turn out to be a pebble or a leaf, like the conjuror's money in the fairy tale. The whole circumstance was a vision, Bolker, and life, generally, will prove to be a dream, in accordance with Bishop Berkeley's theory. Let us go to dinner!"

"Your fortitude, John Henry," said I, admiringly, "is godlike, and your last remark is replete with thoughts that glow and words that burn. I feel them sensibly, at this moment, in my epigastric region. But do you not forget 'Cranberry Court, no number, the first house from the corner?'"

"That which is delayed," answered J. H., sententiously, "is not necessarily lost. Let us reserve Cranberry Court for our *bonne bouche*."

At this moment John Henry glanced mechanically up at the front windows of the elegant brown-stone mansion, No. 2025, opposite which we were still hesitating, and instantly griped my arm in a very painful manner.

"Ah! Oh! what's the matter?" cried I, writhing out of his gripe, and looking at him apprehensively. "Are you going to have a fit?"

"I saw her! She came to that window! She's in that house, Bolker, by Jupiter!" exclaimed John Henry, evidently in a frenzied state of mind, and immediately darted up the steps again.

Fearful of an approaching crisis, I rushed after him, and, getting between his outstretched hand and the bell-pull, besought him to be calm, and restrain himself till we could find a cab to take him home.

"Pshaw!" said he, with unnecessary petulance, considering the kindness of my offer, "don't be a fool, Bolker! I tell you there is some mistake. That lovely young lady is certainly in this house. I saw her distinctly at the window, a moment ago. Let me alone, will you? I know what I'm about."

"You 're about to do something rash, John Henry," I answered; "but go on! I wash my hands of the entire responsibility!"

J. H. only poohed; then taking out his card-case he wrote a few words on a card, and handed it to me while he pulled the bell.

It was simply—"John Henry Jones's compliments, and requests the favor of a moment's conversation with the young lady who has lost the brooch mentioned in the accompanying advertisement."

Perceiving that J. H. had recovered his usual serenity, I returned the card without remark, and the liveried servant just then opening the door, my friend handed him the pasteboard with the slip cut from the paper, and requested him to give it to Miss Tynsell. Upon which we were ushered into the parlor, in a bewildered sort of way, by the flunkey, and awaited the result with rekindled emotions of hope and suspense.

In a few moments the door opened, and two—yes, two charming maidens made their appearance, both evidently recovering from a recent attack of cachinnation.

"Mr. Jones, I presume," said the taller of the two, smiling upon me.

John Henry's face became of a gorgeous hue, as he hastened to explain that *he* was Mr. Jones, and, very unnecessarily, to add that I was his friend Mr. Bolker; whereat both the damsels just escaped a relapse into their late state of hilarity. I, however, bore J. H. no malice for thus introducing me. Indeed, I rather liked it.

"You will excuse our smiling," said the same maiden who had spoken before; "but really it seemed so queer that my friend Miss Deane and I should both have lost our breast-pins the same day, and that we should have been disputing as to whether the one left here this morning was hers or mine, for they are both exactly alike, when your card was brought up to us."

We all agreed it was quite a coincidence, and, recalling the manner of John Henry's obtaining possession of Miss Tynsell's brooch, we became as merry over it as if we had all been familiarly acquainted for a long time.

"Why did you not advertise your loss, Miss Deane, if the question be not indiscreet?" I asked, after our merriment had subsided.

"Oh, I did, sir!" replied that bright-eyed little damsel. "I valued it very highly, for it was a gift from Mr. Tynsell, who has been very, very kind to me, and gave Julia and me each one last New Year's, just alike. I have the advertisement in my pocket. Here it is."

I took the slip from her fair hand, and glancing at it, beheld the words: "Will please return it to Cranberry Court, no number, the first house from the corner!"

"John Henry," said I, "allow me to have the pleasure of offering you the '*bonne bouche*' referred to." And I handed him the newspaper slip.

J. H. looked dreamily at me as he took it, but woke to a smiling consciousness the moment he had looked at it. Then, in a tone of mild reproach, which, under less cheerful circumstances, would have cut me to the soul, he said softly: "Hadn't you better call a cab to take me home before the 'fit' comes on?"

The young ladies' countenances wore so singular an expression, that it became necessary to make a rapid explanation. I related our morning's experience in "search of the owner of the brooch," in a manner, which, I fancy, was creditable to my talents as a humorist.

At any rate, my story capped the climax of

our acquaintance with Miss Tynsell and Miss Deane to such a degree that, as we bade them good-morning, John Henry found an amount of courage somewhere about his person sufficient to ask Miss Tynsell if he "might call again, and be formally presented by their mutual friend, Mr. Dawkins?" To which she very graciously answered that "it would give her pleasure."

"I'll take you along, of course, Bolker," said my friend, with generous condescension, when we got into the street. "Isn't she a singularly lovely girl?"

"Yes! Where is Cranberry Court, John Henry?"

"Oh! just round the corner. Let us go to dinner. I'll see Phil Dawkins to-night." He had the bottle of Catawba, and one of Chateau Squem besides.

"And now," said I to myself, as I bade John Henry good-bye, and saw him go off in a very exhilarated manner to hunt up Dawkins, "and now for my *bonne bouche!*"

V.

Nobody "presented me formally" to the family in "Cranberry Court, first house from the corner." And yet within a week I had made three visits there. Miss Deane was the only daughter of a former clerk of Mr. Tynsell's. Her father was dead, and her mother and herself were the reverse of affluent. Being rather in that way myself made things very cheerful and unreserved between us.

It is now something over a year since John Henry fell upon Miss Tynsell.

I called, with my wife, at No. 2025 Sycamore Place on Wednesday last to congratulate Mrs. and Mr. John Henry Jones upon their safe return from the bridal tour.

John Henry so far forgot his American stoicism as to embrace me with unction before twenty people, to most of whom I was an utter stranger.

"Remember the 'fit,' John Henry, and be calm," whispered I, returning his *accolade* nevertheless.

"My dearest Julia!" exclaimed my wife, kissing Mrs. J. H. Jones thirteen times, "I'm so delighted you've come back. William has found a house to suit us at last, and we're going to move out of that horrid Cranberry Court next week!"

By William it is perhaps hardly necessary to explain that Mrs. Bolker referred to the present writer, who has enjoyed the happiness of calling her "Helen, my dear," in a conjugal way, for nearly five months.

John Henry's formal presentation to Miss Tynsell had something to do, perhaps, with the slowness of his wooing. However, John Henry has found "the owner" he was in search of at last, and converted her into a joint proprietor; while I am the enviable possessor of a delicious *bonne bouche* whose sweet excellence will be constantly renewed to me, I trust, all the days of my life!

THE CASKET OF TEMPERANCE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

(*Pearl the Seventh.*)

"REMEMBER, REMEMBER!"

O Youth! in your promise, your faith, and your pride,
Remember, remember, the strength of the tide.

It sweeps down the current the good and the brave,
And bears in its bosom a gulf and a grave.

The wine-cup may sparkle with beams of the sun;
Remember—remember—from whence it is won.

It comes with its pleasures that change into pains;
It comes with its promise, but never remains;

How many have travelled, with light heart and free,
Remember—remember—the way to the sea!

But free heart and light heart have vanished away,
And doubt and the darkness have shadowed the day.

The spell of the tempter is subtle, yet strong!
Remember—remember—it binds to the wrong.

Then nothing can save you! and nothing recall
The hopes that will vanish away at your fall.

The loves you may cherish—the flowers of the heart—
Remember—remember—will all, all depart.

The blossoms of spring-time, the roses of May,
Like vapors of morning will vanish away.

The promise of manhood, pride, honor, and fame
Remember—remember—will change into shame.

And over life's record this epitaph stand:
He died by the poison that curses the land.

O brother! my brother! to you I appeal!
Remember—remember—you win wo or weal!

Though tide is against you, though current is swift,
The Pharos of safety shines over the drift.

And out o'er the waters a beckoning hand
Remember—remember—points out the sure land.

'Tis the Temperance signal that floats on the air!
O brother! my brother! true safety is there.

There is a class of good women who have no right to marry good men, for they have the power of saving those who would go to ruin but for the guiding providence of a good wife.

ONLY A MECHANIC.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

"I TELL you, sister Jane, that, were I a young woman, I would, to-day, rather risk my chances of happiness with Gilbert Ainslie than Bradbury Golding. But, then, young folks will choose for themselves; and old uncles are in the way, if they offer advice."

"Why, John Lyman, how you talk! This Ainslie is only *a mechanic*, clever enough, in his way, I dare say; but I should consider that my Alicia had thrown herself away, and all her elegant accomplishments were wasted, if she married one of his class!" responded eccentric old John Lyman's haughty widow sister.

"Highty-tighty! Jane Ingersoll, you forget that your brother John was a 'mechanic' himself once, and acquired his fortune by his trade—a *carpenter;* so no reflections, if you please, good sister!" said the old gentleman, with a shake of his forefinger.

"Brother John, why will you persist in such vulgar notions? I do believe you enjoy mortifying me! Every one knows that you were an *architect*, which is a profession of itself!" returned the lady.

"A *carpenter*, Jane—a carpenter, at first; then, a master builder!" persisted the old gentleman, with a twinkle in his keen, gray eyes; for true it was that he most thoroughly enjoyed combating the foolish pride which caused Mrs. Ingersoll to keep up a "genteel" style of living on a moderate annuity, and deprive herself of many necessary comforts, that her only daughter—something of a belle and beauty—might attract a wealthy *parti* in marriage. "What 's the use of disguising names in this plain, republican country, where a man of the masses may—provided he has the brain-power—work himself upward to wealth, position, and into the presidential chair, even! I contend that a mechanic is as good as the highest born; and that 's why I have taken a fancy to this young Ainslie; because he 's manly, intelligent, not bad looking, and working away at his trade for two dollars a day, just as I did at his age before I got to be an 'architect,' eh, Jane? And I intend to stick to it, Jane, that he 'll make a worthy husband for any girl who is fortunate enough to win him; no disparagement to your daughter's lover, though of course for I don't know the young man much. But I do know Ainslie."

"Well, we won't talk over improbabilities, brother John," said Mrs. Ingersoll, coldly. "Alicia's lot is cast; and, for my part, I cannot but think it is very advantageous for young married people to have something to start upon. It relieves them from much anxiety, and affords them means of enjoying life while they can; while your people that acquire a fortune are always obliged to wait till they 're old before they can take any comfort."

"Sister Jane, I know that a man's happiest years are those spent in working for his money, and laying the foundations of his competence or his fortune! I tell you, we can't all be born with silver spoons in our mouths; we must be content to begin at the bottom of the ladder, and work our way up; and, if you look around the world, you 'll see that the self-made men are the pillars of society."

Uncle John Lyman was prone to get a little in earnest when talking on his favorite point; but he brought up suddenly this time.

"However, no more on this subject to-day. It 's natural, of course, for you to wish Alicia to make the best possible match. You say she is engaged to this young Golding she 's out riding with to-day?"

"Yes!" and Mrs. Ingersoll uttered the monosyllable in a tone of triumph. "He offered himself at Georgiana Lorimer's party, right in the face of her superior expectations. You know Mr. Lorimer is *immensely* wealthy, brother John!"

"Hum—yes; old Job Lorimer has a pretty figure; though they do say the daughter is none too handsome. It was Alicia's face that had something to do with it—eh, Jane? Well, she 's won the lion from them all, it seems! Will she be married before long, Jane?" he asked, in his straightforward, business manner.

Again Mrs. Ingersoll's maternal triumph was manifest in her flushed cheek and her

answer. "Mr. Golding urges a short engagement. Probably the wedding will be by June."

"And it's now April. Two months, Jane. And there'll be a great to do—white silk dresses, gloves, veils, orange-blossoms, and all that; and then a trip to the springs or the mountains, I suppose!" queried the old gentleman. "How differently they do these ceremonies now than when you and I were young, Jane! Not that I remember much about my own wedding," he said, facetiously, for Uncle John was a merry old bachelor, "but I was thinking of the time when you and Oliver Ingersoll were doubled, Jane. White roses and a plain muslin were thought very fine *then*, you know?"

"Of course I shall make some show for Alicia. Her future prospects will demand it," said Mrs. Ingersoll, with a toss of her head that set all her ribbons astir. "Golding's family are among the best connected in the city, you know, brother John."

"Hum—that means they call themselves 'aristocratic,' the younger folks—for the old gentleman 's always been too busy to care about your frippery called 'social distinctions!'" returned the old gentleman. "Well, I suppose that, after the wedding is all over, the young couple will settle down to housekeeping, and the young man into steady business?"

"Oh, people do not follow the pattern of their grandmothers now-a-days, brother John! It is quite fashionable now to board the first year, at least; and, as Alicia will go into society a great deal, they will take rooms at some first-class boarding-house. Should they go to housekeeping afterwards, I shall make my home with my daughter. Yes, Mr. Golding will go into his father's firm. I have heard it hinted that, as the old gentleman is failing, he will retire soon, and give up entirely to Bradbury."

"Well, I don't know much about the young man's business capacities; but it looks to me as though the old gentleman made half his fortune by a shrewd head and judicious economy. 'A penny saved is twopence earned,' you know, Jane. I hope the son will follow somewhat in his father's footsteps! But I'm sorry the young folks won't conclude to go to housekeeping in a comfortable, moderate way. This boarding at fashionable places taps the till, Jane; besides leading to high notions and fostering extravagant habits. But then, as I said before, 'tisn't well for old uncles to meddle with young folks' affairs without being invited. I hope everything will turn out for the best! Did this young Ainslie ever pay any particular attention to Alicia—offer himself, I mean?" he asked, abruptly.

Mrs. Ingersoll's haughty neck curved suddenly. "Certainly not! My daughter never encouraged him at all, after she learned his position, which happened when she'd met him three or four times. The young man wasn't to blame, of course, if he admired Alicia; but I have always thought sister Sarah was, in giving him the *entrée* of genteel society at her house, for it was there they met; and every one was shocked at his being there."

"Oh ho! then every one must vent their indignation on old John Lyman; for he it was who invited Ainslie to Mrs. Sarah Gerry's!" said the old gentleman, with an amused smile and keen twinkling eyes. "I saw no good reason why the young man shouldn't pass his evenings with young folks of his own age; so I took him there. You look surprised, Jane."

"Well, brother John, you do have the queerest ideas! No wonder people call you 'an eccentricity!' But I only hope neither of Sarah's girls will fall in love with your pet! You'll be bringing that about next; and they are nice, clever girls, and might do better."

"Oh, don't worry, Jane! If Alicia looked down upon him, it isn't likely he'll want to come into the family in a hurry!" replied Uncle John, with the queerest smile on his lips. "But let's change the subject. Alicia will want some wedding-gear; and you know I always said I meant to do something for my sisters' girls when they got married!" And he drew forth a plethoric leather wallet as he spoke.

Mrs. Ingersoll's eyes sparkled. Visions of a munificent dowry for her daughter danced before her eyes. "I'm sure you're very kind, brother John!" she said, feeling that some expression was necessary.

"Oh, an old man who never had any girls of his own must expect to stand godfather in these matters to his nieces! Here's a trifle for Alicia!" and he handed his sister a roll of bank notes.

"I'm sure Alicia would thank you if she

were here. She thinks so much of her dear Uncle John!" was the gratified reply, Mrs. Ingersoll's fingers closing over the gift.

"Pooh, pooh! the child is welcome to it. Tell her Uncle John is glad she is going to make out so well. But I must be going, for I want to call round at Sarah's. Good-morning, Jane!"

"Good-morning, dear brother John!" was the smiling answer.

Hardly had old John Lyman's feet turned up the sidewalk in the direction of Mrs. Gerry's home, ere, from the opposite direction, came a dashing span of grays and an elegant carriage, which turnout drew up at the curbstone before Mrs. Ingersoll's door; and, amid the half admiring and half envious glances of neighbors peeping from behind blinds and curtains, the tall, stylish Alicia Ingersoll was handed out by her affianced, the showy, fashionable Bradbury Golding. With a wave of his gloved hand, and a bow, the gentleman bade her good-morning at the door; her plumed hat and trailing carriage shawl disappeared within; and the gray span dashed away down street, this time passing old Uncle John on the pave. The old gentleman gazed a moment after the equipage, recognizing the occupant, who gave a wave of his hand, in passing, to his betrothed's "queer," "odd," "eccentric" uncle. But, then, said "eccentricity" was reputed very wealthy; and these sort are seldom slighted. So the old gentleman gazed after the spanking team and the fast young man, then put his lips together closely and walked on down street.

Alicia Ingersoll, meantime, had tripped up to her dressing-room, laid aside her wrappings, adjusted her magnificent braids of purple black hair, then descended to the room where her mother still sat, with "dear brother John's" gift in her hand. But there was an unpleasant expression in the lady's face, and a flush of anger and disappointment on her cheek.

"What do you think, Alicia, my love?" she exclaimed. "Your Uncle John has been here, and actually given you *only* five hundred dollars for your wedding-present! And he counts his money by hundreds of thousands! Contemptible, isn't it? I declare, I never was so vexed in my life as when I looked at the amount after he left. And—will you believe it?—he seemed to manifest real concern to think you snubbed that *mechanic*, Ainslie, he's making such a *protégé* of; and it was *him* who introduced him at Sarah's house! I always felt sure *she* never invited him."

"Well, if my venerable uncle wishes to adopt Mr. Ainslie, or call him 'nephew,' I hav'n't the least objection, mamma, provided I'm not implicated!" replied the beauty, in a tone of cool contempt. "As for his fortune, he can't live always, and some of us will have it at last! See this splendid diamond! Bradbury's gift this morning, mamma!" displaying the gem on her snowy finger. "Five hundred—it will hardly buy my wedding veil!" she added, in a tone of undisguised vexation. "I suppose, if Mary were about to be married, he'd open his purse a little wider, notwithstanding he's always said he should do the same for all his nieces. He's a mean, stingy old thing!" and the elegant epithet slipped vehemently from the tongue that customarily uttered only most dulcet words, or trilled Italian warblings.

Uncle John Lyman walked briskly along the sidewalk, striking his gold-headed cane lightly upon the pavement, and whistling an old tune softly. He was a queer, boyish old gentleman was Uncle John; a compound of good sense, whims, eccentricities, and good-humor, which qualities manifested themselves at the oddest seasons.

Threading two or three streets, he entered a less fashionable, still a perfectly genteel quarter of the city, and ascended the steps of a plain, neat house, where his sister Sarah resided. Mrs. Gerry was also a widow; and her family consisted of three children—a son, well-established in business, who was the chief support of his mother—Fanny, a prosperous music-teacher—and Mary, the youngest, only seventeen, and her mother's assistant in the household *ménage*. Little Mary—blue-eyed, vivacious, affectionate, and with a fund of good sense in her curly head—was also her Uncle John's pet, and consequently looked upon with no good feelings by her Aunt Jane, who feared in her a rival to Alicia in the old gentleman's fortune, notwithstanding his assertion that all his nieces should share alike in his good graces.

Now, Uncle John, upon entering the hall, was met by Mary, who wore one of the neatest of morning-dresses and her brightest smile of welcome.

"Hey, puss! where's mother? Up in the sitting-room? Well, I've come to stay to dinner; so go back to your puddings, and presently I'll do ample justice to your cookery, for I am famous hungry already!"

Mary laughed; kissed her merry uncle, then went back to the kitchen, where she was superintending the only domestic they kept; while Uncle John ascended the stairs to the room where his sister sat sewing. By and by—the dinner under process of completion—Mary found leisure to trip up stairs and enjoy a chat with her uncle.

"Well, Mollie, what news do you think I brought?" he asked, as she seated herself. "Been telling it to your mother. Just come from your Aunt Jane's, and heard of Alicia's engagement!"

"It is true, then? I knew Mr. Golding was very attentive," said Mary, with interest.

"True? of course it is! They were out riding together this morning. Are going to be married in June—have a grand wedding, and whirl off somewhere among fashionable folks, and then come back and go to boarding. Great doings, Mollie! When think old Uncle John will be called to congratulate you on *your* engagement?"

Mary looked unaccountably confused, but laughed at her old uncle's words.

"Yes, I suppose your handsome cousin's going to get a fine husband; though, to tell the whole story, I scolded Jane a little for not making the girl encourage young Ainslie, who, you know, was quite taken with her that night at your party. But she snubbed him; and he never dared look any further in *that* quarter. They do say, though, Mollie, that he casts sheep's eyes on a little girl round in *these* parts! How is it, Mollie? You had better secure him; for I prophesy that the girl who gets *him* will never repent it!" and the old gentleman looked mischievously into her face.

Again that unaccountably vivid blush deepened on Mary Gerry's dimpled cheeks, and she looked toward her mother with a beseeching glance. Mrs. Gerry also looked conscious, and was about to speak; but with the opening words, "Brother John," little Mary escaped from the room.

Mrs. Gerry spoke now without restraint.

"Brother John, I was going to speak to you to-day on an important subject. We all know that Gilbert Ainslie was pleased with Alicia that first night he met her here, but her haughty manner repelled him; and now, he wonders that he ever saw anything to admire in her, and realizes also that she would never have been the wife for him. But I do not blame Alicia so much for her notions; she has been educated to them. It is Jane's doings. And I am glad to hear that my niece is likely to marry so well. But you will be surprised, John, to learn that Mr. Ainslie is not only 'pleased' with my Mary, but has made her a formal offer of his hand. It was sudden—only last evening—and she referred him to me, and to you, too, brother John."

"Good! And Mollie must marry him—that is, provided she cares for him; and of course she does, or those blushing cheeks of hers tell a big fib. Tell her we all give our consent—that is, *I* do! Where is she? Here, Mollie!"

Uncle John's call was from the hall at the top of the staircase; and soon his little niece came, blushing more deeply than ever, in answer to the summons.

"Well, well, if this isn't a pretty muss! Two engagements in the family the same day! You're a sly rogue, Mollie, and I don't see but your blue eyes have done as much execution as your cousin's black ones. When is the wedding-day, Mollie?"

"O uncle!" was all the girl could utter.

"Why, brother John, the child is hardly engaged, yet!" said her mother, smilingly. "She don't think of being married this long time—not for a year, at least. Seventeen is too young."

"But *eighteen* isn't, Sarah! Mollie, when does your next birthday come?" queried Uncle John.

"The seventh of next November, uncle," answered Mary, demurely.

"Well, that's a very reasonable time for a lover to wait. And you can get all nicely settled before Thanksgiving—when I'll come and eat turkey with you, for of course you'll keep house, Mollie?"

"Why, John, how you do love to settle affairs!" said Mary's mother. Of course, though, if Mary marries, she will go to housekeeping. I think her own tastes and wishes would point that way; and I should be very loath to trust a daughter of mine to the artificial life of a fashionable boarding-house. Besides, you know, if she marries Mr. Ainslie, they'll have to commence in a small way, as he is dependent upon his earnings."

"Well, after all, Mollie, I don't know but you had better give this young man the mitten!" said Uncle John, teasingly. "He isn't rich, you know, and can't afford to keep you a great lady. Besides, what will Aunt Jane say, when she finds that one of her nieces is about to throw herself away on *a mechanic?*"

Mary Gerry did not answer; but she looked bewitchingly defiant as she glanced from under her drooping eyelashes into her uncle's face; and, plainly as words could have spoken, her blue eyes negatived the old gentleman's proposition.

"Well, well, I see how it is! The same old human nature peeping out, Mollie! Let the old give advice as they will, the young will always walk into the fire with their eyes wide open. You're bent on having Ainslie, I know. But, if you're going to set up housekeeping, there'll be lots of cutting and stitching to do between now and next November; so, my child"—drawing forth the wallet that had so recently figured at Mrs. Ingersoll's—"here's a little to help you get your fixings; and I guess we can trust Gilbert Ainslie for taking care of his little wife after he gets her!" and he counted out five one hundred dollar bills into Mary's pretty, pink palm.

"O, Uncle John!" was all his niece could say, as she kissed him warmly, with the tears filling her blue eyes; while her mother thought that the wide earth held not such another as her good brother John.

"There! there! don't cry and spoil your blue eyes, child!" said the old gentleman, smiling, though his hand lingered a moment caressingly on her soft, brown hair. "I always said I meant to give my nieces a trifle some day, when it came round right; and Fanny's turn'll be next. Run down stairs, Mollie! I'm sure I smell your pudding burning!"

"Just think, mother, five hundred dollars!" exclaimed little Mary, when they were together that afternoon. "It will get me such a nice outfit! How good Uncle John *is!* the dearest, best uncle in the world!"

Let us now—premising that the weddings of Alicia Ingersoll and her cousin, Mary Gerry, occurred at the periods duly set—let us now, making a bridge of our good gold pen, lightly pass over a lapse of ten years, and then look in upon the *dramatis personæ* of our story.

Uncle John's hair has gotten many a thread of silver, and there is a more decided stoop in his broad shoulders; yet he is still hale and hearty, his heart is young as ever, and his laugh as merry and fresh. To such as old John Lyman, years bring only ripeness and mellowness—not the acidity and gloom which so often render old age the most unlovely period of life. The old gentleman now makes his home with his sister Sarah; Fanny and her brother having been established in new homes long since, and Mrs. Ingersoll making one of Alicia's household, at the expiration of two years after her marriage, in a fashionably furnished house with a retinue of servants, up town.

The passage of these ten years had not failed to bring changes to Mrs. Golding and Mrs. Ainslie; which, perhaps, cannot be better portrayed than by accompanying Uncle John in a call on both, one fine, sunny spring morning.

Setting out from Mrs. Gerry's, the old gentleman, with his never-failing gold-headed cane, walked onward with a step brisk and firm as that of many a man years his junior. Out of the quarter where stood the fashionable residences of the city, he paused before a small, dingy, brick house; turned up its steps, and rang.

A frowsy-headed, slip-shod girl answered the summons, and admitted him into a small parlor furnished with faded, gaudy upholstery—evidently the relics of a once more prosperous mansion.

"Tell your mistress it is Uncle Lyman, and she may let me come right up stairs," was his message.

"O, sir; but missus is poorly this mornin,' and the ould lady is busy with the childer; for a power o' trouble they make when the grandmother is after seein' to 'em!" said the daughter of the Emerald isle, in the richest brogue of the Celtic tongue.

"Never mind, they'll be glad to see me, and I'll not wait for any one to come down!" and Uncle John proceeded up stairs to the family sitting-room; where he was greeted by a vision of his niece, in a soiled, and somewhat dilapidated brocade wrapper—that, too, a relic of former finery—lying on a lounge, with a novel in her hand, which she tucked under the cushions at his entrance.

In an instant more, a troop of children rushed into the apartment from a room beyond styled "the nursery," for Mrs. Golding still

kept up the forms of her fashionable life; and saluted their visitor with a succession of forays on his coat pockets. Supplying their present wants from a stock of candies and apples with which he had fortified himself, Mr. Lyman turned to greet his sister Jane, who had entered after her grandchildren's noisy advent.

"Good-morning, sister Jane! Thought I 'd call round and see how you all are this fine day. Glorious weather!" was the old gentleman's salutation in a cheery voice.

"Well, I suppose we are as well as anybody could expect who knows what we endure with the contrasts to our former lot!" replied Mrs. Ingersoll, fretfully, and in a kind of aggrieved tone, as if her brother were the cause of reduced fortunes, which had proceeded, solely, from united extravagance of expenditure and the habits of dissipation which had fastened on the once gay, elegant, wealthy Bradbury Golding, leading to his squandering his inherited fortune, the neglect and mismanagement of his business, till he had failed—been forced to give up his expensive establishment—and now was reduced to a clerk's pittance. "Alicia never is well now; and it 'll quite kill her if she lives two years more in this stived, gloomy house!"

"Why don't you open the blinds, and have the sun in on you?" asked Uncle John, suiting the action to the word, and revealing the sallow, faded face of the former belle and beauty. "You ought to go out and take the air; stir round, and see to your domestic affairs! You don't live right, niece!" he said, bluntly.

"Ah, we never shall live right again!" sighed Mrs. Ingersoll; then she added, with a meaning glance at her brother, "It does seem hard that there is so much money in the world, and yet those cannot have it who are actually suffering!"

But, as old John Lyman saw no evidences of "actual suffering in his niece's home—only of wastefulness and determined idleness—he refrained from taking any hints; and wisely employed the remnant of his call in conversation on general topics of the day, and a frolic with the children. Rising at length, he said: "I must call round at niece Mary's before going home?" and bade them a pleasant good-morning.

"It 's always 'niece Mary!'" exclaimed Mrs. Ingersoll, as soon as he was out of hearing. "I shouldn't wonder if she was his sole heiress yet! You know he always liked her husband, Alicia! Who 'd have thought that Ainslie would have made out so well?"

"O, mother, don't be always harping on the Ainslies! You know *I* could have had Mary's husband once; but I wouldn't look at a *mechanic!* Bradbury *was* a *gentleman!*" retorted the faded, fretful woman, in a tone which sorely belied her real feelings of envy toward her cousin.

But let us proceed with John Lyman toward Mary Ainslie's home, where her appearance will tell her story.

Proceeding along several squares, into a new and fashionable portion of the city, where many elegant residences had been erected during the past few years, the old gentleman ascended the marble steps of a handsome mansion in a brown stone front block; and was shown, by the servant who answered the bell-pull, into a plainly, but richly furnished sitting-room on the second flight, where a young and fresh faced lady, whom we recognize as Mary Ainslie by her mild, blue eyes, and still dimpled cheeks, sprang forward to welcome him.

"O, dear Uncle Lyman, how glad I am to see you! Sit right down here in the easy chair and tell me how mother is. You have come to stay to dinner, I know! The children will soon be home from school—and Gilbert will be up at three—and we are going to have one of your favorite bird's-nest puddings. It does seem like sunshine to see your face, dear uncle!"

"As if you ever needed any sunshine beyond what you have in your home every day, Mollie!" said the old gentleman, pinching her cheeks with olden freedom. "The children grow like weeds, I suppose! and Ned 's most up to his mother's shoulder, already! *Can* it be ten years since you were married, Mary? You look scarcely a day older. What 's Gilbert got on his hands now?"

"Oh, I don't know how much business! He 's just taken another contract for a block a few squares above ours. How *this* part of the city is prospering, uncle!"

"Yes; and, in ten years more, it 'll be the locality everybody 'll be desirous of getting into. Your husband made a good investment when he built this block. It 'll double in value in five years. He 's *cleared* it now, I believe he told me!"

"Oh yes; every dollar paid off, uncle! How splendidly Gilbert has succeeded, Uncle John! Who'd have thought, when we were married and went to housekeeping in four rooms, that I should have such a home as this now?" and it was a pardonable pride with which Mrs. Ainslie looked around her.

"*I* always knew that Gilbert Ainslie possessed, not only industry and economy, but a clear head, and intelligence and shrewdness that would make him a leading man one of these days; and when he began taking contracts, I saw his fortune on the road to him. He's done pretty well for '*a mechanic*'—eh, Mollie?"

Mary Ainslie's blue eyes sparkled with pride for her manly, worthy, diligent, intelligent husband; but presently they grew moist with tears.

"Yes, Uncle John, *you* know all those qualities which rank him as a successful business man; but *I* only know what a good, and kind, and devoted husband he is!" and her voice trembled with wifely love and tenderness.

We cannot linger to chronicle all the details of Uncle John's visit, particularize his romps with Ned, Mary, and his little namesake, Johnny, fresh from a nap, nor recount his after-dinner chat with Gilbert Ainslie; but that evening, as he sat in his easy chair in his sister Sarah's cosy sitting-room recounting the events of the day—his two visits—he said, half sadly, half triumphantly:—

"It's just as I prophesied, sister Sarah! Jane's daughter set out in her married life with high notions about fashionable dress and extravagance of living, and she's brought up where I thought she'd be; but Mary and Ainslie commenced in the right way, and now they stand on a footing that can't be easily shaken. Let anybody *begin* right, and they are sure to come out right! 'Wilful waste brings woeful want,' but 'a penny saved is two pence earned!'" and Uncle John finished his sentence with two of his favorite proverbs.

PERFECT CONVERSATION.—The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit.

POLITENESS may prevent the want of wit and talents from being observed; but wit and talent cannot prevent the discovery of the want of politeness.

"ONLY."

BY J. W.

ONLY a withered rose-bud!
But she wore it in her hair,
When she, in her glorious beauty,
Was like that rose-bud fair.
But as the flow'rets wither
In the dewy morning tide,
With all their sweetness round them,
So she, fair rose-bud, died.
And now, alas! she's sleeping
Where the rose-tree's earliest bloom
Scatters its fragrant tear-drops
In sorrow o'er her tomb.

Only an old-time ballad!
But a song she used to sing;
Worthless, perhaps, to others,
To me a sacred thing.
Ah, that grave! in it the music
Of my heart lies buried deep;
Since that sunny summer morning
When they laid her there to sleep.
Oh the long, long years I've waited!
Oh the years that yet may come!
Ere I join the sweet-voiced singer
In our Father's happy home.

Only a few old letters!
Yellow and dim with years;
But how oft this faded writing
Hath been baptized with tears.
For she, whose dear hand wrote them,
Lies 'neath the church-yard sod;
Up in the starry heavens
Her glad spirit lives with God.
Oh that those gates would open,
And she, with outstretched hand,
Would lead me to the glories
Of the far-off better land.

THE MOUNTED RIFLEMAN.

BY S. F. FLINT.

(*Seventh Illinois Veteran Mounted Infantry.*)

My girth is tight—my stirrup strong—
My steed is stanch and free;
I wait to hear the bugle clear,
To mount my saddletree.

No soul to say a last "God speed!"
I give no fond adieu;
But only this, my good-by kiss,
My lady sweet, to you.

The saddle and the forest camp
Are now my home once more;
And hearts that long were soft, grow strong,
The bivouac-fire before.

And if my breast, in some wild charge,
Should meet the deadly ball;
My mates will spread my soldier's bed,
And lay me where I fall.

My blood will be my epitaph,
That marks my jacket blue;
Read it with pride! he lived, he died,
For country, home, and you.

UNTO THE END.

BY MARGARET HUNTER GRANT.

(Concluded from page 543.)

About this time I grew dimly conscious that a change had come over the little party at the parsonage. Jack Bell had gone back to London, and things had seemingly settled back into the old ways, but still the shadow lingered. Ethel was apparently the same—cool, gay, impenetrable; her manner had lost none of its old, subtle sweetness that, like the tiger's bright barred hide, covered with a garb of beauty a cruel, selfish, remorseless nature. In Earl, perhaps, the change seemed greatest; not that he was not always kind and cheerful, but the merry light had gone out of his blue eyes, the old sparkle from his smile, and his rich, ringing laugh came more seldom. His frank, joyous nature seemed changed; there was an impalpable reserve even in his kindness, and an absence of all the little teasing ways and quaint pet names he had bestowed on me in happier days.

"Yes," I thought, bitterly, "he is hoarding his love for Ethel as a miser does his gold—false, cruel Ethel, who could not understand his warm, generous nature, his pure truth and honor—whose base soul could not breathe in the fine air he dwelt in." The anger of impulsive, passionate natures, though fierce as a roused lion, is not as much to be dreaded as the slowly aroused and long enduring hatred of a quiet, unimpassioned nature; it is deep and deadly, seldom changing with life, while a more impetuous temperament magnifies the reality, and is exhausted by its own intensity.

With this deep, silent, life-long hatred, I hated Ethel Brand. Her stealthy soul had crept into my secret only to make it her own, and now I must take Earl's every look and word of tenderness as a free gift and not of right, like a beggar taking shining coin from the hand that has impoverished him. And why was Earl so changed? he who had won the crowning of his dearest hopes. Where was the exultant joy of a conqueror? Was his silent sadness, his grave, unwonted manner the palms of victory and the songs of triumph? It was all a mystery.

Jocelyn, too, was changed. The sweet evenness of manner, the calm peace of his expression, was broken by bursts of almost hilarious joy wholly foreign to his nature, and a gloomy sadness equally strange. He was more restless and fitful in his moods than I had ever known him, sometimes staying shut up in his room for days at a time, only meeting us at meals, sometimes wandering for hours among the woods and hills.

I, too, was conscious that I was not like my own old self, though outwardly the same. I was pained and perplexed by the surrounding mystery, and I carried in my heart a dull, gnawing ache that I could not forget or stifle.

It was a warm, bright afternoon, and I was sitting alone in the breakfast-room when Jocelyn came in, some sharp, crushing agony in his white face and staggering step. He passed by me, evidently not seeing me, and paused in the middle of the room as though his feet would not carry him further.

"Oh, Jocelyn, what has happened? In Heaven's name, what is the matter?" I sprang to him; he did not answer me, but looked at me in a strange, bewildered way. "Jocelyn, tell me," I repeated, "are you ill? Sit down and let me get you a glass of wine; you are ill, very ill."

"No, no, it is not that," he said, slowly, in a hoarse, altered voice. "Ethel"—and then stopped.

"Oh, Jocelyn, nothing has happened to her?"

"Agnes, Agnes," he said, "something has happened to me."

There come moments to every deep, earnest nature when the presence of some strong inward agony forces its way, lava-like, through the barriers of self-control, habitual reticence, and natural reserve. Such a moment had come to Jocelyn, and he spoke passionately, wringing my hand as he spoke.

"Agnes, Ethel has betrayed me, stained her own soul with falsehood; she is false, untruthful; she is base, and utterly unworthy." I knew it was some deep injury that had stung him into such fierce resentment, he who was so gentle and patient towards the failings of

others, but surprise grew into anger as he went on more calmly: "You know, you must have seen, that I have given that girl the best love I have to offer any woman. She is the only woman I have ever loved, and my love shall go down with her to the grave." He struggled with himself a moment, and went on: "This love has been no secret to her, and she has given me every assurance to hope it was returned. I am not vain; I know my own worthlessness, how far, far short I come of the Divine example; but, Agnes, I was *true*, I *am* true, and should have been treated with truthfulness. It may have been presumption, it was blindness, madness, and I have paid the penalty of my folly; but I gave her openly and honorably the best love of my heart. I have struggled with doubt and battled against conviction; I have believed her true in spite of evidence, and thought her perfect in the face of glaring inconsistencies, and now, now I am undeceived." He covered his face with his hands, and spoke in a low, shuddering voice. "No one can know, no one but God, what I have suffered all this summer, trying to believe her pure and true when I *felt* her to be false, in spite of her tender words and fascinating smiles. For her I have forgotten my pride, my manhood, my sacred calling; I have sought her smiles before the favor of my God; I have neglected the service of my Master, and I am justly punished."

I knelt down beside him, weeping passionately, and took both his hands in mine. Just at that moment a shadow fell across my face, and, looking up, I saw Earl Hathaway at the open window, looking at us with the same look on his face it had worn that morning on Storm Crags. In a moment he was gone, and I thought no more of it at the time, but I remembered it afterwards.

"Dear Jocelyn, perhaps it may be helped." I should have known him better than to offer him this barren mockery of consolation.

"No, Agnes, I do not wish it; it is better so. I do not blame her; I forgive her freely as I myself hope for forgiveness; but she is not worthy of my love, nor am I worthy to accept it were it in my grasp. I have loved and worshipped her, paying her the homage that was due only to my King, and I thank God that my idol has been taken from me, that I may see Him and only Him."

There was something so grand, so lofty in this sublime self-abnegation, this tender child-like humility, this large forgiveness and unwavering faith in God's great love, that awed me like some actual presence from a better world.

"O Jocelyn! dear, dear brother!" It was all the comfort I could give him. "Jocelyn, are you sure?"

"Yes, Agnes, there can be no mistake. I have hoped against reason, and forced belief in the midst of doubts, but now I know all. I had been over to the hills in search of some late wild flowers for her, and as I came through the garden I saw her walking with Earl in the fields beyond. Agnes, I am ashamed to tell you, but I paused behind the hedge, and listened for a moment, only a moment; but I heard him say: 'There, take it, Ethel; wear it and happiness together till I claim it from you.' And, looking through the hedge, I saw him slip his ring from off his finger and place it on her hand."

His words fell on me like a shower of fire, scorching heart and brain; his face swam before me through a mist, and his voice sounded indistinct and far-off as he went on:—

"Thus has ended forever my first, last, only dream of woman's love; there is no more of that for me, but, thank God! all is not lost yet. Every high purpose, every noble aim, all that is good and true and holy, all that is worth living for is left to me yet; only the base and false has perished in this wreck. And I will strive henceforth to live for this alone, trusting in His strength to help me bear this bitter trial He has sent."

Just then Ethel came in singing from the garden. She nodded to us gayly, and commenced arranging some late autumn flowers and leaves in a small vase on the table, singing all the while. She looked more dangerously beautiful than I had ever known her. The triumph of conquest thrilled in every look and tone; it flushed through the clear crimson of her cheek, and shone in the purple splendor of her luminous eyes; it rang in the electric thrill of the music that throbbed through the still room, like an immaterial presence apart from herself. It was an old Spanish song her mother had taught her, where the flashing rivers leap into the light under the clear skies of her native land, and the unfamiliar words mingled with the quaint rhythm of the melody like the chiming of far-off bells. I realized how the Sirens sing,

sitting on their gray rocks by the sea-shore, timing their strains to the cadence of the tides. The unearthly sweetness of her singing oppressed me like the stifling sweetness of some tropical blossom that intoxicates and poisons while it entrances the senses with a delirium of joy. On her hand was Earl's ring, a heavy, curiously-wrought band of gold, centred with a single garnet, delicately cut into the armorial devices of the Delancys, for his mother was of gentle blood.

Jocelyn took up a delicate spray of golden-throated crimson blossoms, and laid it on the lustrous darkness of her hair. False as she was, yet radiant with the flush of a base triumph, she could not wear Jocelyn's flowers; she took them off with a quick breath and laid them in his hand, not daring to meet his cool, clear, searching eyes. I stole away quietly, my heart quivering and bleeding with the sharpness of its agony, leaving them alone together. What Jocelyn said to her I never knew; but I am sure he did not scathe her with one harsh or bitter word, and an hour later, when he passed up to his own room, his face was calm and holy as one who had passed through the flames of a sublime self-sacrifice, and attained the deep peace that lies beyond.

The days glided quietly away until the sharp winds of November had seared the ground, and stripped the last fluttering leaf from the poplars.

I had never lifted the treacherous mask of seeming calmness and content through whose iron bars my soul looked out with the grim, silent strength of despair. Through faith and hope and trial, noble, patient Jocelyn had won peace, and that deep, blessed rest that is born of victory, so different from my mockery of content.

One morning, as I was busy in the garden, I saw Earl riding swiftly down the road on his black Arabian; but, instead of halting at the accustomed place, he passed the gate without slackening his speed, or answering my cheerful "good-morning," and dashed down the road leading to the shore. He had been growing stranger, more gloomy and restless as the days went on; but this new rudeness was something still more strange, and most unlike our gentle, courteous Earl. I watched him till he disappeared behind the trees, and went into the house with a vague presentiment of some impending evil I could not shake off. It clung about me like the dampness of a grave, and I went about the familiar routine of daily duties with that terrible, indefinable sense we sometimes feel on the eve of great calamities, that, before we are next called to perform those duties, all things will be changed to us.

Towards evening, a servant from the Oaks rode over to inquire if Earl were at the parsonage; he had left home that morning for a gallop on the sands, and had not returned, contrary to his usual custom. No alarm was felt, as he was supposed to be with us; but when the servant learned he had not been at the parsonage all day, he rode back with a grave face to communicate the tidings to his master.

Amid the burst of surprised conjecture that followed, I stole away and hurried down the road I had seen Earl take that morning. It had rained heavily the night before, and the ground was still moist, and I could easily distinguish the smaller and more dainty foot-prints of the Arabian among the crowded hoof-marks on the public road. Just below the parsonage, a narrow, winding road branched off from the highway, and gradually lost itself in the pathless sweep of the shore. Here the track lay plainer; no horse or vehicle had passed that way since the rain had fallen, and I followed the hoof-prints, through the windings of the lane, out into the open stretch of the wide, silent sands. Here the marks grew farther apart and more irregular, as of a horse urged to its utmost speed, a little pool of water standing in each deep, circular dent. A long, level reach of smooth sand lay before me, and beyond that, the ground grew rough and broken, piled with scattered rocks, shingled with sharp ledges of stone, and scarred by deep cracks and gullies, growing wilder and more rocky until it rose into the frowning cliffs and barren peaks of the Storm Crags.

At low tide a narrow path wound among the rocks and fissures at its base, not absolutely unsafe for a practised rider at a cautious pace; but the wild, irregular beat of the hoof-marks never slackened, and I followed them breathless with a sick terror as I noticed they all pointed forward—*there were no returning steps*. I crept trembling over the narrow edge of sand and rock between the sea and the dizzying cliffs above. The air was damp with spray, and a raw, penetrating wind sent the

heavy, ragged masses of cloud flying across the sky;

"The old, old sea, as one in pain,
Came murmuring with its foamy lips,"

rolling and heaving in long, sullen swells. Turning a sudden corner of the cliff, I saw the beautiful Arabian stretched lifeless among the stones, his slender limbs stiffened in death, his glossy flanks flecked with blood and foam, his head doubled under him, and his heavy black mane slowly lifted by the first wash of the incoming tide. He had evidently leaped the rocky gully by which he lay, and missing his footing among the loose stones and crumbling sand, had stumbled and fallen lifeless on the farther edge.

A little beyond, half sheltered by a rock, lay Earl Hathaway. I sprang to him with a cry of pain that made the rocks ring. "O, Earl, *my* Earl!" I did not think of the past, of Ethel, of anything; I only felt that he was dying, my love, my own Earl. I knelt down beside him and drew his head into my lap.

"I knew you would come; I have been watching for you, Agnes," he said. "Agnes, I have been thinking of many things as I lay here, hour after hour, alone with death; I have been thinking over all the past, and I see clearly now a great deal that was darkness and mystery before."

"O Earl, Earl!" I broke out passionately, the anguish of that one word shutting out his meaning, "you must not talk so; you must not speak of death. I will go and get help; I will go instantly and send some one to you; you are faint, badly hurt, perhaps, but not dying. Oh no, Earl, not that!"

He smiled a faint, sweet smile, and, taking both my hands in his, said, softly:—

"Do not deceive yourself, my little Agnes; I shall never see this tide go out. Do not leave me; help is useless, and I have something to say to you before I leave you. If you love me, you will stay with me and listen to me calmly, and not break my heart by sobbing so; be quiet, darling."

"But, Earl, I cannot see you dying here and make no effort to save you; let me go and send help, or at least tell me how it happened."

"I was trying to drown thought in a mad gallop along the lonely beach. I was careless, I suppose, reckless of danger or fear, and among these stony gullies my horse stumbled and fell upon me; and I tell you, truly, Agnes, help is useless; only do not leave me; I must tell you what I have to say before it is too late."

So I kept back my sobs and listened.

"As I lay here alone, I have been living over the past, and as I drew nearer to death, the mists seemed to clear away, and everything grew plain to me. I have been blinded all this miserable summer, but, thank God, I see at last. Agnes, I was mad to doubt your truth and love; for you do love me, little Agnes, my love, my darling! O tell me I am right. Answer me, truly, now in this last hour of my life, my Agnes, do you love me?"

Sea and sky swam before me in a whirl of wild, tumultuous joy, as I answered:—

"I have loved you always."

His face flushed and kindled as with the brightness of a new life, the frank joyousness of old came back to his blue eyes, his own bright smile to his lips, and there was a new, sweet touch of tenderness in his voice, as he murmured, fondly: "My own darling!" He tried to draw me to him, but his nerveless arm sank powerless by his side. I understood his wish, and bent down and kissed his lips, and then laid my head upon his shoulder.

As I sat there, all thought of the past, the future, of Ethel, life, death, separation, floated from me like the broken fragments of a dream; every thought and feeling was absorbed in the one strong, thrilling consciousness that stood out firm and clear, like a rock in a river current, amid the confused and rapid rush of crowding emotions, he was mine, my own through all eternity, nothing could part us now.

"Agnes," he whispered, calling me back with a throb of pain to a remembrance of the present, and the life that was slowly ebbing from the heart that beat beneath my cheek, "can you forgive me for the suffering I have caused you, though Heaven knows how unwittingly, by my blind distrust? And I have suffered, too, perhaps, not less than you. Oh those dreadful days of doubt and sorrow! How dark they were when I thought you lost to me forever, and no hope or comfort left!"

"And Ethel?" I said, with a sudden thought of her.

Earl looked at me with a long, searching look that read my very soul.

"Agnes, did you ever think I loved her?"

I could not answer; in the blessed cer-

dainty of the present, it seemed so strange a thing that I had ever thought so.

"I am dying, and I would not pass from earth with one word of blame upon my lips toward any one; but oh, Agnes, she has come between us like an evil presence from the first. *Do you remember that evening,* so long ago, when we stood together on Black Rock, and I took your hand in mine and called you my little sea-queen? I loved you then, and I believed that I had read your answering love in every look and tone. I thought we knew each other's secret, and that spoken words could scarcely make the bond more sure. I meant to tell you of it then, and ask you for some certain, sweet assurance of your love; but just then Ethel called us, and I left the words unsaid. From that time she began to throw out hints of an attachment between you and Jocelyn Thorne; she pointed out his numerous attentions, and dwelt upon your evident pleasure in his society, misconstruing and falsifying the simplest actions till she made me believe that I had built my hopes on air—that you were plighted to another. Believing this, my pride, my honor shrank from forcing my attentions on you, or urging any claim beyond a brother's. I believed he loved you, and had won you fairly, and I could not wrong my own soul by a base attempt to win your love away from him, even though my heart broke in the struggle to keep silence."

"And while you were suffering with the thought that Jocelyn possessed my love, I have been doubting you, believing you loved Ethel. Oh, Earl, it has all been a miserable mistake! We have both been blind; we have both been cruelly, wickedly deceived!"

And then I told him the story of Jocelyn's love, of his generous trust, his hope amidst despair, and of the day when he had proved her false and unworthy—of how I knelt to comfort him with a sister's sympathy, and of his brave, unselfish forgiveness of the misery she had brought him.

I saw her motives clearly now. Heartless, selfish, and treacherous, she had wrought upon Earl's simple, honest nature to make him think me pledged to another, knowing his high honor would scorn to wrong a friend by seeking to win my love. By artful manœuvres and half-uttered hints she had led me to believe Earl's love was hers, lest I, by any chance, should make some passing word of his the key to explanation and unlock his secret. Earl Hathaway was young, rich, handsome, and in my bitterness I thought that these advantages alone had tempted her to this course of crime. Poor Jocelyn! too generous and pure-hearted to suspect deceit in others, had been the dupe and victim of her wiles, thrown aside now that the success of her schemes seemed apparent.

Now I understood Earl's moody restlessness—the strange, stony look his face had worn that morning on the cliffs, when Jocelyn snatched me back to life—the same look I had seen as he gazed in on me kneeling before Jocelyn, as I wept in sorrow over his great grief: all these things had been to Earl torturing confirmations of the doubts she had sown in his soul; and looking back over the deep-laid and half successful plots of the summer, my heart throbbed with a fiery scorn as I cried, fiercely, "I never can forgive her; I cannot do it; I hate her!"

"Hush, darling, hush! We have not suffered alone, and we must forgive her, bitterly as she has wronged us, even as Jocelyn did, freely and fully. But oh, Agnes, if I had never known this! if I had died believing you were Jocelyn's!" He tried to clasp me closer to him. "O my darling! my darling! it is hard, hard to part with you now; but how much better is it than if death had put his seal of eternal silence upon this mystery! Promise me you will forgive her, Agnes, and then let us think of her no more. My love, my thoughts are yours alone, and ever were. I never loved her for an hour, or ever gave her cause to think herself beloved, by word or act."

"And your ring?"

"She took it from me in a playful mood, one afternoon as we were walking in the parsonage garden. She had been admiring the delicate carving of the garnet crest, and laughingly declared the pretty bauble was too dainty for a man's hand; so I slipped it on her finger with a merry wish, and she jestingly declared it should stay where I had placed it till my wish was fulfilled. So I let her keep it, thinking it an innocent girlish freak, never dreaming she would wear it as a sign to seal her triumph in your eyes. It is an old family keepsake, handed down through the Delancys, father and son, for more than a century, and it seemed almost sacrilege to me to see her wear it; so last night I made

some playful excuse to take it back, and it is here."

He drew from his pocket the little cirque of gold, with its solitary gem gleaming and glowing in the changeful light like a spark of crimson flame, and slipped it on my hand, saying, solemnly, "With this ring I wed thee, Agnes Fanshaw, my own in life and death, on earth and in heaven through all eternity."

"Thine own forever."

"Yes, Agnes, we are truly wedded before God, and in heaven I shall claim you as my own true wife. Not even death can part us now; our vows are plighted on the very threshold of immortality, and in Eternity is their fulfilment. And though I leave you for a time, you will come to me, Agnes, my own wife, where I shall wait for you beyond the stars." He was growing rapidly weaker, and I could scarcely catch the murmured words. "Agnes, dearest," he whispered, "my own sweet Agnes, put my arm about your neck, so I can touch your hair;" and then his hand wandered over my smooth braids with a tender, fluttering touch, which was his favorite caress.

Then there was a long, long silence. The heavy waves broke sullenly upon the shelving beach, slipping back in great sheets of white, hissing foam, and the wild, weird music of the tides sobbed and sang among the hollow rocks at the foot of the Storm Crags; but I heard them as in a dream, as I sat there in a thoughtless, painless trance, every feeling awed into silence in that rapt listening for the chariot-wheels of death.

Suddenly he said, in his own firm, clear voice: "Agnes, my own in life and death." The hand that held mine relaxed its clasp—the light went out of his glad, blue eyes—the look that comes but once crept slowly over his face; and with one long, sobbing breath the pure soul of Earl Hathaway passed through the shining portals of death's mystery into the morning-land of God.

So the life went out of the bravest, truest heart that ever beat, and I was left alone upon the wide, wet sands, with storm and darkness sweeping up the waste.

There they found me hours afterward, when anxious servants and neighbors, in their search for the young heir of the Oaks, found and followed, as I had done, the track of his Arabian's flying feet. I followed them in tearless and pangless silence, as they slowly bore him over the sodden fields and through the deserted roads in the dull gleam of a November twilight, and laid him in the little parsonage parlor, while a weeping messenger rode swiftly to the Oaks.

The sight of Ethel roused me and brought back the past, the intolerable pressure of the present, and the black, utter desolation of the future. She was watching for us at the gate, and as they laid him heavily on the sofa, she flung herself passionately on the floor beside him, and gave way to the mighty, overwhelming woe of her soul, that scorned the barriers of restraint and mocked at the hope of consolation. Her cool, evenly-balanced soul was unarmored of its icy self-control, and she writhed and cowered beside him in the terrible anguish of a thoroughly selfish nature stung in its one vital spot. Then I knew that she had loved him with all the hidden strength of her soul, and looking on the white face of the dead, I forgave her freely, even as he had done. She had wronged me basely and selfishly, but she had loved him, and therefore had she done this sin; and for the sake of that love, though selfish in its nature and cruel in its consequences, and for the sake of her bitter suffering, I forgave her all.

The year that followed Earl Hathaway's death is little better than a blank to me. No one guessed my secret, and my broken health and spirits were attributed to the shock of the sudden and tragic loss of an old playmate and dear friend, and I was sent to a relative in London, that change of scene and association might restore me to my wonted balance. While there I received a letter from Ethel. "I am going to be married to my cousin Jack Bell in September," she wrote, "and want you to come down to the wedding. I expect it will be quite a gay affair, as his sister Margaret, and the Howards, and Jack's cousins, the Bells from Clancy Castle, are coming down. Jack is devotion itself, and has given me the loveliest set of pearls; he has bought a splendid phaeton and pair, and is having his house in Madison Square superbly fitted up, consulting my taste in everything. But I must close, hoping to see you soon at Lynne. Your cousin, Ethel Brand."

The brilliant bridal party whirled up to London, where the beauty of Jack Bell's foreign-looking bird was the sensation of the season. A month later, our sweet Maud stood by the side of Jocelyn Thorne before the altar

of the little low-roofed church at Lynne, and repeated the solemn words that bound two happy lives in one. Behind the veiling lace I wept happy tears that the bitterness and sorrow had gone out of Jocelyn's life, and that in the deep, womanly love of our pure, sunny Maud, his noble soul had found a rest and a reward after the stormy trials of the past.

I saw Ethel last year, and I do not envy her the lot she has chosen; the splendors of her fashionable home, her handsome, dissipated husband, her carriage, her servants, and her diamonds; for I know the avenging spectre that haunts her in the midst of revelry, sits at her feasts an unbidden guest, and goes up and down with her as she wanders through her splendid rooms, a pale, remorseless woman, poor in the midst of wealth, sad in the midst of laughter, in suffering and repentance atoning for the past.

As for me, I shall never marry now. I am truly married in the sight of God to him whose ring I wear, and his ever-present memory is more to me than any living love could be. And some happy morning, as the white mists roll up past the poplars from the empty, desolate marshes, I shall fold up the garments of my earthly pilgrimage, and hear him welcome me in heaven, "Faithful unto the end!"

THE FAMILY DRAWING MASTER.

IN A SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS.

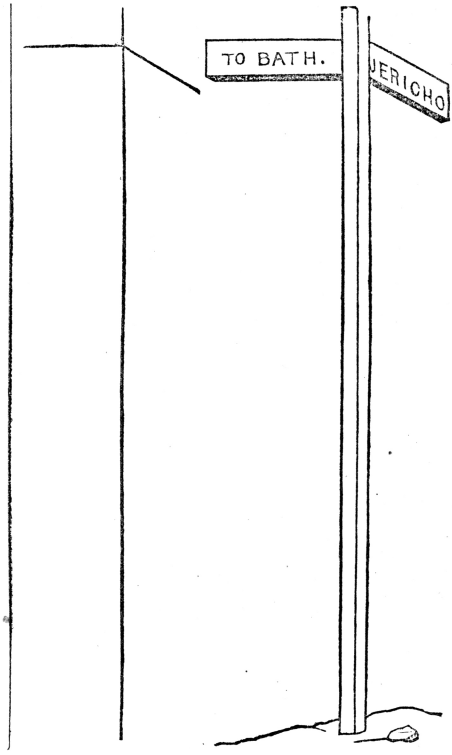
LINES AND ANGLES. (*Continued.*)

P. Well, Ion. It is some time since we had a drawing lesson. Have you forgotten what you have learned?

Ion. No, papa. Will you hear how much I can recollect? 1*st.* We learned five things to be remembered in making lines. 2*d.* We learned the different positions of lines. *Perpendicular*, *horizontal*, *oblique*, and *parallel*. Then we learned how to make angles. Then, the different sizes of angles: the small sharp angles called *acute;* the square, middle-sized angles called *right angles;* and the large blunt angles called *obtuse angles;* and then Lucy finished the lesson by biting a right angle out of her piece of bread and butter.

P. Very good, Ion. Now, before learning any new names, we will make some drawings with these lines and angles. I'll give you a drawing to copy, which shall contain a perpendicular, horizontal, and oblique line; and at the same time it shall have a right angle, an acute, and an obtuse angle in it. Here is the perpendicular line. I have marked it No. 1. When you draw it, it must be quite upright and straight.

No. 1. No. 2.



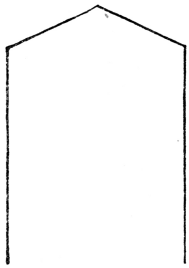
Ion. Yes; not any shaky marks in it.

P. You may next copy No. 2. I have joined an horizontal and an oblique line to it.

Ion. And you have formed two right angles, an acute, and an obtuse angle. It looks something like a finger-post, papa; only it does not say where it is pointing to.

P. Yes. I will make another line of each kind, so as to have some *parallel* lines; and—there it is, you see, it has become a finger-post! This afternoon you may set to work and copy this drawing; but not until you have drawn Nos. 1 and 2 correctly; because it will take you a long time—perhaps an hour—to do them carefully.

Ion. I have made another drawing, papa, with two perpendicular and two oblique lines. Here it is.

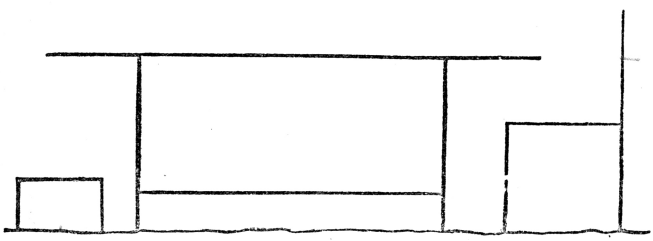


L. And it has three obtuse angles in it.

Ion. Now, if you will let me print on it, and

will give me a ground line—there, you see that it has made a mile-stone.

L. And see what I have made. With only three lines for each I have made a chair and a stool; and with four lines I have drawn a table. And they are only perpendicular and horizontal lines.



P. I shall not make drawings of these things for you, but, when you can copy the finger-post and the mile-stone properly, you will be able to make the lines necessary for these objects. You may then go into the kitchen, get a wooden chair, a table, and a stool, and draw from the things themselves.

NOT TO BE TOO HASTY IN OUR OPINIONS.

THERE are numbers of circumstances attending every action of a man's life which can never come to the knowledge of the world, yet ought to be well known and well weighed before sentence, with any justice, can be passed upon him. A man may have different views, and a different sense of things, from what his judges have; and what he understands and feels, and what passes within him, may be a secret treasured up deeply there for ever. A man, through bodily infirmity, or some complexional defect, which perhaps is not in his power to correct, may be subject to inadvertencies, to starts, and unhappy turns of temper; he may lie open to snares he is not always aware of; or, through ignorance and want of information and proper helps, he may labor in the dark; in all which cases he may do many things which are wrong in themselves, and yet be innocent; at least an object rather to be pitied than censured with ill-will and severity. These are difficulties which stand in every one's way in the forming a judgment of others.

Let us judge others as we would be tried ourselves.

DOMESTIC DUTIES OF FEMALES.

EVERY mother ought to teach her daughter practically how to keep her house in order; how to make bread, and do all kinds of cooking; how to economize, so as to make a little go a great way; how to spread an air of neatness and comfort over her household; how to make and mend her husband's clothes; in a word, how to to be a good housekeeper. Then, if she has no domestics, she can make her family happy without them; if she has domestics, she can effectually teach them to do things as they ought to be done, and make them obey her. She can then direct her domestic affairs, and be mistress of her own house; which, sad to say, too many in these times are not. Domestics soon ascertain whether their mistress knows how to do things; and if she does not, they have her in their power, and almost always take advantage of it. But the domestic virtues of a woman need not, by any means, preclude the highest and most accomplished education. Some of the most intelligent, refined, and finished ladies in the land, have been the most excellent housekeepers.

THE VETERAN'S LAST REVEILLE.

(See Steel Plate.)

BY PATIENCE PERKINS (LATE PRICE).

I LIKE music. And yet among the many things for which I am profoundly grateful, is the blessing that I have not a musical ear. As the epicure turns in disgust from a wholesome dish which would satisfy a reasonable appetite, so your finical amateurs are horrified at popular music, and ready to die of a discord. Their fastidious ears are only a vexation to them. I like music, and am thankful that nothing in the shape of a tune comes amiss; the calathumpians on the one hand, and the operatic miracles on the other, only excepted. A good story is told of Dr. Sam. Johnson. He had listened, without appreciation, to a very scientific performance. Somebody, to call up the Dr.'s enthusiasm, ventured to say, "Sir, that was a very difficult performance." "Madam," he retorted, "I wish it were impossible!" The Western critic, too, was a man after my own heart. He had yawned through an hour of Sivori, or Ole Bull—I forget which. "When," he groaned out at last, "when *is* that fellow going to stop *chuning* his fiddle, and give us some music?"

So you understand, Mr. Godey, that I even like to hear Yankee Doodle! My oldest daughter, my *own* daughter tells me I have no taste! I say my *own* daughter, because there are in the house, and scattered abroad, a family of surreptitious children of mine—Perkins's children. I love them all more than enough; but they are not my children. They are Perkins's. I hope you have not forgotten me, Mr. Godey. I was Patience Price, and I married, ever so many years ago, a widower with ten children. My first introduction to fame, trans-atlantic and cis-atlantic, in your columns, was due to "My Brother. Tom," whose marriage impelled me into matrimony. "If I must nurse babies," I said, "let it be as their mother, and not their aunt." And so I recommend all girls to do, if they can.

A great deal is said, in this talking world, about stepmothers and stepchildren. I have learned by experience that, in the matter of teasing a body, one's own are as two to one. If a child may not torment her natural parent, whom may she teaze? Your own flesh and blood will take more liberties with you than another woman's child would dare to do, or think of doing. So my own child says, "Mother, you have no taste!" And Perkins's children cry out, "For shame!" But to my story.

I begin to be reminded that I am growing old. It is not that my hair is gray, for in these days of scientific progress, men and women who wear gray hair must do so because they like it. Nor is it because my teeth are gone; for "substitutes" for teeth, which have not escaped the dentist's draft, are as readily bought as substitutes for soldiers. And you are sure of your teeth when you have paid for them, which is more than the provost marshal can say of bounty-jumpers. But I have such a family of children! They do make one feel old, though they would gladly—the girls especially—persuade you to look young.

When I was a girl, I saw the illumination for the peace with Great Britain, at the end of what is justly called our second war for Independence. Illuminations were different affairs in those days from what they now are. The tinman's craft was in request, and little triangular bits of the sharp metal were contrived to stick in the window sashes and hold tallow candles. Or, in default of tin, forks were pressed into the service and the sash. There were no gas jets, and such mechanical and formal appliances. The forks were regular two prongers, for "split spoons," as Handy Andy calls them, had not come in. And if they had, such forks would not have served the purpose. Neither were there "lucifers" and loco-foco matches. The first box of these I ever had I paid a quarter for. An illumination in those primitive days was an interesting impromptu, makeshift, delightful, domestic set-to, when the lord of misrule was paramount. It was ten times as exciting as the present fashions, and a thousand times more greasy! The window seats and floors, the carpets even, were "sights to behold!" I recollect my mother protesting—she is living yet, and loyal—that no matter

how often peace was declared, such a tallow candle carnival should never be in her house again! It need not. She can light up with gas now, and will, when the restored Union makes us all happy again in honorable peace.

And when I was a girl, we used to *celebrate* the Fourth of July. It was no "constructive celebration," as they call it when municipal bodies pass resolutions which they do not carry out. The military gave themselves to the work, horse, foot, and dragoons, and heavy artillery. The children went into it heels over head, and the elders were as enthusiastic as the children. There was reason in this; for the men and women were fresh from the actual work of two wars. We have now less than a dozen revolutionary patriots. There were then thousands. They were competitors for civil offices, candidates for popular honors; free of all public favor, and the especial objects of notice and approval. For to dishonor them, was to dishonor the cause in which they had labored.

The Fourth of July brought them into especial prominence. They were the distinguished part of every procession. When they could walk they carried their honors as proudly as their knapsacks had been carried, at the last review before their discharge. Those who have held commissions, rode caparisoned, and those who were disabled were drawn in open carriages. Their deeds were in everybody's mouth, and he was worse than an infidel who dared to disparage them. As years went by, like the Sibylline leaves the patriots grew in honor as they diminished in number. It made me feel like a girl again when the present Congress passed a law increasing the pensions of the few who remain. Only one fault is to be found with that increase. It is not half enough! One hundred dollars a year, when a contractor can make more in fifteen minutes!

At the delivery of the oration the veterans were always placed where the eye of the orator could accidentally fall upon them, and give him the apostrophe to the venerable men; the impromptu apostrophe, which was carefully written in when the oration was composed. But that is uncharitable. Don't you think we all have grown too careless and too apt to speak lightly of what our fathers felt deeply? This war is bringing us to our senses, and teaching us to feel what our fathers felt; the value of the liberty which their toil purchased; the price of the blood of the men who fell that we might be free.

There was one among those pensioners, old Andrew Strong, whom I can see now as vividly as when in my girlhood I used to meet him. He seemed almost, to my childish imagination, a being from another world. If he had lived among the Mussulmans, he would have been treated as such; for he had lost his reason; he glided silently along the streets and lanes, his eyes downcast, and not a limb in motion save his feet; for his arms were always still, and his head turned neither to right nor left. Only his lips moved in incessant, inaudible mutterings. Speak to him, and he would look up for an instant, and then hurry on without an answer, as if his thoughts were too busy to descend to the common themes of life; too much occupied in the past to recognize the present. Indeed, the past was his present.

Poor fellow! His story was a sad one, and may be that of many who are now in arms for our defence, to protect us in all that we hold dear. In serving his country he was forced to neglect his own home; and almost literally to leave "the bride at the altar." And when, at the close of his service, he returned, full of hope, and ready to reap the reward of his privations and perils in the home he had defended, it was to find his friends and neighbors assembled to pay the last rites of affection to the cold remains of the wife of his youth.

The sad truth was as gently broken to him as the tell-tale preparations would permit. He made no answer, and silently took the place which was pointed out to him in the melancholy group. Not a cry, not a tear escaped him, though all around lifted up their voices and wept. He gazed upon the corpse with a face as marble-cold and blank as the dead. He took his place in the line of mourners; and when the grave was filled in looked round with a face of disturbed inquiry. "Where is the squad," he asked, "to fire the minute guns?"

It was the first word he had spoken, and his friends found a living grief in the discovery that the bereaved soldier was a maniac. And so he remained. He could not be made to understand that the little child who looked up at him with fear and wonder was his daughter. He took, henceforth, no interest in passing events; and knew not that he lived

upon the government pension, and the care of the humane and public spirited. Once only, in many years, did I see him awakened to something like consciousness of what was passing. But the light was momentary, like a sun-gleam through gloomy clouds followed by a thicker darkness.

It was during the visit of the Marquis de Lafayette to the United States in 1824. The last surviving Major General of the Revolution, his progress through the country brought out all the old soldiers who remained, and to many of them the gallant Frenchman was personally known. Hearty was the greeting which met him everywhere, and various were the patriotic devices to tender him the welcome which the heart of the people prepared for him. I was one of the young girls who were dressed in "blue spencers" to sing a song of greeting and to strew his path with flowers.

Old Andrew could not be made to understand what was desired of him, or to take his place with the other veterans. The cortege of the Marquis stopped for a few moments in the village to receive the formal expression of the officials. The address was spoken and responded to. The driver of the general's carriage had gathered his reins and brandished his whip, when a word from the Marquis delayed the movement. I looked round and saw Old Andrew on the skirts of the crowd standing up straight and manly to give the military salute. "Nearer, old comrade!" cried the Marquis. The way was opened, and the old pensioner marched up to the carriage. There was a hearty shaking of hands, and a respectful exchange of adieux. The horses pranced off, and the welkin rang with cheer upon cheer. Before the echo was over, old Andrew glided away, alone and silent. And he never could be recalled to the recollection of the incident.

His daughter grew up, "a thing of beauty." She was beloved and well cared for by her father's connections, and all the world besides loved Nettie Strong; for who could help it? I have heard of "daughters of the regiment." Nettie was the pet and charge of the whole neighborhood. Oh, it was touching to see her vain efforts to bring her father to some appreciation of their near relationship. She only succeeded in causing his face to light up for her, as it never did for another. But she could not make him comprehend that he was her father. And if he spake of his wife, it was as of one whom he should see "when the war was over;" for to him, the term of his enlistment never ceased. We could gather from snatches of his incoherent talk that he still considered himself a soldier of the Continental army. The awful surprise on his return from the war had never made a lodgment in his memory. His mind could not and did not receive it. And still he dreamed on; harmless, and sometimes it seemed almost happy. In the camp we were told that he was the life of his regiment; ready for duty, and none the less ready for such amusement as could be improvised to relieve the monotony of the soldier's life. There was a tradition that he was a good musician. Sometimes he would stop near the door of the village tavern, when Independence or Thanksgiving day called into exercise the bow-arm of the dusky fiddler. But the boys were troublesome, and the company in such places too rude and boisterous in what was intended as kindness. Andrew had no fancy for such noise. It confused him, and after listening to a bar or two, he would glide away, fonder of his own thoughts than of any society. Nevertheless it was observed that "Yankee Doodle," once played by British bands in derision, and afterward adopted as the national air, could stay old Andrew longer than any other air. Once or twice he even tried to get hold of the instrument. Some of his contemporaries pleaded for him, that if he could be suffered to try, he could discourse better music than even the dusky Apollo. But the village fiddler never could be prevailed to trust his darling instrument in the hands of a crazy pensioner.

Nettie came to years of womanhood and was married. Her father learned to make her house one of his homes, for he was free of many. Still, no light broke upon his darkness. Children were born, but while they won upon his kindness, it was only as so many kittens might have done. They viewed their fitful grandfather with a kind of affectionate awe; always studied his whims and wishes, and in their childish way avoided what they perceived annoyed him.

So, many years passed on. Old Andrew's gait grew slower, and his lips more quiet. People said he was wearing out, and finding rest, as he grew older. Others, who remembered the shock that unseated his reason, fancied that the force of the blow was spent at last, and that he would gently pass away

in unconsciousness of his great grief, to the place where the weary are at rest.

It was pleasant to notice the growing interest which the veteran seemed to take in his grandchildren. His wandering walks were more seldom taken, and he delighted to sit and watch them at their lessons, or their play. Fine children they had become, too, and the boys, like all boys when I was young, were full of love of country and of noise. They all like noise still. Nettie was almost angry when her husband presented one of the lads with a violin. It was on the eve of the Fourth when the dreaded present was brought home. When Nettie objected, her husband told her that the fiddle was a compromise for a drum. He would get that, if she preferred; but the boys *must* have something with which to disturb the peace. Of the two evils she consented to the less.

The glorious Fourth opened with grand eclat. The boys, who had no inkling of what was in reserve for them, began the day with squibs and crackers. A fizz and a bounce started old Andrew early from his slumbers; and the same sort of thing waked everybody else too, under whose roof those pestilent beings called boys were harbored. The first intimation which the lads had of their musical present was in the serious presentation, across the breakfast-table, of a sheet of music. Freddy, delighted, read with a shout—

"Yankee Doodle!"

"Bully!" cried little Harry, at whose side already swung his good broadsword. The weapon, terrible to see, would have charmed Ngai-jin, the President of the Chinese Board of War. It made up in breadth of blade what it lacked in edge, and in formidable size what it wanted in weight.

"Why, Harry!" expostulated his eldest sister, "how can you make such exclamations?"

"Such what?" inquired Freddy. "Sister of ours, it is the glorious Fourth, and we are bound to have free speech."

"Bully!" cried Harry again. "But I say, Fred, what good will Yankee Doodle do without a drum? And what do you know about printed music?"

This was a difficulty. But when the fiddle, a real fiddle, was produced, the boys would have undertaken the opera of Norma. Breakfast was soon despatched, you may be sure, and a new delight was found for the young patriots in a flag, a real flag. At once the young party adjourned to the porch, and improvised a music-stool upon a hen-coop.

Nettie and her husband sat still at the breakfast table. Presently there came through the window the admonitory squeak, squeak, scrape, scrape, with which violinists torture you before they launch forth. "Is it possible," said the father, listening; "that those children know anything of tuning a fiddle?"

"Is it possible," cried Nettie, "that they can play a tune?" For now Yankee Doodle rung out on the morning air, and no mistake; the very air which came into camp, in the old French war, when continentalers and Britishers fought side by side. Shaky and faint the first notes sounded, like the uncertain struggles of memory. Pretty soon, full, free, jubilant, and frisky, the old tune sounded as if played *con-amore*.

Out hurried father and mother, and found old Andrew lost in a musical ecstasy, and the children in admiration. The veteran's thoughts ran back to the time when the tune was played by Royalists in derision, to be taken up by Republicans in earnest. He played as he felt, and, to play, one *must* feel. What is not in a man, he cannot express. Many a musician of greater pretensions might learn a lesson of old Andrew. *I* like Yankee Doodle, Mr. Godey, and I don't like the man or woman who does not love it for its associations, whatever they may say of its musical claims. So I said to my daughter when I told her this story. I even like John Bull for liking his national anthem!

Confound their politics

who can't be moved by a national air!

Frustrate their knavish tricks

who put the whims of the *dilettanti* above the honor of their country. Give me the music that stirs the popular heart, and go to the —— opera house with your crotchets, and quavers, and demi quavers!

Nettie stood amazed and awestruck as her father's face kindled more and more, and his white hair fairly danced with excitement. She pressed forward. Her husband checked her. "I *must* speak to him!" she cried. "*Father!* don't you know your daughter?"

Still he plied vigorously the bow, and then, after a moment or two, fell into some plaintive "air of other days." "Father!" cried Nettie again, "don't you know your child?"

The old man placed his hand on the head

of the least of the group, the little girl, whose age was that of his only child when Andrew came home from the battle fields of the Revolution.

"No, no, *dear* father! Say that you know *me* at last!"

But the violin had fallen from his hand, and he sunk back, his eyes closed, and his pulses still.

* * * * * * * *

It was high noon when he awakened. The bells were ringing out the nation's jubilee, and a salvo of artillery shook the air with its harmless thunder.

Not yet could they tell him all. It was many days before his mind came out of its long sleep; but it did revive. And he joyed like a child on the freedom of his country. As the sun went down clear, on a beautiful day in the Spring, the light of life went out, and the unclouded mind of the pensioner rejoiced in the evening of death, in the hope of a happy morning.

And when the news of the fall of Sumpter broke in upon the mourning of Nettie for her father, she thanked God that the old hero had passed away from the evil to come.

A FEW FRIENDS.

BY KORMAH LYNN.

THIRD EVENING. (*Continued.*)

An Impromptu Charade.

TING-A-LING-A-LING! sounded the little bell just as Miss Pundaway gave the finishing bang to her overture—and the doors slid quickly open, disclosing Teresa Adams, *solus*, in Doctor's study, pensively regarding a *carte-de-visite* which she held in her hand.

Biddy's voice was heard outside. "I tell ye me young lady's *out*, sur; them 's the Docther's orders. Arrah! bad luck to—

Enter ADOLPHUS, *closely followed by the virate* BIDDY.

Adolphus. Angelina, my darling, I saw the Doctor enter the medical college, and I knew that at least one hour of bliss was before us. You will surely forgive this intrusion?

Angelina. Ah, dearest! how can I do otherwise? But how fearfully imprudent, dear Adolphus! My guardian may return at any moment.

(ADOLPHUS *motions significantly to* BIDDY, *at the same time dropping a bank note upon the floor.*)

Biddy (*aside, picking up the bill*). Ah, it 's himself that 's the gentleman, shure! (*Aloud.*) Never fear, but I'll give yez full warnin', Miss; only ye 'll plaize not kape me too long from me ironing. [*Exit.*

These last words were apparently lost upon the lovers, who were whispering together in most approved courtship style. Finally Adolphus, in soft, persuasive accents, exclaims—

Adolphus. Ah, Angelina! why must we suffer these torments? Why not fly from this cruel tyranny?

Angelina. But my fortune, Adolphus! It is all in my guardian's hands, you know. I forfeit it if I disobey him.

Adolphus (*with great emotion*). Never, dearest, allude to your fortune again. What is base lucre to love like ours! But no, I cannot ask you to break your poor old guardian's heart.

[*A bell rings.*

Biddy (*bursting into the room, with an iron in one hand and a pillow-case in the other*). Och! where 's yer ears, Miss? Don't yez hear the Docther ringing the door-bell? Lucky he 's lost his kay. Shure I clane forgot that he expicts a def and dumb gintleman here from the counthry this blissed mornin', that he 's never seen, Miss. (*Bell rings violently. Meanwhile* ANGELINA *and* ADOLPHUS *evince great trepidation.*) Dear, dear, I'll lose me place, all for lettin' you up, sur! Lor'! won't the docther rave, Miss, if he finds yez two convarsing here, and it agin his perticular orders, Miss, for ye to see company afore you 're eighteen!

[*Loud ringing and knocking.*

Adolphus (*nervously*). Can't I go out by the back way?

Biddy. O murther! but the bull dog 'd tear ye ter pieces, sur; he 's loose since the daylight! (*Runs out.*)

Adolphus (*very nervously*). O—oh!

Angelina (*clasping her hands, while* ADOLPHUS *frantically tries to find a hiding-place in the apartment*). O Adolphus! He 's coming! Be the def man, *do;* there 's an angel! (*Doctor's voice is heard in the hall.*) O Adolphus! if you love me, let not a sound escape you!

Enter DOCTOR *grumbling.* ADOLPHUS *is crouching behind the arm-chair.*

Doctor. Confound that Biddy! Ah, Angelina (*fiercely, as he discovers* ADOLPHUS, *who rises with an absurd bow*)!

Angelina. A—a def gentleman, I think, sir. He has been waiting for some time; he—he can't speak (*looking significantly at* ADOLPHUS). He 's a perfect mute, I 'm sure.

Doctor (*rubbing his hands in great glee*). Ah, ha! I see! My new patient. Slightly deranged, too, I should surmise; but that is of no consequence. (*Motions him to a seat.*) Now for a trial of my glorious system! That by operating upon certain nerves, through the medium of extreme terror I can awaken the dormant energies of voice and ear, I have no doubt. Indeed, Eusebius himself hints at such a possibility, though it has remained for me to develop the noble conception. Now, Angelina, you shall behold the greatest medico-moral triumph of the age. (*Takes dressing-gown from chair near the table and hurriedly puts it on. Then seizes book after book from the table, looking up certain passages and mumbling them in great excitement.*) (*Aloud.*) Yes, there can be no doubt of it! the testimony of ages sustains my convictions! (*Rushes to the door, calling*) Biddy!

(BIDDY *enters, apologizing and almost weeping.*) Indade, sur, it wasn't me fault at all, at all. He rooshed past me, up the stairs like one mad, sur. Let me up! sez he.

(ADOLPHUS *shakes his fist at her behind the Doctor's back.* ANGELINA *exclaims*)—

Biddy! I smell something burning down stairs. Quick! it 's the soup!

Doctor (*sharply, turning towards* BIDDY). What 's that? Why, the man 's a mute, you scallawaps!

Biddy (*taking the idea, resumes*). Let me up, sez he, wid his glarin' eyes, just as plain as if he spoke the words, sur, and—

Doctor (*impatiently*). Well, there 's no harm done. Go bring me my sword, and a club, a bell, and a kettle of boiling water—hurry up! (*Exit* BIDDY.) Now for it.

(He opens his bundle of instruments, disclosing knives, corkscrews, curling-tongs, and all sorts of queer implements, stolen from kitchen and tool-drawer, runs his fingers through his hair until it stands out wildly in all directions, assumes an aspect of savage ferocity, and brandishing a huge carving-knife and patent nut-cracker in either hand makes a frantic rush at Adolphus. *Meanwhile enter* BIDDY *with her arms full.*)

The saints protect us! Is it murthering the crayture you are, sur?

Doctor (*still making furious charges at his patient, who has risen and is vainly trying to escape him*). Silence, thou ignorant maid of all work! What dost thou know of the sublimity of a thought like this?

(He snatches the sword and club from Biddy's arms, and frantically pursues Adolphus around the apartment.)

"Doctor! Doctor!" screams Angelina, "for Heaven's sake do not harm him!"

Doctor (*angrily, still doing all in his power to further terrify* ADOLPHUS). Why not, girl? What is an accidental gash or two, or a fractured limb, compared to the blessings of hearing and speech. (*Makes a thrust at* ADOLPHUS, *who stumbles and falls at* ANGELINA'S *feet.*) The bell! the bell! shouts the Doctor, snatching it from the astonished Biddy, and ringing it violently close to his victim's ear. The countenance of Adolphus is seen to express some natural distress at the continued din.

Doctor (*wildly*). Ha! he hears! he hears! Give me the boiling water! (*Seizes tea-kettle and rushes towards* ADOLPHUS.) Now for a stream of this upon his head; only one more shock is needed! We will have speech soon, Angelina, we will have speech!

Adolphus (*springing away from him exclaims*) By Jove! this is unbearable!

Doctor (*drops the tea-kettle, and gazing aloft, with upraised hands, gasps out*) Spirit of Galen! I have succeeded! (*Falls in a swoon.*)

(ADOLPHUS *and* ANGELINA *embrace.* BIDDY *bends over the prostrate* DOCTOR, *and the doors are closed.*)

SCENE II.

Large white drugget or sheet spread upon the floor; three or four common chairs distributed stiffly around it. Enter a travelling party, composed of two ladies, one gentleman, and an overgrown boy.

FIRST LADY (MARY GLIDDEN). Boy's mamma. Attired in travelling hat and mantle, small satchel and parasol in her hands.

SECOND LADY (TERESA ADAMS). An eccentric female. Spectacles, outlandish bonnet, faded shawl—minus hoops—dress pinned up to a suitable shortness, a number of guide books and a large portfolio under her arm. Face made to look sentimentally gaunt by means of burnt cork markings under the eyes, arch of eyebrows much brightened, and shadows to indicate hollow cheeks—lips pursed affectedly.

GENTLEMAN (LIEUT. HUNTER). An American *pater familias*. Loose coat, stuffed by means of cushions, etc., into a tight rotundity, huge muffler around the throat, and full beard improvised of curled horse-hair (*to hide his moustache*). He bears a huge umbrella, a valise, and a travelling shawl.

INFANT PRODIGY (BEN STYKES). Attired in lady's short sack (in lieu of a coat), confined at waist by a broad belt of black muslin; child's cap tied on with broad ribbons (*to conceal side whiskers*), small, gay shawl, crossed in front and tied in a knot behind his arms; a white paper ruffle pinned about his neck, secured with bright ribbon bow; pantaloons rolled under until rather short; child's toy in one hand, piece of cake or stick of candy in the other.

Pater familias settles down to his newspaper.

Mamma loquetur (*looking about her*). What a barn of a room! That is the worst part of travelling out of America. No fine public parlors; but the moment one enters a hotel one must be banished to an upper room like a child in disgrace.

Infant Prodigy (*sobbing*). I ain't a child in disgrace, boo! hoo!

Mamma (*tenderly patting him*). No, no, dear one, mamma didn't mean you, poor little darling. O, Stephania (*turning to her lady companion, pathetically*), did you *ever* know of such a delicate organization?

Steph. (*clasping her hands*). Never! He is scarcely human; such exquisite susceptibility should belong to some rare flower, some shrinking mimosa! some—

Papa (*looking up, sternly*). A shrinking booby—a calf, you might better say. You two women will spoil that boy. Stop your blubbering and come here, sir!

Boy (*still sobbing and clinging to mamma's skirts*). I—I don't w–w–a–n–t to, I wa–ant to sta–ay with my ma!

Papa (*fiercely*). Come here, I say!

(*Child cries and coughs together, holds his breath and bends over in apparent agony.*)

Mamma. Mercy on us! he's choking! (*Both women slap him violently between his shoulders*). Oh, husband, how could you scold him when you knew his mouth was full of cake!

Husband (*gruffly*). His mouth always *is* full of cake!

Steph. (*aside*). Oh, what a horrid brute!

Infant prodigy recovers after long and alarming paroxysms of holding his breath, and whines piteously: "I want a drink of water!" Both women rush frantically to the door.

Husband (*in a terrible voice*). Eliza! Miss Scrimpkins! Come back instantly! (*they return*). Is the boy an idiot or a cripple? Let him wait upon himself!

Mamma. Oh, husband, how you talk! How *can* the poor child get a drink all alone?

Pater familias. Why, let him go down and ask for it in the bar-room, of course. (*Both women hold up their hands in horror.*)

Miss Scrimpkins. What, send the dear child all alone to that den of infamy?

Mamma. Better, far better send him to the fountain in the crowded square, than run the risk of his falling under such influences!

Husband. Pooh! pooh! stuff and nonsense! Well, let him go down to the street and get a drink; but go he must!

Infant Prodigy (*sobbing*). I—I don't want no water.

Mamma. Dear angel! He doesn't want any water you see, husband, after all!

Husband (*in a passion, stamping his foot*). I know better. Go at once, sir! Do you hear?

Mamma and Miss Scrimpkins, giving up in despair, adjust boy's shawl, and pour a dozen injunctions into his ear; not to stay too long, not to tumble down stairs, not to go near any rude boys, etc. etc.

Exit Infant Prodigy (*whose gait is childish and unequel*) rubbing his eyes on his sleeves.

Pater familias resumes his paper. The two ladies condole with each other in whispers a few moments.

Enter INFANT PRODIGY, *with a very black eye—crying violently.*

"O–ooh ooh!"

Ladies (*rushing up to him*). Speak, darling. What is it? What has happened to you?

Papa. What 's the matter *now?*

Infant Prodigy. A great b–big boy h–i–t me with his fist, boo! hoo! an' I wasn't doin' nothin' to him only p–pulling the c–cup away from him. Oh o–oh! It hurts me so–o much!

Mamma (*weeping*). The great ruffian! Oh, my beautiful boy! He will be disfigured for a month! O, Miss Scrimpkins, what if his precious EYE had been put out forever?

Miss Scrimpkins utters an exclamation of horror, and looks daggers at *pater familias*.

Papa disgusted generally. Grand tableau! Doors close.*

* It will be seen that the plot of this scene is different from that proposed by Ben; but such changes are by no means unusual in impromptu charades. K. L.

SCENE III. *A Tableau Vivante.*

AN old lady with workstand beside her, teaching her grandchild to *knit.*

THE GIRL (MARY GLIDDON'S little cousin) is attired in a simple muslin, with long blue sash. Long, glossy curls fall about her shoulders, and as she sits gracefully upon a footstool at grandmother's knee, her bright eyes are fixed intently upon the mysterious stitch. "Oh, grandma," she seems to say, "can I ever learn to do it?"

Grandmother is seated in comfortable arm-chair, and bends placidly towards her little pupil. She is attired in a neat black silk dress, and long white apron; a thin white kerchief is disposed in voluminous folds across her bosom. Her gray hair lying softly over her brow, still retains some reminiscence of early curls, while her spectacled eyes and slightly wrinkled brow, as they bend over the gleaming needles, are serene with happy old age.

It is a quiet picture, and a relief to the audience after the bursts of merriment caused by the previous scenes. "How lovely the child was!" some exclaimed, when the doors were closed. Others, at once had discovered her grandmother to be no less a personage than Benjamin Stykes himself. "But how capital! no one would ever suspect such a thing but for the size of his hands!"

In the meantime, poor Ben was in the dressing-room busily engaged over the wash basin; outwardly, washing the flour out of his forelocks, and the cork'd wrinkles from his face, and inwardly, wondering how he could have been able to act at all during the evening, while his heart was so heavy with his double discovery of Mary's engagement with the Lieutenant, and his own deep love for her. Pacing up and down the dressing-room with long strides, coatless and collarless, holding the towel in both hands and rubbing face and head more or less furiously according to the flow of his emotions, he presented a sorry picture. He had evidently forgotten his sweet little grandchild already.

The remainder of the dramatic or Charadic Corps (who had dressed during the tableau scene) were now down stairs attending to—

SCENE IV. *Whole Word.*

Floor covered in centre with green baize or wrong side of an old quilt (to imitate poor carpet). Small wooden table in centre, with work basket on it, kitchen chair on either side. Neat looking woman (MARY GLIDDON), in cap, and clean, short sack and apron, a calico skirt pinned up in front. She is kneeling near the table with her bare arms immersed in a pail. Wrings out cloth and gives the legs of the table a final wipe. A knock is heard.

Woman (*rising hurriedly, wiping her arms and setting the pail aside*). Mercy on us! who 's that? (*She opens the door*). Ah, good-morning, Miss Agnes; I 'm sure you 're very welcome, Miss. It does my eyes good to see you again. Take a seat, Miss.

Agnes (TERESA ADAMS *in simple walking dress*). And I 'm very glad to see *you*, Hannah, and (*looking about the apartment*) to see you so comfortably settled too. But you must know, Hannah (*with some embarrassment*), I 'm not *Miss* Agnes any longer, I 've followed your example—

Hannah. Lor, Miss, you ain't been an' gone an'got married!

Agnes. Yes I have, and what is more, I have commenced housekeeping; and now, Hannah, I 'll tell you why I have called to see you this morning. The fact is, I don't know quite as much as I ought to about making pies and cakes and such things, and I 'm going to have my first company to-morrow. I remember how nicely you used to make such things when poor, dear mother was alive and you lived with us; and I was a troublesome little girl, and you were so patient and good always.

H. (*wiping her eyes on her apron*). Oh, don't, Miss!

A. Well, Hannah, I 'll come to the point at once. I want you to tell me *exactly* how you made your Charlotte de Russe, and your sponge cake, and your jelly cake, and—and that elegant fruit cake, you know, you used to make.

H. Lor, Miss, you fairly take my breath away. I don't know where to begin—

A. Well, commence with the sponge cake, there 's a good soul! You see I have brought my receipt book (*takes a pencil and book from her pocket and opens latter upon the table ready to write*). Now—

H. (*speaking rapidly*). Sponge cake—well, let me see. First, I take my yolks and beat them to a feather, then I put in my sugar and my flavoring. Then beat up whites till they stand up crisp! then I stir 'em in and sprinkle in my flour—all has to be done like a flash, and musn't have your oven too hot.

A. (*laying down pencil in despair*). Good-

ness, Hannah! Please don't speak so fast! How many eggs did you say?

H. 'Pends altogether upon how much cake you want, Miss. I gen'rally used to take fifteen to a batch.

A. Fifteen, eh! (*writes it down*), and how much sugar?

H. Sugar? Let 's see; well, a few handfuls about; you want sponge cake pretty sweet.

A. Is it a pound, or twenty pounds, Hannah? Do try, that 's a dear, and be a little *exact*. I want definite quantities, you know—

H. Somewhere, I guess, 'tween one or two pounds. Won't that do? Well, as for essence, of course you don't want no special directions there.

A. But the flour?

H. Oh yes, that 's a fact; you mustn't get too much flour in sponge cake or it 's all up with you. Let 's see (*reflects—Agnes eagerly takes up her pencil*), well, you jest keep stirrin' it in till it 's the right consistency. Can't tell you no plainer than that, Miss, for the life o' me; no one could.

A. (*in a tone of despair*). Never mind the sponge cake, Hannah. Let 's have the Charlotte de Russe, please.

H. Certainly, Miss; but don't interrupt me, for I can't remember nothing, it kind of puts me all out. Well (*speaking quickly again and tapping palm of left hand with forefinger of right*), first, you take some milk and three eggs; put that down, Miss, only the yolks, and bile 'em like a custard; boil a little isinglass and put it with it; then let it cool, and whip up your cream; then flavor the other stuff and stir all together, and put your cakes (*ladies' fingers is best*) along the inside of your mould and pour in your Charlotte and set it on the ice, that 's all. It 's nothing to make when onct you know.

A. O dear, dear! I can't write down anything from that; *can't* you be a *little* more precise, Hannah? that 's a darling, do.

H. More precise than that, Miss. (I beg pardon, ma'am, it seems as if I must call you Miss yet.) Why, no human bein' could. The fact is, Miss—ma'am—it 's more knack than measurement after all. I don't never want no quart measures nor scales, and, savin' your presence, Miss, I'd like to know who turns out better cake than I can.

(The door opens, a dishevelled masculine head is thrust in and withdrawn, and door quickly closed.)

H. (*laughing*). That 's my John; he 's the timidest man you ever see. Come in, John.

John's voice (*outside*). Come here, Hannah. I want ter speak ter yer.

H. (*laughing*). Oh come in yerself, John; it 's nobody here will hurt ye! (*Aside to Agnes.*) He 's just the easiest scared man ye ever did see.

John's voice (*rather agitated*). Come out, will yer; I hain't got a minute. (*Hannah goes out for a minute and returns weeping.*)

A. (*tenderly*). What *is* the matter, my poor Hannah?

H. (*crying behind her apron*). Oh, oh, John 's listed! He 's gone to the war for three months, Miss, that 's what he is! O deary me! deary me! what shall I do with myself without him?

A. I 'll tell you, Hannah. Come, stay with me while he 's away. It won't be long, you know, and you shall have the head of the kitchen, and be as happy as a queen.

H. (*looking up brightly*). Could I, Miss? I mean ma'am. Indeed it *would* cheer me up mightily. And then, Miss, you know you could watch me make the cakes and things, and measure the exact quantities after me, you know. O dear! O dear! but I shall miss John so much. (*Sobs. Agnes tries to comfort her. In a few moments door opens again, voice calls*)—

Hannah, woman, come out here!

H. (*calls*). Ah, come in, John, and see the lady I 'm a going to stop with while you 're off to the war. (*Sobs.*)

John (*outside*). Don't go on so! I can't go after all, old woman. I 've just been around and they won't enter me, coz my legs is too crooked. Good-by, I must run back to my work.

H. (*springs up indignantly*). Humph, jest like their impudence! but I 'm mighty glad of it, John. And for you, Miss, I 'll come an' stop a week with ye anyhow till yer get that book full. I shall feel better now that I know for certain my man ain't going to the war. It 's been hanging over me like for some time.

A. Couldn't you come to-morrow, Hannah, and help me with the supper?

H. Can't tell for certain, Miss. Mebbe I can, mebbe I can't; it depends a good deal upon John. We 'll see to-morrow, ma'am.

A. Ah, Hannah, that won't do. I *must* have a definite answer.

H. Bless you, Miss, how much your ways

is like your dear ma's. Well, I guess I 'll say *yes* then, for certain.

They shake hands. Doors close.

A loud clapping of hands, and cries of "Definite!" "Definite!" from the audience followed the close of the last scene. Not that the right solution of the charade was arrived at simultaneously by the entire party; on the contrary, some, even after hearing the announcement from others, would look blankly about them with "Why, where was the 'fi?'" "Where was the 'def?'" "The 'knit' was plain enough, wasn't it?" And the shrewd ones would eagerly insist, "Why, don't you remember the *deaf* man?" "Don't you remember the spoiled boy getting a black *eye?*" "Wasn't that boy capital, though?" "Mr. Stykes is a real genius!" etc. etc.

Just as Ben was bidding Mary a constrained "Good-evening," strangely in contrast with his usual heartiness, Mr. Simmons, under Mrs. S.'s directions, of course, approached him to ask if he would be kind enough to escort his wife's sister, Miss Scinwig, home?

Now, Miss Scinwig was older far than her portly married sister, and lean in proportion to the other's pinquitude; but Benjamin was too much of a gentleman to measure woman's worth by the pound avoirdupois. Little thought he, as he gently led her down the stone steps and took her lank arm within his own, that her first remark on their way home would save him a sleepless night, and make all nature seem joyous to him the next morning.

"What a very handsome man that step-brother of Mary Gliddon's is!"

WANT OF ENERGY.

WANT of energy is a great and common cause of the want of domestic comfort. As the best laid fire can give no heat and cook no food unless it is lighted, so the clearest ideas and purest intentions will produce no corresponding actions without that energy which gives power to all that is of value, which is, as it were, the very life of life, and which is never more necessary or available than in the mistress and mother of a family. Those who have it not—and many are constitutionally destitute of it—would do well to inquire of their experience and their conscience what compensating virtues they can bring into the marriage state to justify them in entering on its duties without that which is so essential to their performance. They should consider that the pretty face and graceful languor, which, as it is often especially attractive to the most impetuous of the other sex, gained them *ardent lovers*, will not enable them to satisfy the innumerable requisitions and secure the social happiness of the *fidgety and exacting husbands*, into which characters ardent and impetuous lovers are generally transformed.

A VIOLET.

BY MRS. SARA WOLVERTON.

Dost ever sit at twilight's hour,
And meditate alone,
And think how many, many friends
From life's long way have gone?

Dost ever see thy childhood's friends
Within that shadowed light,
And list them tell the olden tales—
See olden pictures bright?

And then the friend of girlhood's years,
You used to love so well,
Whose ever ready ear was lent
To list what you would tell?

And then that other, dearer friend,
Whose hand enclasps your own,
Who whispered words so very low,
None heard but you alone?

And then the friends of later years,
Who round your hearthstone came,
And taught you friendship oft can boast
Of else beside a name?

And then the years that came between
And blotted all away?
Some lights went out, but some in heaven
Still burn with steadfast ray!

The backward path I love to tread,
Its joys are ever mine;
The future may be rayless night,
The past through it shall shine.

DEW-DROPS.

BY SELMA.

Yon dew-drops sparkling on the bough,
Fit emblems of our lives are they,
Which next shall lose its trembling hold,
What mortal tongue may say?

Which next the hand, now fondly clasped,
Shall lose its trembling hold;
Which of the hearts now fondly loved,
Shall next in death grow cold?

None—none may tell, so frail the grasp,
Of all on earth we love;
Then let us clasp with stronger faith
Our Father's hand above.

NOVELTIES FOR JULY.

BONNETS, BABY'S HOOD, ETC. ETC.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

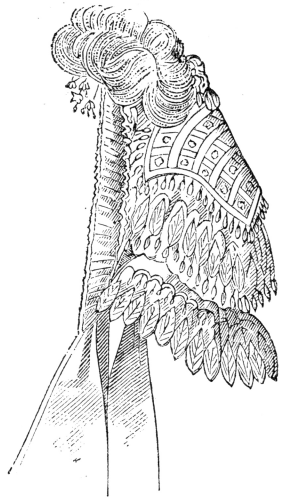


Fig. 3.

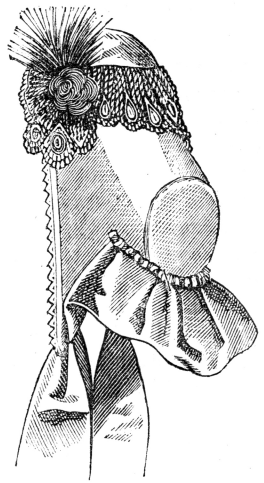


Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

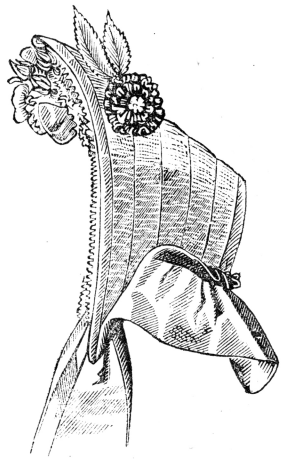


Fig. 6.

Fig. 1 is a bonnet of rose-colored *crêpe*, with curtain of the same. Near the front edge is a narrow band of the *crêpe*, edged by a white lace; at the top of front is a group of roses and rose-buds, mixed with fullings of lace or blonde; from beneath the group, and passing down the back of crown, is a fulling of tulle edged with narrow lace; at the back of curtain is a small rose-bud with leaves, from under which, falling over the curtain, is a broad lappet of tulle edged with white lace. The strings are of pink silk.

Fig. 2 is a dress bonnet of white tulle; down the front edge is a fulling of tulle, and at the top of front is a plume of white feathers. The top and crown of bonnet are covered by a square of white lace, edged with small white silk ball fringe; at the bottom edge of this square is a deep flounce of white lace, edged with ball fringe. The strings are of white silk, and the cap has a few small pink flowers at the top.

Fig. 3 is a bonnet of white crape, with curtain and strings of green silk. At the top of

front is an ornament, composed of a piece of green silk edged with broad black lace, and having on the left side a tuft of black feathers.

Fig. 4 is a bonnet composed entirely of fullings of white tulle. The curtain and strings are of violet silk. At the top of front is a group of violet feathers, and in the cap are some bows of violet ribbon and a few violet flowers.

Fig. 5 is an elegant bonnet of white silk edged with blue silk, and having a curtain and strings of the same. At the top, rather towards the left side, is a cockade of blue satin, with a mother of pearl centre and a few short white feathers. Blonde cap, having at the top a few bows of blue ribbon, with a rose and some buds.

Fig. 6 is a bonnet of the Marie Stuart form. The top of bonnet is formed of a half diamond shaped piece of Ophelia *crêpe*, edged round with black lace; at the left side of this are three white roses and a few fuchsias in black velvet. The loose crown is of white spotted muslin, and the curtain is of Ophelia *crêpe*. The strings, instead of starting only from the ears, pass along the front edge of bonnet; they are of white satin edged with quillings of Ophelia *crêpe*.

Fig. 7.

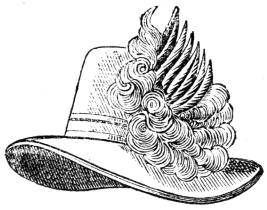


Fig. 8.

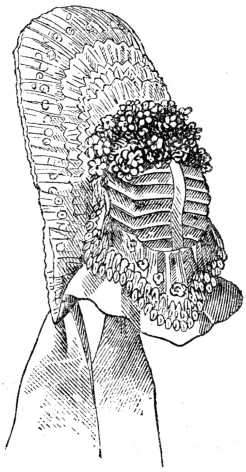


Fig. 9.

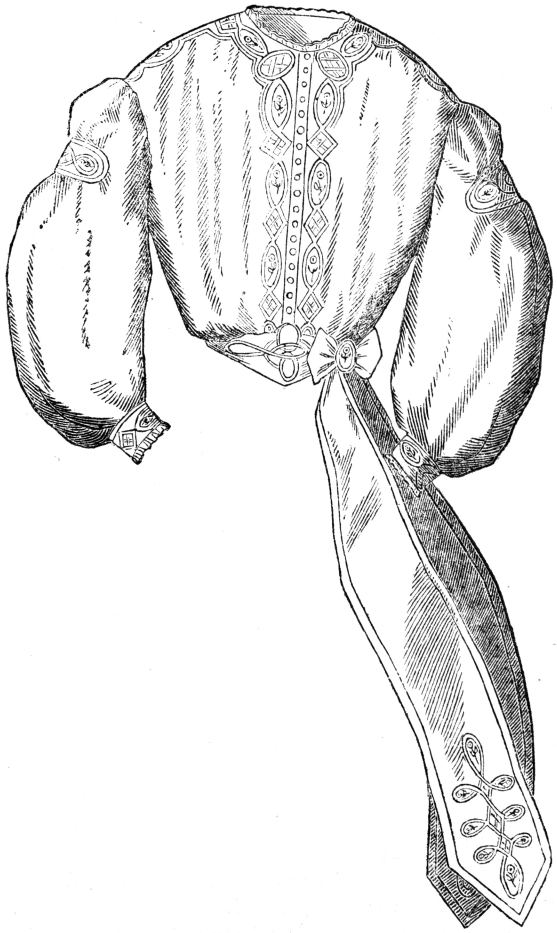
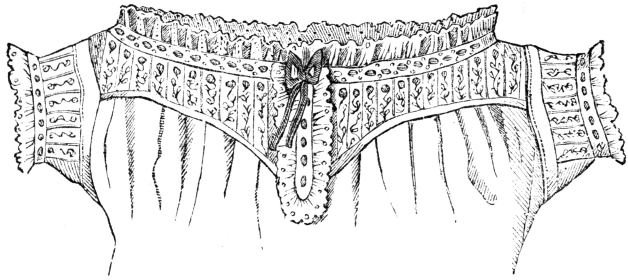


Fig. 7 is a Mousquetaire hat of drab straw, trimmed by two narrow bands of scarlet velvet, and having in front a plume of black and red feathers, and one large ostrich feather.

Fig. 8 is a bonnet of green *crêpe;* at the top of crown is a group of lilac flowers. All round the front edge is a narrow garland of lilac, covered by fullings of tulle; the space be-

Fig. 10.



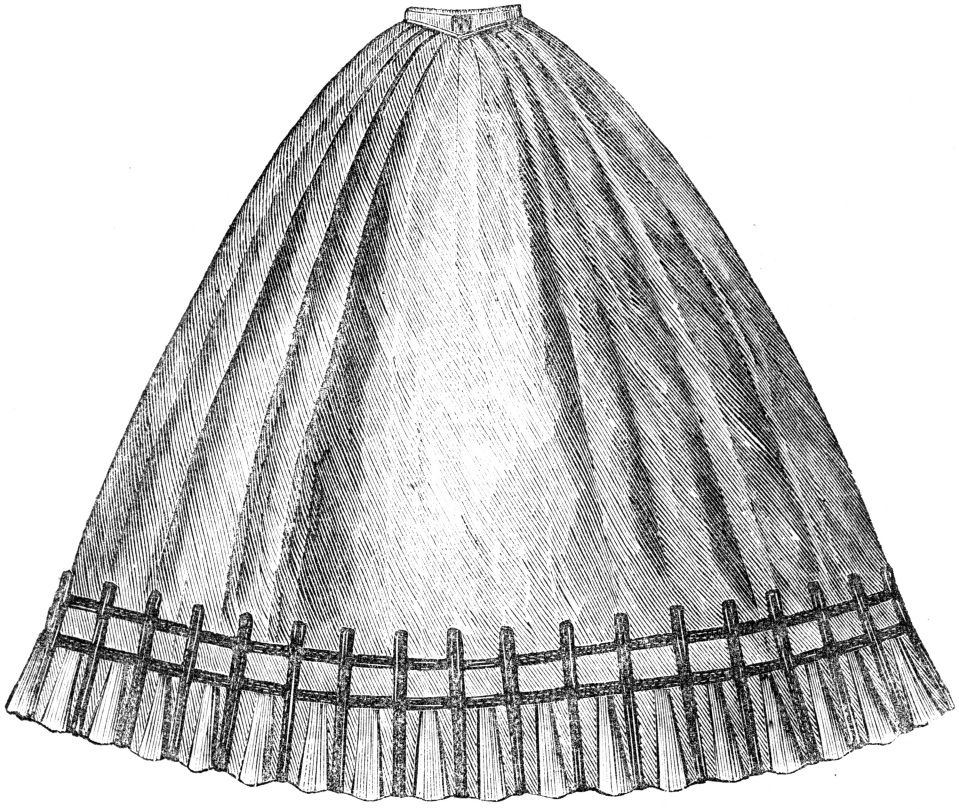
tween the garland and the crown is covered by narrow fullings of tulle. The curtain is partly covered by a deep white lace flounce, and the strings are of green ribbon.

Fig. 9.—White muslin Garibaldi waist, braided with black braid.

Fig. 10.—Fancy chemise, with yoke and sleeves, formed of rows of insertion. The edges are finished with a French worked ruffle, and between these ruffles and the insertion is a beading, or an insertion with holes, through which is run either a black velvet or a colored ribbon.

Fig. 11.—Summer Balmoral, made of striped

Fig. 11.



muslin or twilled cotton; plaited ruffle on the bottom, and bands of trimmings put on in squares. The top is finished with a pointed yoke.

Fig. 12.—Baby's hood. This hood is made in bright pink cashmere, braided in white, and edged with a quilling of white silk. It is lined and quilted in white silk. A bow of

Fig. 12.

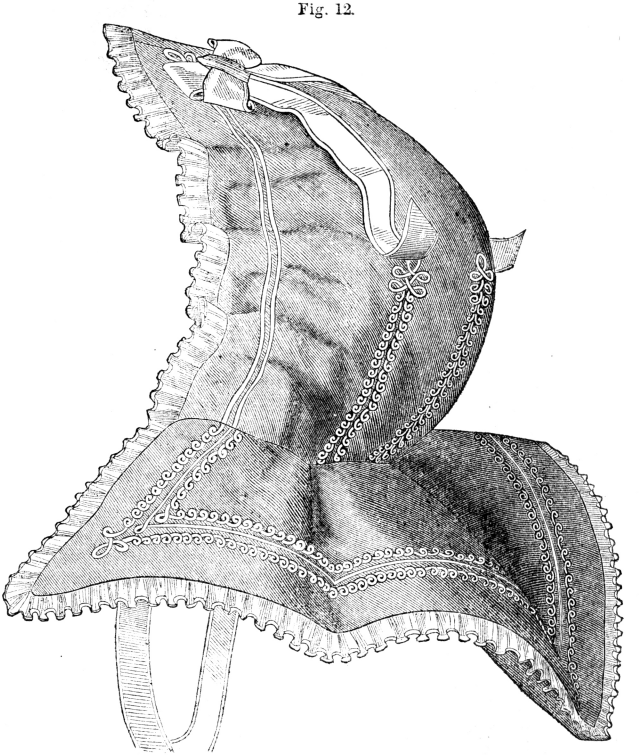


Fig. 13.

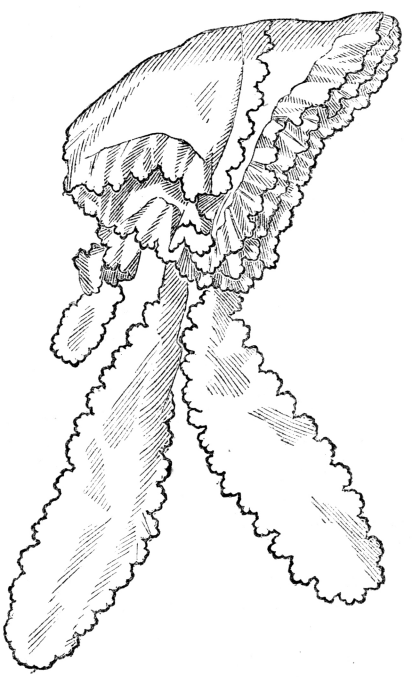
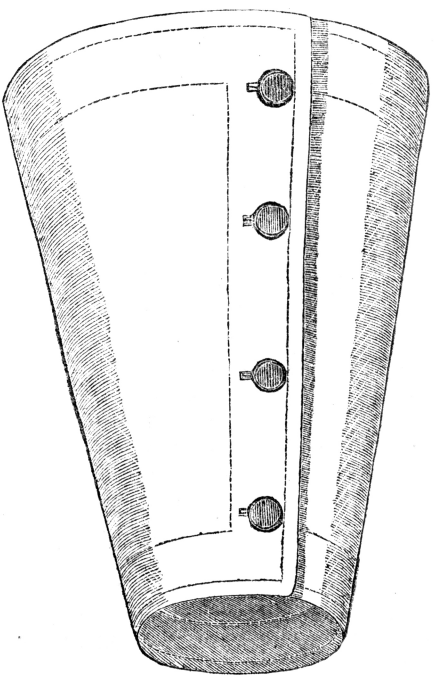


Fig. 14.



ribbon is placed on the top, and strings to match.

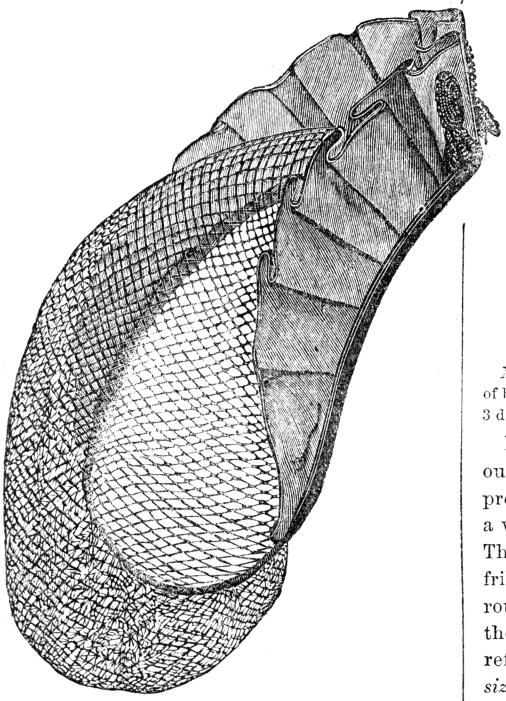
Fig. 13.—Simple breakfast-cap, made of white muslin, and scalloped with black silk.

Fig. 14.—One of the most fashionable styles of linen cuffs.

Fig. 15.—Hair net with ribbon coronet.

The materials are very fine sewing silk;

Fig. 15.



1 yard 7 inches of ribbon, 3 inches wide; one-half a yard of silk elastic; 3 gimp ornaments; a little black velvet; a wooden mesh.

The foundation is netted in silk of the same shade as the hair, or else of any bright color. Cast on 33 stitches, and net 34 rows, backwards and forwards. Around this square work 17 rows; in the first of these 17 rows net 2 stitches in each stitch at the corners. Gather the piece of netting all round, work a small hem round the edge, and run through it a piece of silk elastic, and sew the ends together. To trim the net, first make with stiff black net a circle, not closed, about 12 inches long and one-half an inch wide. Run some fine wire into each edge of this circle; bind it with a strip of black velvet, cut on the cross 2½ inches wide, and sewn on so that it may be turned back on the outside over the trimming to hide the seam.

The trimming is arranged in the shape of a diadem; it is finished in a point at each side, and forms five double pleats in front, each about 1½ inch wide. On each side of these five pleats three plain ones are made, folded towards the back; the pleats should cease about 3½ inches from the end of the ribbon, at which place the ribbon is folded on the cross so as to terminate in a point. Place this diadem on the edge of the circle, between the wire and the velvet, which turn back and sew on the ribbon. Round the inside of the circle sew the net, plain, and even stretched a little, so that it may set well to the head. On the three middle pleats fasten three gimp ornaments; these may be omitted if the net is preferred more simple.

NETTED MITTEN.

(See Plate printed in Colors, in front.)

Materials.—3 skeins of fine black purse silk; 16 skeins of black sewing silk; three-quarters of a yard of elastic; 3 different sized meshes.

In compliance with the wishes of a few of our correspondents, we have had engraved a pretty mitten pattern, a pair of which makes a very suitable present to an elderly person. The mitten is arranged with two puffs and a frill, and the back of the hand is worked in round dots. The mitten is drawn full size, so the width of the meshes can be determined by referring to the illustration. With the *second sized* mesh make a foundation of 45 stitches, and join round. This row forms the runner for the elastic round the wrist. Now take the *smallest mesh*, and net 5 rows. In the 7th row, the increasing for the thumb must be commenced by netting 2 stitches into 1 twice, netting 5 plain between the two increased stitches. The stitches are increased in this manner every 3d row, netting 2 plain rows between. When the netting has been increased 7 times, and there are 26 rows netted, the thumb and the portion for the fingers must be worked separately. Commence from the first line of increased stitches, net 2 stitches into 1 four times, and *miss over* all the thumb portion, netting the next stitch into the stitch close to the 2d line of increased stitches. Two openings are now made; one for the hand and the other for the thumb. 18 rows should be netted round the large opening with the smallest mesh, then 1 row

with the second sized mesh, and the next row with the largest mesh. This row is worked in the following manner: Net 1, miss 1, net 1, then net the stitch that was missed. Continue in this manner to the end of the row. With the smallest mesh 3 rows should be netted, and the hand will be complete. For the thumb, the silk should be joined on to the 1st of the 4 newly made stitches, and worked round. In returning to the 4 stitches, the 2 middle ones must be netted together, to decrease them. These 4 stitches assist to form *the spring for the thumb*. The same number of rows should be netted as for the hand, and the same finish at the top should be worked. For the puffs, commence on the other side of the foundation row, and with the smallest mesh net 3 plain rows. Now take a needle threaded with double sewing silk, and with the second sized mesh net 9 rows, then 3 rows with the purse silk and smallest mesh. This completes the 1st puff. The 2d puff is netted in precisely the same manner as the 1st, only that the last row forms the runner for the elastic, and consequently makes it look smaller. At the top of the last puff, 3 plain rows should be netted, and the lace commenced, which is all worked in double sewing silk. 1st row, with the largest mesh miss 1, * net 3 stitches into 1, miss 1, repeat from *. 2d and 3d rows, with the smallest mesh, plain netting. 4th row, with the same mesh net every alternate stitch. The embroidery on the back of the mitten is *sewn over and over*, the silk being then run round the dot and carried on to the next dot. This portion of the work is executed in double sewing silk.

NETTED WINDOW-CURTAINS.

(*See engraving, page* 23.)

THE design we are now giving for netted window-curtains is a new arrangement of the diamond pattern. To ladies not thoroughly well versed in this pretty sort of work we strongly recommend practising on a small piece until they have conquered any little difficulty, and are able to enter on the larger undertaking without fear of mistakes, which in this sort of netting must entirely destroy the beauty of the effect. This small piece will also be useful as a means of calculating the width of the curtain, which should be on a somewhat larger mesh if coarser cotton should be preferred. Whether the window be small or large, the proper dimensions can be easily ascertained from the few inches produced by practising the stitch. Having decided upon the number of loops, make a foundation of two or three rows on some mesh of about an inch wide, and then proceed to the first row of the pattern. Before commencing be careful to remember that a long loop does not mean one with the cotton passed more than once round the mesh, but a loop in which the knot is tied to the loop above, leaving the loop itself long enough to range with the long loops already netted. This will be better understood by observing that with the exceptions of the first and last rows of the pattern there are always an upper and a lower tier of netting being worked in the same row, which is done by putting the mesh alternately in the upper or lower tier according to the changes of the pattern. Commence netting one loop with the cotton three times round the mesh; then net six plain and repeat to the end of the row, leaving off with a loop, having the cotton three times round the mesh. *2d row.* Commence with a long loop (that is, leave the cotton long enough for the loop you are netting to range with the one of the last row in which the cotton has been passed three times round the mesh); net a second long loop, withdraw the mesh and net five plain, withdraw the mesh and replace it in the last long loops, and repeat to the end of the row. *3d.* Net one plain loop, one long loop, withdraw the mesh, and net four plain, withdraw the mesh and replace it in the last long loops and net one long loop. Repeat. *4th.* Net two plain loops, one long loop, withdraw the mesh, and net three plain loops; replace the mesh in the long loops, net one long loop and repeat. *5th.* Net two plain, one long, withdraw the mesh, net two plain, replace the mesh in the long loops and net one long, one plain. Repeat. *6th.* Net three plain, one long, withdraw the mesh, net one plain, replace the mesh in the long loops, net one long, one plain, and repeat. *7th.* This row is netted without withdrawing the mesh, the long stitches forming themselves at the point of the diamond of the last row. *8th.* Net four, pass the cotton three times round the mesh, and net one, net two plain. *9th.* Net three plain, withdraw the mesh and net two long; withdraw mesh, and net two plain. Repeat. *10th.* Net three plain, withdraw the mesh, net one long, one plain, one long, withdraw the mesh,

net one plain. Repeat. 11*th*. Net two plain, withdraw the mesh; net one long, two plain; withdraw the mesh, one long, one plain. Repeat. 12*th*. Two plain, withdraw the mesh; one long, three plain, one long. Repeat. 13*th*. One plain, withdraw the mesh; one long, four plain, one long. 14*th*. Commence with two long loops, and net the whole of the row without withdrawing the mesh.

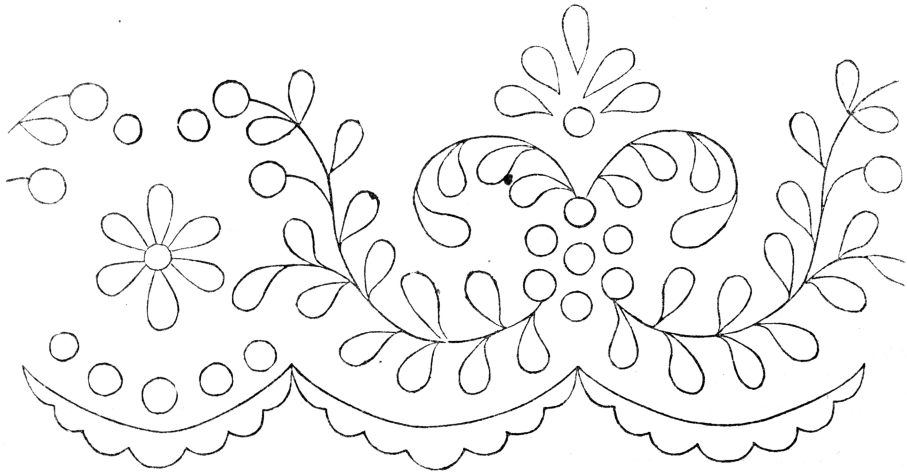
The cotton proper for these curtains will be Nos. 8 or 10 of crochet, and No. 10 of knitting cotton for darning the patterns in the diamonds.

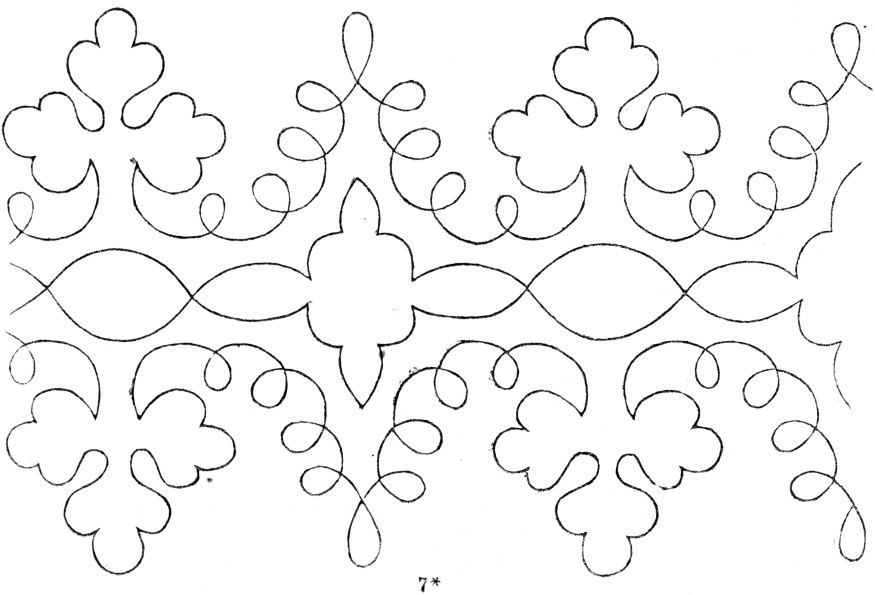
FANCY TATTING FOR A CHEMISE BAND.

NEW EMBROIDERY AND BRAIDING PATTERNS.

PREPARED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF W. CAMERON,

No. 228 *North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.*





GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING OR LOUNGING BOOT.

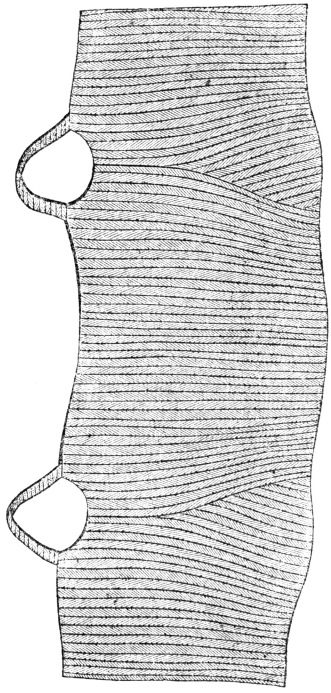
Before commencing to work this boot, which is warm, comfortable, and more elegant than a slipper, the proper measures should be taken by a shoemaker, who should be told the dimensions the boot should be, so as to leave sufficient space, *free of embroidery*, for making it up. Our pattern is made of brown

cloth, embroidered in two shades of brown silk, lighter than the cloth. Both shades are clearly marked in the separate illustration we give of the pattern on the upper part of the foot; the same pattern is repeated on the leg. This pattern may be worked either in herring-bone, in chain stitch, or braiding. In the two last cases, a double row should be worked; these rows may be either of two different colors, or of two distinct shades of the same color.

KNITTED STAYS FOR CHILDREN.

Materials.—One-quarter pound of No. 6 three-thread Knitting Cotton, and 2 pins No. 15.

Cast on 64 stitches, slip the first stitch of every row; the whole is done in plain knitting, Knit 92 rows. 93*d*. Cast off 6 stitches, knit the remainder. 94*th*. Plain. 95*th*. Cast off 2 stitches, knit the remainder. 96*th*. Plain. 97*th*. Cast off 2 stitches, knit the remainder. 98*th*. Plain. 99*th*. Slip 1, knit 2 together, knit the remainder plain. 100*th*. Plain, repeat the last 2 rows 6 times more, knit 10 plain rows, then knit only 33 stitches, turn back and knit to the end, next row knit only 32 stitches, then knit to the end. Knit 2 stitches less in every alternate row till only 2



remain; this is to form a gore; then knit the whole number of stitches for 11 rows, then make a stitch at the beginning of every alternate row till 7 increasings are made, knit a plain row after the one with the last increase, then cast on 6 stitches, * knit 12 rows, decrease 1 stitch at the top, repeat from * 5 times more, knit 28 rows, * then increase 1 stitch at the top, knit 12 rows, repeat from * 5 times more, then repeat from the 93d row till the 6 stitches are cast on, knit 92 plain rows, and cast off. These stays are much approved for children, as they combine the necessary support with great elasticity; but the knitting must be tightly done to prevent its being too elastic; the shoulder-straps are generally made of tape, but if knitting is preferred, cast on 5 stitches, slip 1, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1, knit 1. Every row is alike. Continue this till you have the length you require for the shoulder-strap. The size given is for a child about 3 years old, but the same rule may be applied for larger stays by adding a few more stitches in the casting on, and knitting a few more rows in the width.

THREE SUMMER QUILTS.

THE great advantage of these quilts is, that they are more easily washed, and kept of a snowy whiteness than heavier counterpanes, and that they are pleasant and convenient for summer use, yet not inappropriate for winter too, when plenty of blankets are warmer and less cumbersome than an exceedingly weighty coverlet. The first summer quilt we will call, to distinguish it from the rest—not without reason—

THE DREAM.

Use knitting cotton No. 8, and two knitting pins (with heads) No. 12. Calculate the width the quilt is to be, and cast on stitches enough for a third of that, allowing seven stitches for every inch. Seven stitches will be required for every repetition of the pattern, and the strips may be knitted of any desired width, as the joins, if carefully done, scarcely show.

1*st row*.—Slip 1 stitch, taking it under, knit 1 stitch, and pull the slipped stitch over; (the decrease is to be done in this manner throughout), knit 4, bring the thread forward, and knit 1. Repeat these seven stitches to the end of the row. 2*d*.—Purl all the stitches.

3*d*.—Decrease as before, knit 3, increase as before, knit 2. Repeat to the end of the row.

4*th*.—Purl all the stitches.

5*th*.—Decrease, knit 2, increase, knit 3. Repeat to the end of the row.

6*th*.—Purl all the stitches.

7*th*.—Decrease, knit 1, increase, knit 4. Repeat to the end of the row.

8*th*.—Purl all the stitches.

9*th*.—Decrease, increase, knit 5. Repeat to the end of the row. 10*th*.—Purl all the stitches.

11*th*.—Knit 2, increase, knit 3, decrease. Repeat to the end of the row.

12*th*.—Purl all the stitches.

13*th*.—Knit 3, increase, knit 2, decrease. Repeat to the end of the row.

14*th*.—Purl all the stitches.

15*th*.—Knit 4, increase, knit 1, decrease. Repeat to the end of the row.

16*th*.—Purl all the stitches.

17*th*.—Knit 5, increase, decrease. Repeat to the end of the row.

18*th*.—Purl all the stitches.

Repeat this pattern until the strips are of a sufficient length, and cast off.

The Border.

Cast on 40 stitches. Half-knit the first stitch, and without taking the stitch off the left-hand pin, knit the half-stitch and the next stitch together, taking them at the back. Repeat the same to the end of the row. Every row is the same. This border, with the cotton and knitting-pins named above, will be about five inches wide, but can, of course, be made wider at pleasure. Knit it in four stripes, and sew it on.

This quilt of medium size will take about four pounds of cotton. If it be wished to knit one, which can be finished in a shorter time, it can be made with Strutt's knitting cotton No. 6, and knitting pins No. 9; this will take about five pounds of cotton, the stouter cotton being heavier.

FAN QUILT.

Use two knitting pins No. 12, and knitting cotton No. 8. In reckoning the number of stitches to be cast on for each strip, allow nine stitches (or one pattern) to each inch and a half desired, and let the number of stitches be any that will divide into nines.

1*st row*.—Knit 2 together; bring the cotton forward and knit 1 five times, bring the cotton forward and knit 2 together. Repeat to the end of the row. 2*d*.—Purl.

3*d*.—Knit 2 together, knit 9, knit 2 together. Repeat for the remainder of the row.

4*th*.—Purl.

5*th*.—Knit 2 together, knit 7, knit 2 together. Repeat to the end of the row.

6*th*.—Purl.

Repeat the same pattern until the strips are long enough, and in sewing them together join the pattern exactly, stitch by stitch. The quilt may be finished with the same border as the other, or with one of moss-stitch.

A sufficiently expert knitter would do well to knit the border and a portion of the centre pattern all in one piece, in which case it is only necessary to take care that an even number of stitches be used.

TWISTED COLUMN QUILT.

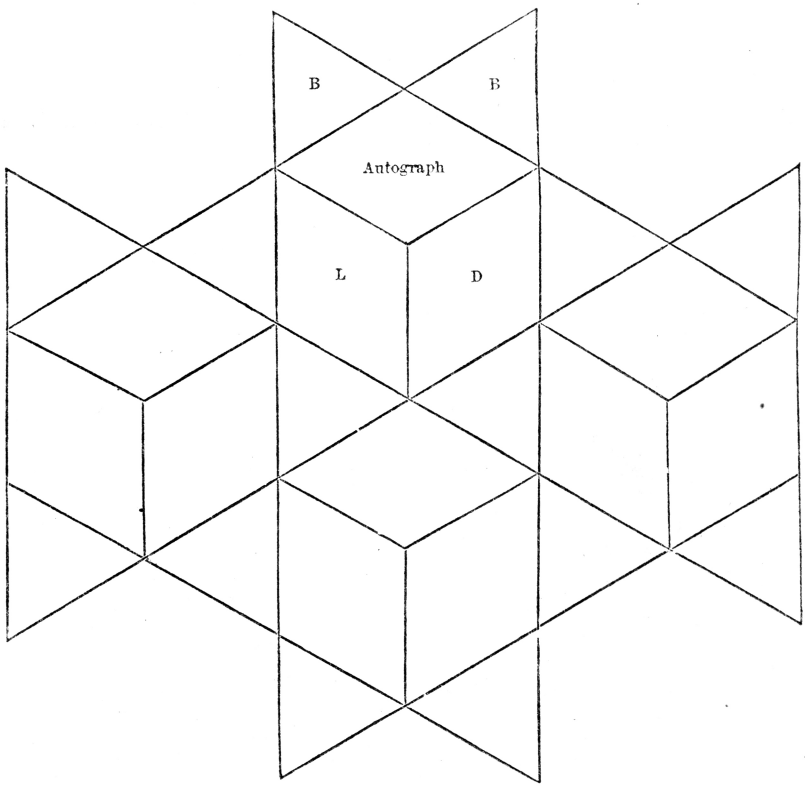
To knit the quilt in three parts, cast on 232 stitches for one with knitting pins, No. 14, and knitting cotton No. 8. Knit 32 rows plain knitting. Purl 216 stitches and knit 16. Knit one row. Repeat these two rows 46

times, which is to form the border so far, and must be carried up one side of the knitting, making an edge of 16 stitches in plain knitting, and a border of 24 stitches in stocking knitting. With the remaining 192 stitches, knit the following pattern for the main portion of the quilt: Purl and knit 6 stitches alternately to the border. Knit plain all the row. Repeat these two rows 6 times. Next row purl and knit 8 stitches alternately. The next row forms the twist. After the border knit the 8 plain stitches, then take off 4 on a third pin, knit the 4 following stitches, and then those you have taken off; knit the 8 plain stitches, repeat the twist, and so on to the end of the row. These 16 rows repeated form the pattern of the quilt.

For the centre portion of the quilt, cast on 240 stitches. It is, of course, only to begin and end with the border, the remainder being all knitted in the twisted column pattern. The number of stitches given will make the quilt 7 feet wide. For the last division of the quilt cast on 240 stitches, instead of 232 as in the other side piece, because 8 extra stitches must be allowed to make the sides agree. The position of the border must, of course, be reversed.

INITIAL LETTER FOR MARKING.

PLAN FOR AN AUTOGRAPH QUILT.



Explanation of the Diagram.—B B for black piece; L for light; D for dark. The remaining blocks are finished in the same manner.

Receipts, &c.

ICE CREAM AND CREAM FREEZERS.

As the season for ice cream and water ices is upon us, many inquiries are naturally made in regard to the best method of making these almost necessary luxuries of life, and the implements best adapted to that purpose. We have, therefore, thrown together a few hints on this subject, furnished us by one well posted in these matters.

In the first place, it is proper to say, that to produce a superior quality of ice cream, the materials, especially the cream used, should be of good quality, although a desirable article may be made from inferior cream, or even milk, with the addition of eggs and arrowroot.

Some confectioners add more sugar to their cream and milk, to give it richness and consistency. The usual quantity is about eight ounces to the quart, though some use only six, while others go as high as ten, and even twelve ounces to the quart, when milk or thin cream is used.

The following receipt, as a substitute for pure cream, has been successfully used:—

Two quarts good rich milk, four fresh eggs, three-quarters of a pound of white sugar, six teaspoons of Bermuda arrowroot. Rub the arrowroot smooth in a little cold milk, beat the eggs and sugar together, bring the milk to the boiling point, then stir in the arrowroot, remove it then from the fire and immediately add the eggs and sugar, stirring briskly to keep the eggs from cooking, then set aside to cool. If flavored with extracts, let it be done just before putting it in the freezer. If the vanilla bean is used, it should be boiled in a little milk or water.

As this article has greatly advanced in price, we suggest the following method of preparing it, by which, perhaps, 50 per cent. more of the extract can be obtained, and which also commends itself, for its convenience in use.

Boil the beans, say twenty-four hours or longer, in a close vessel. The beans, with a sufficient quantity of water, may be put into a bottle or jug, closely corked, and the vessel kept immersed in hot water for a day or two; sugar may then be added to form a syrup strong enough to keep it, which can be used at pleasure. After this is used, a second decoction may be made of the same beans, in the same way.

For orange or pine-apple cream, cut the fruit in thin slices, and cover the same with plenty of fine or pulverized white sugar. After standing a few hours, the syrup can be drawn off and used for flavoring the cream as above described. The flavor of other fruits can be extracted and used in a similar way.

For orange or lemon water ices, grate on a fine grate, or what is better, on the head of loaf sugar, the rind of two or three good oranges or lemons, and to each quart of water add the above, with the juice, and a pound of white sugar to sweeten the same. The white of one or two eggs beaten up light, to every quart, should be added to give it consistency.

Roman Punch is nothing more than the lemon mixture above, with the addition of a little rum or Jamaica spirits.

Frozen Custard.—Take one quart of milk, five eggs, and a half pound of sugar. Beat the eggs and sugar together. Boil the milk, and pour it over the eggs and sugar, beating it at the same time. Put it on the fire again, and keep stirring to prevent its burning. As soon as it thickens, take it off and strain it through a hair sieve. When cool add the flavor, and it is ready for freezing.

In regard to the implements best adapted for the purpose, we might say that an experienced person can make good ice cream in almost any freezer by dint of labor and good management. But some six years ago, a revolution in the manufacture of ice cream was brought about by the introduction of "Masser's Patent Freezer," which so simplified the operation that a mere novice could make an excellent article. The great success of the invention has had the effect to bring a number of patent freezers before the public, all more or less copies of the great original. Some of these freezers possess certain good points; but Masser's freezers stand unrivalled as the only freezer yet before the public, which has two separate and independent motions, which, by simply turning the crank backward or forward, revolves the can alone, or revolves the beater only, as may be deemed necessary.

The importance of these separate motions will be understood, when we say that the frozen mixture is liable to become buttery or granulated, if beaten when too stiff, which is often the case with freezers differently constructed, and which have not the reverse or separate motions, especially in the hands of inexperienced persons. Mr. Masser, in a small treatise on this subject, elucidates this matter so clearly, that we can do no better than to copy the following extract.

Many persons entertain an erroneous idea, that freezing cream too rapidly, or beating it too soon, causes it to become buttery. This is a mistake. The production of granulated cream, filled with small particles of butter, is almost always owing to opposite causes; namely, the beating of the cream when too hard or stiff. The philosophy of this is apparent. Cream, it is well known, is composed of minute globules which contain the butter. To make butter, these globules must be crushed or broken, which is usually done by the action of the dash in the churn, or by grinding it between two surfaces, or any other of the various modes of concussion or friction adopted for this purpose, and called churning. To convert cream, in a liquid state, into butter, it requires the necessary concussion or friction to break the globules, at a temperature of about fifty-five degrees, which cannot be done in a Cream Freezer. But when the cream has become stiffened by freezing, these globules are broken by the friction of the paddle or beater, caused by the resistance of the frozen mixture, and which increases as it grows stiffer. In this way, the butter, separated in small particles, is diffused throughout the mixture, which is, in fact, no longer frozen cream, but frozen buttermilk, intermixed with minute particles of butter, and has neither the richness or consistence of well-made cream.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Potted Salmon.—Scale and wipe a large piece, but do not wash it; salt well; drain the salt from it when all melted, season with mace, cloves, and whole pepper; put the fish into a pan with a few bay-leaves, cover it with butter, and bake. When thoroughly done, place it to drain for a while, pot it, and when cold, cover with clarified butter.

Veal Sausages.—Chop fat bacon and lean veal in equal quantities, with a handful of sage, a little salt, pepper, and, if at hand, an anchovy. It should be chopped and beaten well together, rolled, and fried.

Spinach.—When carefully washed and picked, place in a saucepan just large enough to hold it, sprinkle it with a little salt, and cover close. Shake well while on the fire. When done, beat up the spinach with a piece of butter. A spoonful of cream improves the flavor.

Snowballs.—Place some rice in milk to swell; strain it off; put the rice round apples pared and cored, with a bit of lemon-peel, a clove, and a piece of cinnamon in each; tie in a cloth, and boil well.

Scolloped Tomatoes.—Take fine, large tomatoes, perfectly ripe. Scald them to loosen the skins, and then peal them. Cover the bottom of a deep dish thickly with grated bread-crums, adding a few bits of fresh butter. Then put in a layer of tomatoes, seasoned slightly with a litte salt and cayenne, and some powdered mace or nutmeg. Cover them with another layer of bread-crums and butter. Then another layer of seasoned tomatoes; and proceed

thus till the dish is full, finishing at the top with bread-crums. Set the dish into a moderate oven, and bake it near three hours. Tomatoes require long cooking, otherwise they will have a raw taste, that to most persons is unpleasant.

YOUNG CORN OMELET.—To a dozen ears of fine young Indian corn allow five eggs. Boil the corn a quarter of an hour; and then, with a large grater, grate it down from the cob. Beat the eggs very light, and then stir gradually the grated corn into the pan of eggs. Add a small salt-spoon of salt, and a very little cayenne. Put into a hot frying-pan equal quantities of lard and fresh butter, and stir them well together, over the fire. When they boil, put in the mixture thick, and fry it; afterwards browning the top with a red-hot shovel, or a salamander. Transfer it, when done, to a heated dish, but do not fold it over. It will be found excellent. This is a good way of using boiled corn that has been left from dinner the preceding day.

TO STEW CARROTS.—Half boil the carrots; then scrape them nicely, and cut them into thick slices. Put them into a stew-pan with as much milk as will barely cover them, a very little salt and pepper, and a sprig or two of chopped parsley. Simmer them till they are perfectly tender, but not broken. When nearly done, add a piece of fresh butter rolled in flour. Send them to table hot. Carrots require long cooking.

Parsnips and salsify may be stewed in the above manner, substituting a little chopped celery for the parsley.

LAMB CUTLETS (*a French dish*).—Cut a loin of lamb into chops. Remove all the fat, trim them nicely, scrape the bone, and see that it is the same length in all the cutlets. Lay them in a deep dish, and cover them with salad oil. Let them steep in the oil for an hour. Mix together a sufficiency of finely grated bread crums, and a little minced parsley, seasoned with a very little pepper and salt, and some grated nutmeg. Having drained the cutlets from the oil, cover them with the mixture, and broil them over a bed of hot, live coals, on a previously heated gridiron, the bars of which have been rubbed with chalk. The cutlets must be thoroughly cooked. When half done, turn them carefully. You may bake them in a dutch-oven, instead of broiling them. Have ready some boiled potatoes, mashed smooth and stiff with cream or butter. Heap the mashed potatoes high on a heated dish, and make it into the form of a dome or a bee-hive. Smooth it over with the back of a spoon, and place the lamb cutlets all round it, so that they stand up and lean against it, with the broad end of each cutlet downward. In the top of the dome of potatoes, stick a handsome bunch of curled parsley.

TONGUE TOAST.—Take a cold smoked tongue that has been well boiled; mince it fine. Mix it with cream and beaten yolk of egg, and give it a simmer over the fire. Having first cut off all the crust, toast very nicely some slices of bread, and then butter them very slightly. Lay them in a flat dish that has been heated before the fire; and cover each slice of toast thickly with the tongue-mixture, spread on hot; send them to table covered. This is a nice breakfast or supper dish.

PORK OLIVES.—Cut slices from a fillet or leg of cold fresh pork. Make a force-meat in the usual manner, only substituting for sweet herbs some sage-leaves chopped fine. When the slices are covered with the force-meat, and rolled up and tied round, stew them slowly either in cold gravy left of the pork, or in fresh lard. Drain them well before they go to table. Serve them up on a bed of mashed turnips or potatoes, or of mashed sweet potatoes, if in season.

MACCARONI PUDDING TO BE MADE OF COOKED MEAT.—Take an equal quantity of ham and chicken mixed, and mince them small. Then weigh out half the quantity of maccaroni, which must be previously boiled tender in broth, two eggs, beaten well, one ounce of butter, cayenne pepper, and salt to taste; all these ingredients to be mixed thoroughly together. Put into a mould or basin, and to be boiled for two hours. The maccaroni must be kept in as long pieces as possible.

A CHEESE OMELET.—It is necessary to have a very small frying-pan to have good omelets, for if a large one is used, the ingredients will spread over it and become thin; and another rule to observe is, that omelets should be fried only on one side. Use from five to ten eggs, according to the sized dish required; break them up singly and carefully, each one to be well and separately beaten or whisked; add to them grated Parmesan cheese, the quantity must be regulated according to the number of eggs used—three ounces go to four eggs; salt and pepper to the taste. Dissolve in a small, clean frying-pan two or three ounces of butter, pour in the ingredients, and as soon as the omelet is well risen and appears quite firm, slide it carefully on to a hot dish, and do not let it stand before serving. From five to seven minutes will be sufficient to cook it, provided there be a clear, brisk fire.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—If you want to make a two quart basinful of pudding, make with milk and sifted meal a pint of tolerably thick mush. Let it boil till thoroughly scalded, and set it away to cool; when cool, add two well-beaten eggs, a small cup of sugar, a tablespoonful of ginger, half teaspoonful cinnamon, a little salt. Fill up your basin with cold milk, and with your hand mix well; set it into the oven, and when well crusted over, stir the crust in, adding a few raisins, a piece of butter half the size of an egg. Send it to the table with a dressing of butter and sugar, flavored with nutmeg.

SAUCES.

FISH SAUCE.—To about four ounces of melted butter, add three tablespoonfuls of mushroom catchup, a tablespoonful of essence of anchovies, a tablespoonful of white wine vinegar, some cayenne, and a teaspoonful of soy.

OYSTER SAUCE.—The oysters are to be bearded and scalded, then strain the liquor, and thicken it with a little flour and butter, adding lemon juice in small quantity, and a few tablespoonfuls of cream; heat the oysters well in this mixture, but do not let them boil; some persons add spices in making oyster sauce, in which case it must be left longer on the fire, simmering gently, but never being allowed to boil.

SHRIMP SAUCE.—Take some shrimps, and when you have picked them from the shell as much as you can without breaking them, put them into some good melted butter which you have previously prepared; add a tablespoonful of lemon pickle; heat well and serve.

MINT SAUCE.—This sauce is seldom used but with roast lamb; to prepare it, pick, wash, and chop fine some green spearmint; to two tablespoonfuls of the minced leaves, put eight of vinegar, adding a little brown sugar; serve cold in a sauce tureen.

BREAD SAUCE.—Boil the crum of bread with a minced onion and some whole white pepper; when the onion is cooked, take it out, as also the peppercorns, and put the bread, carefully crushed through a sieve, into a saucepan

with cream, a little butter and salt, stirring it carefully till it boils.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Imitate Ground Glass.—Dab the glass over with a lump of glaziers' putty, carefully and uniformly, until the surface is equally covered. This is an excellent imitation of ground glass, and is not disturbed by rain or damp air, and is very useful for kitchen windows, for offices, glass-doors, etc.

To Wash in Sea-water.—Take a strong solution of soda or potash, with an equal weight of China-clay; mix them into a thick paste, one pound of which is enough to soften four gallons of sea-water.

A Strong Paste for Paper.—To two large spoonfuls of flour put as much powdered rosin as will lie on a shilling; mix with as much strong beer as will make it of a due consistence, and boil half an hour. Let it be cold before it is used.

How to Make Blacking.—Three and a-half pounds of ivory black; four and a-half pounds of treacle; half-ounce of Prussian blue; two ounces of white gum arabic; one gill of linseed oil, and one pound of vitriol. Mix and stir the vitriol with great care.

Another.—Four ounces of ivory black; four ounces of sugar candy, or coarse sugar; half an ounce of oil of vitriol; a tablespoonful of oil. Mix the vitriol with the ivory black till all the lumps disappear, then add the sugar and oil, and rub them well for some time, then add, by degrees, a quart of vinegar.

Raspberry Wine.—Bruise the finest ripe raspberries with the back of a spoon; strain them through a flannel bag into a stone jar; allow one pound of fine powdered loaf sugar to one quart of juice; stir these well together, and cover the jar closely. Let it stand three days, stirring up the mixture every day; then pour off the clear liquid, and put two quarts of sherry to each quart of juice or liquid. Bottle it off, and it will be fit for use in a fortnight. By adding Cognac brandy, instead of sherry, the mixture will be raspberry brandy.

To Keep Rooms Cool in Summer.—A flat vessel filled with water, on which are floated branches of trees covered with green leaves, is a very pleasant and efficacious means, and is much employed in Germany. The suspension of Indian matting, previously damped, at the open window, tends much to diminish the heat. This matting may be imitated by any kind of plaited grass.

We do not vouch for the following:—

To Cure the Bite of a Mad Dog.—Take immediately warm vinegar, or tepid water, and wash the wound very clean; then dry it, and pour upon the wound a few drops of muriatic acid. Mineral acids destroy the poison of the saliva, and its evil effect is neutralized.

To Clean Transparent Tortoiseshell.—The best plan for cleaning it when transparent is simply to wash it with cold water and polish it afterwards with soft wash-leather.

Another.—Put on tortoiseshell ornaments one drop or two of sweet oil and rub it well in with the ball of the thumb until all greasiness disappears; a brilliant polish will thus be produced, and afterwards, if such friction with the hand be frequently used, the bright appearance of the tortoiseshell may be easily preserved.

Patent Leather Restorer.—It may be difficult to restore the proper gloss to patent leather when it has once lost it, but to retain it from the first is a very easy matter. The blacking brush should never touch it. The mud must be well sponged off with plain water, and the boot rubbed dry with a soft cloth. A little cream, or in default of that luxury, a small quantity of salad oil, put on the boot and rubbed in also with a cloth will complete the process, and keep up the brightness of the leather. The edge of the sole may be blacked very carefully, not allowing the brush to come in contact with the polished leather.

To Clean Gloves.—As I know of a very simple and successful method of cleaning gloves, I think some of the lady readers of the Lady's Book will find it useful, and I have much pleasure in giving it for their benefit. Have a little milk in a saucer, and a piece of common yellow soap. Wrap round the forefinger a piece of flannel, and dip it into the milk, taking care not to make the flannel very wet; rub it on the yellow soap, and afterwards pass it up and down the glove until all the dirt be removed. This will be very quickly done, and the most delicate colors may be safely cleaned by this easy process.

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

Molasses Cup Cake.—Take one cup of molasses (very nice sorgheim is the best), one cup of sour milk, one cup of butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus, flour to make it sufficiently thick, bake in a tolerably hot oven.

Sugar Cake.—One cup and a half of sugar, one egg, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar. Roll them and bake on buttered pans.

Spring Roll.—Four eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, half teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of cream of tartar, add any flavor to suit the taste. Stir well, and spread thin on bread pans; bake quickly, and when thoroughly baked turn it out on a cloth, and spread with jelly and roll it up.

Sweet Apple Pie.—Take sweet apples, grate them fine, mix with sweet milk. Add a teacup of sweet cream and one egg to each pie; season it with nutmeg or cinnamon, and bake with one crust, and you will have a simple but delicious pie.

Light Cake.—Take one cup of butter, work it till soft, add two cups of sugar worked in the butter, six eggs beaten separate; put the yolks in the sugar, add one cup of sweet milk with one teaspoonful of soda in the milk, four cups of flour, with two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, mix well, and bake in a slow oven.

Another.—Take a pint cup full and a half of sugar, one and a half of butter, rub in two pints of flour, two cups of sour cream, a teaspoonful of soda, tablespoonful of rose water, four eggs beaten very light.

Soda Jelly Cake.—One cup sweet cream, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one of soda, two eggs; spread them on tins; when done, spread jelly between each layer. A few drops of winter green essence added to the jelly, improves it very much.

Nice Cake.—Two cups sugar, one and a half cups butter, three eggs, cream tartar and soda, one cup luke-warm water, three cups of flour, half teaspoonful essence, or extract of lemon; beat quite to a white.

Citron Puddings.—Flour, one spoonful; sugar, two ounces; citron peel, two ounces; a little nutmeg; cream, half pint. Mix them together with the yolks of three eggs, put them in teacups and bake them in a quick oven.

Editors' Table.

THE DAUGHTERS OF AMERICA.

That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.

Psalms cxliv. 12.

How carefully the royal Psalmist has, in this burst of sacred song, marked the specific differences in the sexes! Guided by Divine Inspiration, he has not only delineated the characteristics of man and woman, he has, also, by a flash from the Fountain of Light, embodied, as in a photograph, their destiny and duties.

"*Our sons*" are "to subdue the earth." Thus intended for the world's work and use, they grow stronger in the storms of life; springing up, seemingly, by their own volition wherever planted, rough, gnarled, and knotted though they may be, yet struggling heavenward, and ruling over earth, they show bravely in the history of humanity. And yet they are never able to reach the perfectness of sacred truth, which their *reason* seeks to know, because their worldly wisdom, darkened by the fall, has its roots, spreading like the Banyan, too widely and persistently in the earth, dragging the soul that should lift its aspirations like the reaching palm on high, downward, to seek its pleasures in earthly things, and thus buries its strength in the dust from which man was formed.

"*Our daughters*," never soiled with the dust of earth, (woman was fashioned from the living substance of the man "made in the image of God,)" are represented by "corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." Is not this description emblematical of moral strength, and that innate sense of the beauty of goodness, conferred on woman by the grace of God, when, after the Fall, He declared to the old Serpent or Satan—"*I will put enmity between thee and the woman?*"—also to her was given the promise of salvation through her "Seed."

Woman's spiritual strength seems perfected in her physical weakness, by the gift of intuitive sympathy* with the Divine Goodness, which, after the Fall, mercifully exalted her sex to conserve the moral virtues of humanity, and thus become "the glory of the man;" which living truth he has never yet understood or accepted.

The daughters of America have enjoyed privileges above the women of other Christian lands. Still feminine education has been very defective in our Republic, and the opportunities afforded educated women of using their abilities have been limited for lack of knowledge, and hindered from activity in offices that Bible authority confers on them. The offices which give women care of their own sex and of children, in particular, that of Deaconess in the church, midwifery or doctress in social life, and Christian teachers for "the young women," are duties which God has assigned them.

We rejoice to add that there are indications of better things in store for the "coming" young ladies of America. Vassar College and its uplifting influences promise a new era in feminine culture and excellence. The Founder has given his wealth and pledged his word that woman shall have her opportunity of education. The Trustees seem ready to allow the highest aspirations of Genius to find fit means of culture and enjoyment in this wonderful college. Our greatest anxiety now arises from the fear that where so much is done for the benefit of the young ladies too much may be expected from the results.

It must take years of artistic training and earnest study to raise the public mind to an appreciation of one feature only, as this is described in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," by the writer who we are sure will assist in realizing what he so magnificently portrays.

* The "woman of Canaan" and "the woman of Samaria" are instances of this intuitive sympathy with the Divine Saviour.

THE ART GALLERY OF VASSAR COLLEGE.*

THE great philanthropic enterprise of the age, an endowed Institution for the future mothers of our Republic, bids fair to become the glory of genius. The Art Gallery, projected by the liberal directors, will be a stimulus to the originating mind so peculiarly American, which shows itself in painting and sculpture as well as in mechanical inventions. And for those to whom nature has denied creative powers in the beautiful arts, such a gallery is even more necessary; by it, dormant tastes are awakened, and life assumes a new and refined aspect. The richness and beauty of nature are seen and sought for; the mind must go from "nature up to nature's God."

Dr. Johnson has truly said that whatever takes us from the present into the past, the distant and the future, raises us in the rank of thinking beings. Therefore, this Art Gallery assumes vast importance in the plan of woman's liberal and thorough culture. We wish our readers could study the "Report" in full; here, instead of a synopsis, we will give the conclusion in the words of the elegant writer, who eloquently and beautifully set forth the design.

"*Oil paintings.*—First of all, we must have at least one hundred oil paintings, by as many different masters as possible, and so diversified in subject and treatment as to exemplify every feature of earth, water, and sky, in all seasons and every light. Twenty of these may be choice specimens of Spanish, Italian, German, French, and English art, and twenty more may be figure subjects. But, at least sixty, must be first rate transcripts of American landscape, mainly along the Hudson, Lake George, New Hampshire, and Vermont.

"*Water-color pictures.*—Then, at least another hundred water-color pictures would be required. First, because, out of America, that is the best art intrinsically, and, for feminine culture, it is the best everywhere. The great monuments of Rome, Venice, Florence, Genoa, Paris, and London; historical ruins on the Rhine and Danube, and all thrilling localities, from Mount Lebanon to Stonehenge; castles with turreted majesty, and abbeys in ivied solitude; heroes in every guise; and battle-fields of every antagonism; a glowing commentary on each lesson; and a blessed hook of association for all fundamental thoughts, should be there.

"*Armor and relics.*—In this connection, forget not how much martial imagery and feudal elements figure in past civilization. Armor, therefore, the real stuff that has clashed through dark ages and cut out light for us, should be in our collection. Etruscan remains, Roman relics, and ancient coins, well authenticated, should likewise form component parts.

"*Illustrated works.*—We must not only have the best written works, on engraving and printing, but original illustrations of the same. A few choice impressions, the first ever etched or printed, should be in hand on the

* Report of the Committee on the Art Gallery of Vassar College, by Rev. E. L. Magoon, D.D.

graphic side, and a corresponding series of missals, to show the origin of typography.

"*Architecture* implies all other arts, is moral, and the grandest monument of man. From the first inscription in the Christian catacombs, down to the sixteenth century, we ought to have an unbroken series, including every edifice of historical interest in Italy, Spain, Germany, France, and the British Islands. All the graver has cut, or the pen traced, to describe events, or portray scenes connected with progressive culture, should be arranged in volumes, uniformly bound, and throwing light with unending variety, on all science, literature, and art.

"*Engravings, monographs, etc.*—Lowest in range, and yet indispensable to a grand combination of educating forces, of which vital creativeness in artistic forms is the primal power, the great galleries of Rome, Vienna, Dresden, Florence, Paris, and London, must be had engraved. Other works of kindred character are not less to be coveted. Martin's elephant folio, on the painted glass in Bourges Cathedral, and a hundred other such masterly monographs, as only GRUNER or RUSKIN can produce. Let us have something that will startle the Old World into wonder, and regenerate the New."

"*The Gallery*, we have ventured to suggest, would not only be the innermost shrine of purest incentive and most graceful refinement, but it would be also the most affluent and healthful outward attraction.

"Let the collection, sketched above, be catalogued, and opened under proper supervision, and an influence for good would thence emanate to the boundaries of lofty culture everywhere. Friends of the pupils would therein find absorbing delight and topics of unwasting interest when away. The great cities of our land would send pilgrims thither perpetually; and visitors from abroad, among other notable things about VASSAR COLLEGE, would feel that by no means least fascinating are its treasures of original art.

"*In conclusion*, your committee would remind the Board, that no worthy monument was ever built, or enduring thought conceived, that was not inspired by and dedicated to woman—MINERVA or MARY. But let us remember that the former sprang from the brain of Jove, not from his belly; moreover, that she came clad in armor, and not in crinoline. *Marble polished,** and not mere polishings, we need in the structure of the social edifice; and your college will attain the end desired, only by such educating force as *strength*, clothed in beauty, can employ.

"At the creation, God gave His image to man; in Redemption woman gave her image to God. Let us, with sagacious zeal, repeat the process of Godhead, and, through virginal purity, exalt mankind.

E. L. MAGOON.
S. F. B. MORSE.
B. J. LOSSING.
JOHN THOMPSON.
J. G. VASSAR.
} *Committee.*"

THE MEDICAL EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

AN American gentleman writing from England says:—

"A lady was admitted to full practice in the medical profession this week, she having passed her examination at Apothecaries' Hall with great success. This is the first instance of the kind in this country.

So the good work progresses. The two Anglo-Saxon nations seem now agreed in the attempt to restore woman the office which nature and nature's God give to her—*Midwifery*. How strange that only in these two Protestant nations, which have the Bible in their households, this office, that GOD'S WORD gives to the gentle sex, should have been claimed by men! Perhaps, when they restore it, she will find her recompense in the more thorough medical education she will be obliged to attain; thus good will come out of what has been the source of great sufferings and evils.

England has not led the way in this good work, she has only followed America. About fourteen years ago a Medical College for Women was established in Philadelphia, and soon after another was chartered in Boston. Both colleges have now a firm hold on public sympathy. Other colleges have received young ladies, and, probably, there is now as many as three hundred graduates with the full honors of M. D. among the noble womanhood of our Republic.

We hope, for the honor of our sex, that these gentle *M. D.'s* will insist on retaining their womanhood in their profession, and never assume the style and title of man as *Doctor*, when their own *Doctress* is better and more elegant, being delicate, definite, and dignified. All assumptions are mean because they are false or frivolous. We do not want *female physicians*, that compound term signifying an *animal man;* we want cultivated, refined feminine physicians, known as *Doctresses* for their own sex and children, and conservers of domestic health and happiness.

The New England College has wisely adopted the feminine termination in their diplomas; their graduates style themselves *Doctress*, writing the title *Drss.*—so that they will not need an explanation or circumlocution to express their womanhood. One truth is sure; a lady can never elevate herself by becoming manlike or making pretences to be so. She must keep her own place, cultivate her own garden of home. Eve was created in Eden, Adam in the outside world. The daughters of America must guard their Eden name and its equivalents, and make these significant of grace, goodness, and glory, or they will never reach the perfection of their nature as "polished stones" in the grand edifice of Christian Nationalities.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

to the Graduating Class of the Pennsylvania Medical College for Women; March 16, 1864; by Ann Preston, M. D.

This graduating class numbered in its record young ladies whose families are among the eminent of the land, thus showing that the profession is becoming honorable and being sought by those who might live at ease if duty had not impelled them to serve in the cause of feminine sufferings and wrongs. The Address is proof of the high standard of talent and wise judgment of woman. *Doctress Preston* is an honor to the womanhood of the profession, as the extracts from this beautiful Valedictory will prove. We have room for only a few detached paragraphs, but hope these will induce our readers to send for this admirable Address.*

"From year to year the number of ladies engaged in the study of medicine has been steadily increasing, and from various towns and cities we are frequently receiving the inquiry, 'Can you not send us a reliable lady physician?' So, ladies, in the fulness of time you are here. From homes in crowded cities and in quiet country places, from different States, and from under the influence of various religious denominations, you have been brought by one common impulse."

* * * * * * * * *

"As an advance towards a higher and purer condition of society, this movement has been hailed by noble minds, not only upon this side of the Atlantic, but also in Europe. Sir John Bowring—in a letter to a relative and correspondent in this country, who has kindly furnished the extract—echoes the sentiment of others, when he says, 'Your American women are pioneering into many regions where they will fix their standard with honor to themselves and benefit to their race. This medical movement of theirs is worthy of all encouragement, and will, I hope, be crowned with abundant success. It is a step not *from*, but *towards* decency and decorum.'"

* We have put in italics three words that seem to refer to the description of the Psalmist. Did Mr. Magoon intend this reference? We will here say, for the benefit of our friends who are eager to know the arrangements of Vassar College, that it is now intended to open in the month of September. Those who desire further information can address Hon. Matthew Vassar, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

* Information respecting this College may be had from Mrs. E. H. Cleveland, M. D., Women's Hospital, North College Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

"The virtues, affections, and graces of the true woman will find beautiful scope and culture in the enlarged sphere of your daily activities. From the nature of your professional relations your pathway cannot be isolated. The intelligent and refined will be your associates, and among those who confide in you and sustain you; and the trust and affection of those whom you may benefit, will feed and warm your own hearts."

* * * * * * * *

"The purity, gentleness, dignity, and courtesy of the Christian woman, united with that knowledge of the human organization, and of the influence of daily habits and surroundings upon the health of the body and mind, possessed by the accomplished physician, will insure attention to your suggestions in regard to practical and personal details; and these suggestions, doubtless, will often prove to those who consult you, the most important part of your professional services."

* * * * * * * *

"As women, you will occupy peculiar and close relations to the rest of your sex. The difficulty of communicating freely in regard to symptoms, has often prevented suffering women from availing themselves successfully of the skill of medical men. In your case, this impediment will be greatly lessened, and the public has a right to expect from you increased success in the treatment of some classes of diseases."

* * * * * * * *

"Entering the sanctuaries of families, ministering at the sacred altars of life, knowing the secrets of sad hearts, and the needs of yearning humanity, we can ask for you no deeper blessing than that you may prove equal to the glorious opportunities, 'to do good and to communicate,' which are opening before you."

True Love in its Heroism and Humility.—The age of chivalry rarely furnished a better illustration of the delicate devotion which a true knight of the olden time displayed towards his lady love than was lately told us of an American lover. In one of our western cities lives a physician of wonderful skill as an oculist. He was consulted by a young lady whose complaint was the mortifying deformity of being cross-eyed. The physician thought he could remedy the defect by an operation; the lady agreed to submit to it, but she did not keep her appointment. The mystery was afterwards explained. The young lady had a lover: when he learned she was to have an operation performed on her eyes he refused to permit it, remarking that "he had fallen in love with her whilst she was cross-eyed, and he did not wish her expression changed, as she pleased him just as she was."

"There was poetry in that love, was there not?" asks a lady.

Certainly, a whole lyric, and something better. There was the self-sacrificing affection of true and noble hearts in both man and woman: the lover would not permit his betrothed to suffer pain and danger to please his taste; the lady was willing to bear her defect rather than offend her lover's judgment. There must be both heroism and humility, fortitude and faith in the souls that can thus take thought for each other's happiness.

The Best Beautifier.—A cheerful heart is the best cosmetic for improving the complexion; it keeps the blood warm, the forehead smooth, and the eye bright. Health is commonly called a beautifier; and so it is; but health itself is, in a good degree, dependent on the cheerful spirit that can, in the wintry storm, look an east wind in the face without scowling. The cheerful face is never without a charm; like music, its influence makes us better and happier. Cheerfulness seems spiritual beauty made palpable to sight.

The Autograph Bedquilt.—Those who read the April number will remember our description of the curious bedquilt preparing by a young lady of Rhode Island. We have had numerous inquiries about this new way of illustrating the needlework of ladies, and making our bedcovers serve as autograph collections. To make the plan so plain that it can be followed without failure by any lady who wishes to emulate the example of Miss Harris, we now give an engraving showing the manner of joining the pieces. (See page 80.)

Deaconesses.—We have sent the "Report of the Episcopal Convention of Pennsylvania on organizing the services of Christian women," etc., to every person who has requested the work. These applications have come from nearly every State in the Union. Clergymen and ladies who have thus obtained these interesting pamphlets will confer a personal favor on us by making known the contents to their friends, and, if possible, giving some notices of this valuable Report in the religious and secular newspapers. We have a few copies on hand to send if wanted.

Dress: a Recipe to give it Health.—A movement is in progress to simplify and cheapen the toilets of American ladies. Dr. Hall, in one of his admirable "Health Tracts," furnishes a recipe for retrenchment which seems to us more exalting to feminine character and more likely to be permanently beneficial to the health of domestic life and to the "constitution" of our country than any solemn covenant of three years' abstinence from extravagancies in dress will ever prove.

The Recipe.—"My dear wife, I am hopelessly bankrupt," said a merchant when he entered his fine mansion, at the close of a day, all fruitless in his endeavor to save himself when men were crashing around him in every direction. "Tell me the particulars, dearest," said his wife, calmly. On hearing them and his wants to save him. "Is that all?" and absenting herself a moment, returned with a book, from between the leaves of which she took out bank-note after bank-note, until enough was counted to fully meet all her husband's requirements. "This," said she, in reply to his mingled look of admiration and astonishment, "is what I have saved, for such a possible day as this, from your princely allowance for dressing myself, since we were married."

Self-adjusting Hoop Skirts.—The hoop skirt, when moderate in size, is necessary to a lady's health, comfort, and comeliness. We are glad to say that a new improvement seems likely to increase the comfort of the wearer; the self-adjuster keeps the skirt in its place and shape. The agent is Mrs. Allen, Eighth Street, two doors below Chestnut.

To our Correspondents.—The following articles are accepted: "Little Sarah"—"To my Mother"—"Maggie's Stratagem"—"Memory's Graves"—"Dear Little Nellie"—and "Out of Doubt."

These manuscripts we must decline: "At Eventide"—"Lines (by S. V. M.)"—"Our Fred"—"Song"—"Unsought Genius"—"Extracts from the Philosophy of the 'Beautiful,' by Cousin" (we thank M., but prefer to make our own selections)—"In the Army"—"At the Eleventh Hour"—"Mabel Foster's Visit"—"Choosing Partners"—"Acrostic"—"A Venerable Relic"—"Poems, by an unknown author"—"Readings"—"The Flower beneath the Snow" (the poem has some beautiful lines, but is defective in rhythm and measure; the writer can improve)—"Life"—"Indifference" (we have no room)—"Spring" (too late)—"Flora"—"Rest" (we are sorry that we have not room for the favors of our friends)—"A Warning"—"Too Familiar"—and "Gone Forever." We have not room for the "Sonnets," nor for the favor of F. F. These would do well for a newspaper.

Manuscripts now on hand will be reported next month.

Literary Notices.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

NOTES OF HOSPITAL LIFE, *from November*, 1861, *to August*, 1864. We have turned, with the deepest interest, the leaves of this little volume. It is from the pen of a lady, who details her individual experience in the wards of one of our city hospitals, and it will excite the sympathies of all who read it, in behalf of our sick and wounded soldiers.

FIRST AND LAST. *A Poem; intended to Illustrate the Ways of God to Man.* This poem treats of the Creation and subsequent events to the death of Adam and Eve. Its religious sentiment is excellent, and its literary merits fair, though it has no remarkable traits, and indulges in no aspiring flights of imagination.

—

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

FAMILY PRIDE. By the author of "Pique." This is a well-written and quietly told story of English life, which will engage the reader's attention from beginning to end, and leave him with all his nobler sentiments exalted.

THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. This volume gives a brief history of the life of our President, together with his speeches, proclamations, acts, and services during his term of office up to the present time.

THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE. A popular history of Major-General Meade, with his official reports in the war department, speeches, orders, etc.

—

From G. W. CHILDS, Philadelphia:—

THE NATIONAL ALMANAC and ANNUAL RECORD for 1864. This book, of more than six hundred closely printed pages, is a complete encyclopædia of information concerning the past year. Every important fact concerning the States and Territories, their local institutions, governments, etc., is here set down. There is copious information concerning the armies and navy of the United States, and almost every question that can be asked about officers, finances, elections, education, commerce, navigation, or any other public affair, at home or abroad, is answered in its pages. It presents also a valuable record of the present rebellion, giving first the operations of each of the two great armies, and afterwards noting the events in their chronological order. It is an invaluable book of reference.

—

From the PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION, Philadelphia:—

THE GOLDEN CENSER: *Thoughts on the Lord's Prayer.* By John S. Hart, LL. D. This little book dwells pleasingly and profitably on the beauty and sublimity of the Lord's Prayer. That simplest and grandest of all forms of petition will be better comprehended and more fully appreciated after the perusal of a work like this.

—

From FISHER & BROTHER, Philadelphia:—

SLATE DRAWING BOOKS. We think these gentlemen deserve a great deal of credit for their excellent books for beginners. We know of no books of drawing that we would as readily put in the hands of a beginner as these useful little works.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, and LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—

JOURNAL OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCE OF THE NILE. By John Hanning Speke, Captain H. M. Indian Army, etc. With Maps and Portraits and numerous Illustrations, chiefly from drawings by Captain Grant. Books of African travel and adventure are always warmly welcomed and eagerly read by the intelligent public. The present work has been for some time promised and anxiously waited for; and none of the same character which have preceded it were so gladly received as this will be. The question it definitely settles—so long a source of doubt and ignorance—concerning the source of the Nile, has been one of great interest to the civilized world; and all the details, incidents, and adventures of the tedious and sometimes perilous journeyings will bring ample compensation to the reader for its perusal.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON. *A Novel.* By Anthony Trollope, author of "Orley Farm," "Framley Parsonage," etc. With illustrations. The more we read of Trollope, the better we like him, and each work in our opinion is better than the last. The inmates of the small house at Allington will especially interest the reader; contempt for Crosbie will be modified by pity: while we doubt that John Eames, after he shall have somewhat passed his hobadahoyhood, will be the favorite. The old earl is a character in his way; so is Amelia Roper in her way. Those who have read "The Warden," "Barchester Towers," and "Framley Parsonage," will be pleased to find some of the characters of those books figuring incidentally in the present volume.

—

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through ASHMEAD & EVANS, Philadelphia:—

HISTORY OF THE ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE. By Charles Merivale, B. D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Vol. III. This volume takes up the thread of history of the Roman Empire at the period immediately subsequent to the assassination of Cæsar. It recounts the struggle for ascendency between Antonius and Octavius; the success of the latter, and the suicide of the former; the establishment of the empire with Octavius under the title of Augustus, with all the glory and eclat which followed his reign. This is one of the most interesting periods of Roman history, when the new empire is laying the foundations of its future splendor.

THE MANAGEMENT OF STEEL. By George Ede; employed at the Royal Gun Factories Establishment, Woolwich Arsenal. This little work includes the forging, hardening, tempering, annealing, shrinking, and expansion; also the case-hardening of iron.

—

From SHELDON & Co., New York:—

THE PHILANTHROPIC RESULTS OF THE WAR IN AMERICA. By an American Citizen. This book gathers together facts and statistics relating principally to the Sanitary Commission, the proceeds of its sale to be presented to the New York Sanitary Fair.

—

From A. J. DAVIS, New York:—

WOMAN AND HER ERA. By Eliza W. Farnham. In two volumes. This book has been the result of matured thought and observation. It is from the pen of an earnest, conscientious woman, who, by its means, has tried to elevate the standard of womanhood, and to teach to woman herself her own great needs and capabilities. It has been a work of love, we doubt not; and blessings will go with it. As far as we can go with her, we appreciate her idea

of noble womanhood; beyond that, though not perfectly agreeing, we yet respect her for her good intentions.

—

From CARLETON, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

NEPENTHE. *A Novel.* By the author of "Olie." We have no fault to find with the literary merits of this book. It is well written, perhaps a little too high-flown in style. The writer shows talent, cultivated taste, and a well-informed mind. But she—undoubtedly it is a woman—has evidently studied her characters from books alone, and displays little knowledge of life except as depicted in romances. It is seldom, except in second rate novels, that simple and ignorant women talk, whenever occasion offers, with all the eloquence and fine words of a poet or an orator; while a heroine who writes a novel is, to say the least, no original idea in literature, if it be not a somewhat hackneyed one.

—

From DICK & FITZGERALD, New York:—

THE OUTCASTS: *or, The Brand of Society.* By Miss M. E. Braddon, author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," etc. If this be Miss Braddon's latest work, we regret to notice that she is deteriorating. The present work, similar in character to "Three Times Dead," is inferior to that; utterly improbable, and not to be compared with "Eleanor's Victory," or "John Marchmont's Legacy." The portion of its pages where the detective officer figures, is the best and most entertaining, and perhaps atones for the rest.

PARLOR THEATRICALS; *or, Winter Evenings' Entertainment.* Containing Acting Proverbs, Dramatic Charades, Tableaux Vivants, etc. etc. Illustrated with descriptive engravings and diagrams.

—

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through WM. S. and ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia:—

THE CEDAR CHRISTIAN, *and other Practical Papers and Personal Sketches.* By Theodore L. Cuyler, Pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Church, Brooklyn. An excellent book, that will interest its many readers; all the friends of this popular clergyman will want the work. Its piety is fervent and genial. The sketches of European travel and notices of literary celebrities are given in a graphic and pleasant style that wins the confidence of the reader. The fault of the book is its brevity.

NED'S MOTTO; *or, Little by Little.* By the author of "Faithful and True," etc. The *motto* which is triumphantly sustained in the last chapter, with the merry party and sweet song, are worth the price of the book thus impressed on childhood's memory.

THE SILVER CASKET; *or, the World and its Wiles.*

THE BAGS OF GOLD; *or, Christian Conquests.*

FALSELY ACCUSED; *or, Christian Conquests.*

ESTHER PARSONS; *or, Try Again, and other stories.*

PAYING DEAR, *and other stories.*

STORIES FROM JEWISH HISTORY. *From the Babylonish Captivity, to the Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus.*

These *six books* are by the same authoress, the wonderful writer whose initials, A. L. O. E., stamp every production with a moral value above rubies. This lady has not only the talent of a ready writer, she has also the gift of remarkable genius, uniting imagination and judgment in her narratives for the young, with an earnest faith that sympathizes in the happiness of childhood, and thus seems to keep her own heart, soul, and mind in perpetual youth and activity in doing good. She has also an unbounded variety of illustrations and incidents in her resources. She rarely repeats an event or imitates a character. This variety keeps each book, as it comes out, new and interesting. Read over the first five of the above series, all stories, all teaching the need of faith, the beauty of goodness, and the nobleness of truth; yet each original in its plan and distinct in its characters. Such a writer must be popular. She does not weary her readers. The stories of the Jews are excellent, a complete epitome of their history for the last five hundred years of their national life.

—

From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, through SMITH, ENGLISH, & Co., Philadelphia:—

CHRISTIAN MEMORIALS OF THE WAR; *or, Scenes and Incidents illustrative of Religious Faith and Principle, Patriotism, and Bravery in our Army.* With Historical Notes. By Horatio B. Haskell, Professor of Biblical literature and interpretation in Newton Theological Institute, author of "Illustrations of Scripture," etc. A book of thrilling interest, and comforting examples of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The sketches will give consolation to many mourners whose dear ones have fallen in this "cruel war." Every reader will feel that Christ is the Helper of the suffering, the Hope of the dying, and that He is ever present with those who call on Him. If He was with your husband, brother, son, all is well with them. Read the work; it is good.

—

From LORING, Boston, through ASHMEAD & EVANS, Philadelphia:—

MAINSTONE'S HOUSEKEEPER. By Eliza Meteyard. ("Silver-pen.") A well-written story of English country life, whose heroine is, perhaps, almost too perfect; and whose closing chapter is so much like a Watteau picture or a scene in Arcadia, as to almost cloy the reader. The strife between the housekeeper and Mrs. Jack is very amusing.

—

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

SERMONS, *preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton.* By the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, M. A., the Incumbent. Fifth Series. This volume completes this series of Mr. Robertson's Sermons. "It consists," says the preface, "in part, of sermons more fragmentary and incomplete than those comprised in the preceding volumes." A book is promised presently entitled "Pulpit Notes," which will consist of the skeleton or outline which Mr. Robertson prepared before delivering his sermons.

—

From WILLIAM V. SPENCER, Boston:—

HONOR; *or, The Slavedealer's Daughter.* By Stephen G. Bulfinch. This is a book intended to suit the times. The author declares that "while the tale, as a whole, is fictitious, the sketches of southern scenery, life, and manners, are derived from a residence of many years in that section of our country." It will find many readers.

—

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE SOLDIER BOY; *or, Tom Somers in the Army. A Story of the Great Rebellion.* By Oliver Optic, author of "The Riverdale Story Books," etc. A spirited story for lads, which will arouse all their patriotism.

—

From O. D. CASE & Co., Hartford:—

SPECIMEN PAGES OF AMERICAN CONFLICT. These are beautiful pages of a well gotten up book. The editor is Horace Greeley. The title-page contains twelve portraits, is admirably executed, and the likenesses are good.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

JULY, 1864.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIXTY-NINTH VOLUME.

A "Hurra" number. We first publish a plate entitled "Yankee Doodle," designed and engraved expressly for Godey, and we follow it up with one entitled "Fourth of July"—that glorious day. We refer to the admirable story illustrative of "Yankee Doodle." We do not know which is the best, the engraving or the story.

This will be the 409th number of the Lady's Book we have published, and during that time, 409 months, not a number has gone to press that the publisher has not been present. Probably there is no similar instance in the history of publishing in this country.

We have said that this is a "Hurra" number. Let us enumerate: An original patriotic design for our steel engraving (we have never heard of any other magazine giving an original design); a Fashion-plate, containing six colored figures, such as we are sure that no other magazine gives; a Netted Mitten, printed in tint; another patriotic design, "Fourth of July;" four fashions from the celebrated establishment of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., of New York, obtainable only in Godey; four patterns for bathing dresses; one of the celebrated Brodie's patterns, and other articles too numerous for us to enumerate. Stories by Marion Harland, Miss Janvrin, and others, make a most agreeable literary melange.

By the arrangement with Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., and Mr. Brodie, we bring down our fashions to the latest dates. This is a most decided advantage the Lady's Book possesses.

Our new Music. This is a specialty of Godey. Every other magazine gets their music from the stores, and they are very sure not to give them anything until the popularity of the sale is over. Our subscribers receive their music before it gets into the hands of the publishers, and they have the precedence over all others. The music for Godey is expressly composed for it.

Our Drawing Lessons is another feature of the Lady's Book. No other magazine gives them.

Our Model Cottages, also, are designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.—Our June number was mostly devoted in its illustrative department to this subject. Our plan has been very highly commended.

MESSRS. A. T. STEWART & CO.—We again acknowledge our indebtedness to the heads of this great establishment for their latest fashions; and also to G. BRODIE, for his contribution to the general excellence of the July number.

A POSTMASTER in Missouri sent us a letter making a demand on the Continental Hotel, in this city, for clothes lost. The letter was presented at the hotel, and payment promised; but now, neither money or letter can be procured. If this reaches the eye of the postmaster, will he send us a duplicate of his letter, with power to commence an action against the proprietors?

ICE CREAM AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF ITS MANUFACTURE.—A small treatise with valuable receipts on this subject, will be sent FREE, by mail, to persons who will send their address to E. Ketcham & Co., 289 Pearl Street, New York.

8*

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Opera for the Sanitary Commission.—As one of the features of the Great Central Fair, in this city, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, the short season of Opera, etc., at the Academy, deserves a notice in our "Column." Several representations of Wm. Henry Fry's new Grand Opera, *Notre Dame of Paris*, were given, and in a style of unequalled grandeur and beauty. Even in Paris or London no opera was ever produced in more magnificent style. With an orchestra and military band of more than one hundred performers, a chorus of the same number, and other auxiliaries to double the number, as many as four hundred persons were engaged in the representation of some of the scenes; and for the very first time in listening to an opera we felt that in these respects, at least, nothing was wanting. As a work of art, *Notre Dame* will rank with *Norma*, or the best productions of Verdi and Rossini. The instrumentation is rich and beautiful, and in choral effects, and concentrated harmony, as well as in those simpler melodies that soonest touch the popular heart, it will compare with any opera on the stage. We are proud of Mr. Fry as a townsman, and of his work for the new monument it will rear to the national name.

The Musical Monthly, for July.—One of Oesten's most delightful new pieces is given in the July number of our popular *Monthly*, together with other music, including a beautiful new arrangement of Tennyson's always musical Bugle Song,

The splendor falls on castle walls,

from the Princess, composed for the *Monthly* by Karl Hohlweg. These exquisite verses have never before been so felicitously adapted. The song is everyway a gem and worth the price of the Monthly. Every day adds to our list of subscribers. Few that see the work fail to appreciate it. The style of publication, the numerous handsome engraved title-pages, with other features to make its identity with sheet music perfect, are well understood by the musical public. We can still supply a few sets of the back numbers from January, a small edition of which we have again reprinted for new subscribers; but all will have to send in early who wish the volume complete. Terms $3 per annum. Four copies one year $10. Let every piano player in the country send $1 50 for the first six numbers, including the January double number, with eighteen cents to prepay postage. Address J. Starr Holloway, Publisher Musical Monthly, Box Post Office, Philadelphia.

New Sheet Music.—Kindly Words and Smiling Faces is a sweet new ballad, by the author of Annie of the Vale, 30 cents. The Bow of Promise, by the same author, has a charming lithographic title, 50. All Day Long is one of the most delightful of Foster's very popular ballads, 30. The Flowers are asleep in the Dew is a beautiful serenade sung by Buckley's Troupe, 25. Mother waiting for the News, is a touching song and chorus in the style of Who Will Care for Mother Now, and equally pretty, 25. In the Starlight, the very best of Glover's popular duets, 40. How are You, Telegraph? comic song, 25. No Irish need Apply, 25. New songs for the Times, each 25.

Also, The Puritan's Daughter, new transcription by Brinley Richards, 35. The First Violet, by Jungmann, 30. The Rose in the Bud, song without words, 25. Cavalry Quickstep, Glover, 35. Moss Basket Waltz, 25. Sent free on receipt of price. Also our new catalogue sent on receipt of stamp. Address as above,

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

YANKEE DOODLE. A BALLAD.

NOT FOUND ENTIRE IN PERCY'S RELIQUES.

With Notes, Critical and Explanatory.

BY EZEKIEL JONES, ESQ.

PART I.

How Jonathan learned Yankee Doodle.

For centuries two neighbors fought,
John Bull and Johnny Crapaud,
Just because the Frenchman *would*
Call a hat a chapeau.*
Chorus: Yankee doodle, doodle, do,
Yankee doodle, etc.

Jonathan got in the fight,
Didn't want to dew it,
But felt bound in honor, tew
See his daddy through it.

Jonathan had for his pains,
Not so much as thank'ee;
Bull was always poking fun
At the tarnal Yankee.

Jonathan they say is sharp
(Perhaps you 'd better try it)—
So he is, and from his dad
Honestly comes by it.

John Bull is amazin' cute,
And when he wants to do one,
Will pass the old off for the new,
Or call the old a new one.

"Here, my boy," says Father Bull,
"This *new* tune can you carry?"
(When he knew the thing was old,
Old as—ancient Harry.)†

Jonathan jumped at the bait,
And the rattling music
Drummed on Continental drums,
Till the ear was too sick.

PART II.

The Origin of Yankee Doodle.

In the medieval past
Flourished Lucy Locket;
In a rainy shower the maid
Chanced to lose her pocket.

Forthwith moved a nimble swain,
Gayly to run arter it;
He found the pocket in an hour,
Lucky Peter Carteret!‡

Peter rode into the town
On a little pony,
Stuck a feather in his cap,
And called it maccaroni.

Maccaroni was a word
Which came pat and handy,
To the ancient Britishers
When they meant "the dandy."§

This event to music was
Wedded by some noodle;
Thus from Lucy's pocket grew
Glorious Yankee Doodle.

A Mother Goose's melody
Is the ancient ditty;
Thus often we find music spoiled
By nonsense, more's the pity!

Better though is Mother Goose,
Since no brains it addles,
Than the stuff our daughters sing,
Love-sick fiddle faddles.

PART III.

What Jonathan did with Yankee Doodle.

John Bull's luck was very great
At catching sleeping weasels,
The new tune, on the Yankee fifes,
Broke out, like the measles.

When you find that you are "done,"
Cry out, nothing daunted,
That the thing you 're hocussed with,
Is just the thing you wanted!

That *is* the way that Jonathan
Did with daddy's take in:
He plays the tune at such a rate
As keeps the world a shakin!

"Jonathan," he says, says he,
"This tune I do delight in,
It 's good to whistle, sing, and dance,
And just the tune for fightin!"*

Yankee boys have their own fun,
On the Fourth of July,
Fizz and smoke, and crack, and bounce!
Yankee Doodle, truly.

Good luck to the bouncing boys,
And to the girls, moreover—
May never lad a lassie want,
And never maid a lover!

---

* This verse is supposed to be the origin of the French song, "Jeannette and Jeannot." The spirit is certainly similar.

† A fact. The air was given to the Yankee fifers by the British musicians, when the British in the colonies were supported against the French by continental regiments.

‡ This passage, very ancient, is found in Percy's Reliques, or if not, should be.

§ The original dandies were Italians, who still consider all the rest of the world barbarians. Hence they were called Maccaroni.

* This stanza is found in many versions of the ballad.

MUSIC RECEIVED.—We have received the following from Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New York, and O. Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.:—

The Little Ballad Girl. By Stephen C. Foster.
The Dying Drummer. By Mrs. Parkhurst.
This Hand never struck me, Mother. By Mrs. Parkhurst.
Les Lanciers. Dance music.
The Tender Glance. Schottische. By Mrs. Parkhurst.
Leave me with my Mother. By Stephen C. Foster.
Waltz. Music from Faust.

From W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio:—
Hard Times in Dixie.
Modina. Words by Mrs. Pierson.
The Patriot's Grave. Words by Mrs. Pierson.

From John Church, Jr., 66 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati:—
Yes, our Flag is still Advancing.
Abraham the Great, and General Grant.

POSTAGE on the Lady's Book, according to the late law passed last winter.

Section 36.—Postage on Godey's Lady's Book, 24 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly in advance, at the Post-office where the Book is received.

News dealers may receive their packages at the same rates, that is, 2 cents for each copy of the magazine, and may pay separately for each package as received.

"LOVER going to the war, and the loved one going for a hospital nurse." The subject is a very good one, and we approve of it. It is very proper in reality, and not bad in a story—that is, in one story; but when you take up a dozen MSS. and read the same thing, it is rather too much. The boys would say it was "played out." Why will our writers show such a paucity of invention? At one time, all the young heroines go to school-keeping, or, very fortunately, obtain the situation of governess, more fortunate in stories than in reality. Now they all go as hospital nurses. Toujours pedrix!

AN advertiser in one of the papers says, he has a cottage to let containing eight rooms and an *acre of land.*

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILWAY.

It affords us much gratification to notice by the report of this company that its affairs are in a condition which fully realizes the most brilliant success ever predicted by the friends of this great and magnificent enterprise. It now stands charged with a capital, in stock and bonds, of $31,500,000. It has cash assets, after paying the February dividend, of nearly $2,000,000. Of this sum, over $1,000,000 are invested in bonds of the United States; $600,000 in supplies for working the way; the balance, of over $300,000, is in cash.

During the past year, the Company have added 750 cars and 10 locomotive engines to its rolling stock. The Company's shops are still actively at work upon new cars. It has also contracted for a large number of engines.

The gross earnings from traffic the past year exceeds $1;500,000, of which $2,100,000 was *net;* equal to 7 per cent. upon the present cost of the road to the shareholders.

LAND DEPARTMENT.

But this great concern has the singular advantage over any other railway in this country, in the rapid extinguishment of its cost from a source of income independent of its traffic—that derived from the sales of its lands. The original grant was 2,595,000 acres. Of this vast domain, 1,300,000 acres have been sold, at a price exceeding $16,000,000. From such sales, the Company have already collected over $6,000,000, in cash; the collection from lands the past year were $1,400,000. The sales for January, 1864, were equal to 221,800. Cash collections for the month, $118,274.

The amount due from lands sold is $10,000,000; value of unsold lands, 1,290,000 acres, at $10 per acre, $12,900,000; total value of landed estate, $22,900,000, or $700,000 more than the entire debt of the company. In other words, the value of the real estate of the company, added to its accumulated cash surplus, is within $7,000,000 of the total amount of its stock, capital, and debt. In 1853, the shares commanded 48 per cent. premium before a rail had been laid. We do not hesitate to hazard the assertion that it will not be long before the stock will command a higher premium, even with a gold basis for our currency, for it is safe to assume that the remaining half of the Company's lands will, with the increase of value given to them by the rapid settlement and development of the State, bring from 50 to 100 per cent. more than the 300,000 acres already sold. Never before was there such an active inquiry for its lands, and never before were payments made with such promptness, nor in such large amounts.

Two elegant little volumes for ladies are just published by Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston. Price $1 50 each. Illustrated in the style of their "Art Recreations."

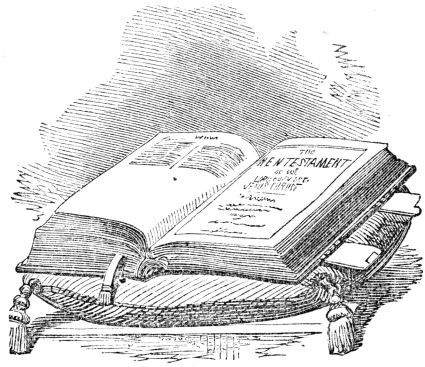
Wax Flowers: How to make them. With new methods of Sheeting Wax, Modelling Fruit, etc.

Skeleton Leaves and Phantom Flowers. A complete and Practical Treatise on the Production of these beautiful Transformations. Also, Directions for Preserving Natural Flowers in their fresh beauty."

Buttre's Portrait of Lieut. Gen. U. S. Grant.—We have received a copy of this splendid picture, engraved in the best style of this eminent artist. Size of engraved surface, 10 by 14; size of paper 19 by 24; just the dimensions for framing. The likeness is undoubted, as it is copied from a late photograph. Price only $1 per copy. Sent by mail, free of expense. The emblematic margin round the portrait is alone worth the price. Address J. C. Buttre, 48 Franklin Street, New York.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

LOVE THE BIBLE.



Oh, love the blessed Book,
To wandering sinners given,
To teach them all about the road
That leads from earth to heaven.

It tells of Him who died,
Our peace with God to make;
It shows how God is satisfied
With sinners for His sake.

It shows us what to do,
If we with Christ would dwell,
So plainly, that a child may know,
Who only reads it well.

Mr. Godey: I have no "good jokes" about servants; but our little, blue-eyed Carrie often amuses us by her witty sayings and grave comparisons. For instance, a few days ago, she came to me to tell me the story of "Joseph," which some one had been relating to her. She succeeded very well until she reached the part where the wicked brothers put Joseph in the pit. She had forgotten the word *pit*, but expressed the idea in these words: "Then the bad old brothers put sweet little Joseph down in a deep cistern what had the pump tooked out."

Last summer her papa had several workmen employed about the house. One of the men wore what Carrie considered his *Sunday clothes*, to wit, black cloth coat and pantaloons, black satin vest, brightly polished boots, and a felt hat. Carrie was playing about in the garden, when she espied the man pulling a few cherries. She ran into the house, exclaiming, "O, Papa! one of them man's been stealing some of your cherries. I saw him pull a big handful, and put 'em in his mouth, and swallow 'em right quick so nobody would see him." Her papa pretending to be very much interested in what she was saying, asked her what man it was. "Why, papa, it was the *Sundayest* man," said she, pointing out the one in his Sunday clothes.

Mollie.

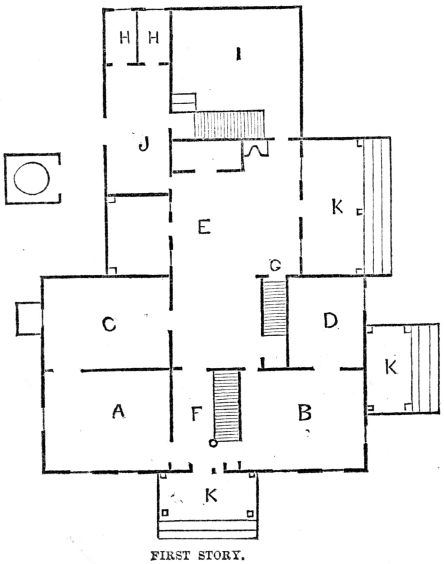
The following order *verbatim et literatim*, is said to have been received by an undertaker from an afflicted widower: "Sur—my Waif is ded, and Wonts to be berried to-moroo. At wonnur klok. U nose wair too dig the Hole—bi the said Of my too Uther waifs—Let it be deep."

COUNTRY RESIDENCE.

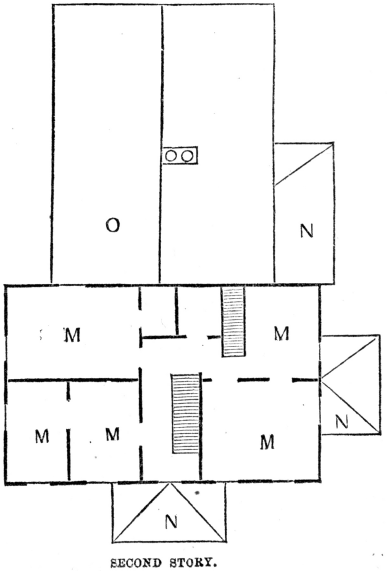
Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS, *Architect, Philadelphia.*

PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

THE above is a fair sample of some of the more recently constructed farmhouses in Genesee County, N. Y. Their beauty and comfort are due, in no small degree, to the effect which magazines have had upon the tastes of those having buildings erected; and we hope it will not be uninteresting to some to give a description of the farm of our energetic and enterprising fellow townsman, Mr. Adolph Hugel, with its varied uses and different appointments.



FIRST STORY.



SECOND STORY.

The farm consists of 106 acres, two-thirds grazing, one-third grain and woodland; has barns and farm stables, sheep-pens, ice and smoke-house, a private carriage-house, and stables for seven horses, with box-stall; sustains some two hundred head of sheep and twenty horses, which latter are of the most celebrated stock, comprising the well-known horse "Edwin Booth," the mares "Marcoe," "Peerless," and "Princess," mostly the property of Wm. Rotch Angier, Esq., and John Potter, Esq., of Philadelphia. In close proximity, and in full view from the piazzas, extends Conesus Lake, ten miles in length, one of those lovely sheets of water so frequent in New York State. The surrounding country presents to the eye that beauty of landscape which characterizes the whole valley of the Genesee.

Description of Plan. First Story.—A parlor, 13 by 16; B dining-room, 13 by 16; C bedroom, 12 by 16; D sitting-room, 10 by 12; E kitchen, 28 by 16; F hall, 8 feet wide; G pantry, 16 by 8; I wood-shed, 16 by 16; K porches.

The *second story* contains five chambers of comfortable dimensions. N porch roofs; O roof of back building.

J. R. DILLINGHAM, *of* 12 *Winter Street, Boston*, sends us the following "Rules for the preservation of the teeth":—

1st. Let care be given to the teeth of children. Deciduous teeth (first set) may be extracted too soon, or left too long. If the fangs of the first-teeth are absorbed, drop out, and give place to the second, all will be well. But if they appear on either side of the arch, lose no time in applying to a good dentist.

2d. When a concretion of tartar collects upon the teeth of a person of any age or sex, lose no time in applying to a dentist for its removal. Many lament the loss of a whole set of teeth from this concretion alone.

3d. When a tooth becomes sensitive from taking cold or warm drinks, or a cavity appears ever so small, lose no time in applying to a judicious dentist, as many teeth are totally lost by not being timely filled with metal. But when filled with proper materials, and by a skilful dentist, it will preserve them, not for a few months only, but for a whole life. The bad effects produced by bad breath, occasioned by one or more diseased teeth, are not of small consideration. If the effects produced by such breath be so extremely unpleasant to the olfactory nerves of other individuals, what must be the effect upon the delicate tissues of our own lungs?

4th. All teeth too much decayed to be saved by plugging, and all roots, should be extracted, lest they injure the health of the general system.

5th. Lost teeth should be artificially restored, since they are rendered at once permanent, beautiful, and answer all reasonable expectations of the patient as regards articulation, mastication, and natural appearance.

OUR NEEDLES.—New subscribers are informed that we furnish 100 of the best needles of all sizes for 30 cents, and a three cent stamp to pay return postage. We have sold millions of these needles, and they have given great satisfaction. They are the diamond drilled-eyed needles, and of the best English manufacture.

COOLING MIXTURES.—The *Ledger* of this city has been furnished by a correspondent with the following:—

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Gentlemen—As much has of late been said about the scarcity of ice, by various newspapers, I herewith give to the public, through your valuable paper, the names, quantities, etc., of such materials as will cool water, or any article of food, to thirty-two (32) degrees Fahrenheit, the freezing point:—

Take Hydrochlorate of Ammonia, V. (5) parts.
Nitrate of Potassæ (nitre,) V. (5) parts.
Cold Water, XVI. (16) parts. Mix.

By adding Glauber salts VIII (8) parts, to the above mixture, the cooling operation will be much expedited.

When it is desirable to cool water or an article of food, the vessel containing it is to be placed in the mixture, and if the vessel be of pewter or tin the contents cool most rapidly.

By the proper use of the above materials, water-ices or cream may be made in a few minutes. Yours, etc.,

R. McC.

A MAN who had been married twice to ladies both named Catharine, advised his friends against taking dupli-Kates.

A WORD TO WRITERS.—The great length of many of the articles on hand prevents our giving them an early insertion. If writers would give us short articles, they would be published much sooner. Racy and to the point, not abounding in description about the beauty of the parties, which most persons skip, but go into the story at once, and, if possible, avoid making the heroine a school-teacher or a governess.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mrs. W. H. W.—Sent pattern and needles April 16th.
Mrs. J. A. W.—Sent embroidery, 16th.
E. D. C.—Sent pattern 16th.
M. E. W.—Sent pattern 16th.
Miss M. L. S.—Sent leaden comb, 16th.
Mrs. H. R.—Sent pattern 18th.
Miss M. T. O.—Sent pattern 18th.
Mrs. J. B. D.—Sent pattern 18th.
Miss E. T. W.—Sent articles 20th.
Mrs. J. J.—Sent articles 20th.
Mrs. E. M. E.—Sent golden cord, 20th.
J. H. Jr.—Sent ring 20th.
Miss M. S.—Sent hair ring 22d.
H. W. L.—Sent hair ring 22d.
Miss L. McM.—Sent hair ring and needles 22d.
Miss V. U D.—Sent dress shields 22d.
Mrs. E. M. A.—Sent box of articles by express 22d.
Mrs. P. M. R.—Sent bonnet in box by express 22d.
Miss E. C. G.—Sent pattern 22d.
Miss A. W. C.—Sent pattern 22d.
J. H.—Sent pattern 22d.
Miss M. W. J.—Sent pattern 22d.
Mrs. W. S.—Sent pattern 22d.
Mrs. E. K. P.—Sent pattern 22d.
Miss L. B.—Sent pattern 22d.
M. J. V.—Sent pattern 25th.
Miss J. E. S.—Sent net 25th.
Mrs. W. F. M.—Sent hair fob chain 25th.
Mrs. A. M. R.—Sent hair ring 25th.
Mrs. J. L. C.—Sent hair fob chain 25th.
Mrs. S.—Sent articles 25th.
Mrs. W. A.—Sent pattern 26th.
Mrs. G. S. B.—Sent India-rubber gloves 26th.
Mrs. B. F. B.—Sent hair charms 28th.
Miss C. R. B.—Sent dress shields 28th.
Mrs. R. R.—Sent embroidery cotton 28th.
Mrs. J. E. B.—Sent box of articles by express 28th.
Mrs. C. B.—Sent pattern 29th.
Mrs. A. W. S.—Sent pattern 29th.
L. A. U.—Sent lead comb 29th.
Dr. Wm. C.—Sent box of articles by express 30th.
Mrs. M. A. S.—Sent box of articles by express 30th.
L. B.—Sent box of articles by express 30th.
Mrs. J. A. H.—Sent pattern May 3d.
G. R. S. & Co.—Sent pattern 3d.
Mrs. N. E. D.—Sent pattern 3d.
E. McL.—Sent pattern 3d.
E. E. P.—Sent pattern 3d.
Mrs. G. H.—Sent lead comb 3d.
E. S.—Sent hair crimpers by express 3d.
M. A. C.—Sent pattern 6th.

H. U.—Sent India-rubber gloves 6th.
J. B. L.—Sent box of articles by express 6th.
M. C. N.—Sent silk circular by express 6th.
Mrs. E. M—Sent hair pins by express 7th.
B. F. W.—Sent pattern 7th.
Miss L. W.—Sent pattern 7th.
Mrs. McC.—Sent lead comb 7th.
Mrs. J. M. D.—Sent pattern 9th.
J. W.—Sent pattern 9th.
Miss M. M.—Sent pattern 9th.
A. P.—Sent pattern 9th.
Miss H. E. W.—Sent pattern 9th.
M, J. D.—Sent box by express 11th.
S. W. E.—Sent dress shields 11th.
E. A. P.—Sent India-rubber gloves 11th.
Mrs. H. F. W.—Sent pattern 12th.
Mrs. G. & M.—Sent pattern 12th.
Mrs. H. J. N.—Sent pattern 12th.
M. E. P.—Sent pattern 16th.
A. M. R.—Sent silk lace 16th.
A. M. M.—Sent pattern 16th.
J. F. X.—Sent articles 16th.
P. M.—Sent pattern 16th.
J. L. M.—Sent comb 16th.

A. E. T.—We decline offering any opinion upon the subject.

Miss J. H.—We do not know of any "cutting remark" that would be applicable.

Mrs. V. L. T.—If the gentleman's head is "greasy with pomatum," I would respectfully remind him that it will spoil the covering of your sofa.

Miss A. E.—We have known such things in former days, but we doubt if at this time any gentleman wears stays.

B. S. T.—We do not republish stories or poetry.

S.—"Two offers." And you ask us to decide. How can we? We can only say,

> "How happy could you be with either,
> Were t'other dear charmer away."

M. E.—We have no regular scale of prices. In fact, we have several thousand dollars invested in MSS., which we have little chance of using, such is the demand made upon our columns by those who are anxious to make their bow to the public through the columns of the Lady's Book.

Juliet.—Wetting and plaiting the hair in three before going to bed, produces a very pretty wave, and is certainly one of the easiest modes of crimping.

Mrs. S. M. R.—Pull it twice, and then if it is not answered, ring until it is.

Miss R. B.—An engagement must be mutual, and then an appeal must be made to the lady's parents.

Mrs. G. H. R.—In our next number. But we think you could find what you want in the June number.

Miss L. V. S.—We have heard of the ceremony being performed in that way. Certainly old chronicles mention "jumping over a broomstick," but never by the twirling of a plate.

Miss T. A.—Do not send your photograph; an improper use may be made of it.

Miss G. H.—We believe that most of the advertisements inserted in our papers are what is familiarly termed bogus. If a man wants a wife, or a woman a husband, it is not necessary to advertise for them.

Mits J. A. B.—Do not call any gentleman by his Christian name, unless years of sanctioned intimacy warrant it.

A. B. and C. D.—Whatnots are simply shelves to pile books or fancy articles on. Instead of being hung up as the old-fashioned book racks, they are on feet, and can stand in a corner, etc. The spools are used to divide the shelves, fastened by a wire passed through them, as you can see by reference to the book. The shelves are graduated, the largest of course being at the bottom.

Autograph.—We can only suggest that you write to the officer explaining your motives, and not one will refuse.

E. R. P.—"A Party, and what came of it," was published in September, 1863. We are of your opinion.

A Subscriber, Mansfield, Ohio.—It would require too much space to give the directions for an Afghan here. The Fashion editress will furnish directions for knitting or crocheting one for the sum of twenty-five cents.

A Crochet Tidy.—Please address Fashion editress.

"A Subscriber for over twenty years" cannot have observed our book very closely, or she would have seen that we published several receipts for making "Phantom Flowers" in some of the numbers for last year. Certainly three or four. See advertisement of Tilton & Co., page 91.

E. M.—We have frequently stated that we will not furnish any receipt for removing superfluous hair.

Authors do not place the title of their stories at the top of every page.

One of your Readers.—Address J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, Mass. They have published a book on that and other kindred subjects.

M. J.—By inch of candle was the old style. We cannot tell when "going," "going," "gone," come in.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; dry goods of any kind from Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., New York; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggens & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR JULY.

Fig. 1.—White grenadine dress, trimmed with graduated ruffles edged with a fancy gimp. Puffs of violet silk cross the ruffles at intervals. The corsage is in the Pompadour style, and trimmed with a puff of violet silk and

narrow graduated ruffles. A very narrow scarf mantle, of the same material as the dress, is trimmed to match. The hat is of rice straw, trimmed with violet and white plumes.

Fig. 2.—Dress of buff silk, trimmed on the edge of the skirt with a box-plaited ruffle, which is ornamented with quite large black chenille drop buttons. The corsage is low, with a short puffed sleeve. The *guimpe* is of black spotted net, finished with narrow thread lace. The corselet is of a new style, made of black silk, and ornamented by chenille tassels and drop buttons. The hair is very heavily crimped and rolled. The coiffure is composed of loops of scarlet and black ribbon.

Fig. 3.—Dress of white alpaca, trimmed with a brilliant bias plaid silk. The corsage is cut in turrets at the waist, and made precisely the same in front as at the back. Rice straw hat, trimmed with plaid to match the dress. The hair is waved by being plaited over night, and then combed out.

Fig. 4.—Dress of French muslin. The skirt is formed of graduated puffs, separated by bands of insertion. On the edge of the skirt is an elegantly worked ruffle. The Zouave is trimmed with puffs, insertion, and ruffles. The vest is of rich blue silk. The hair is rolled off the face, and an Alexandra curl falls over the left shoulder.

Fig. 5.—Dress of pink percale, printed in a design to resemble lace. The pattern on the skirt is linked diamonds, the same as on the sleeves, only on a larger scale. The white underwaist is formed of small puffs. Straw hat, trimmed with green velvet and white plumes.

Fig. 6.—Ball dress. The underskirt is of rich white *glacé* silk, trimmed with a point lace ruffle and black lace leaves. The overdress is of green silk, made in the Eugenie style, and trimmed with point lace and black thread lace leaves. The hair is dressed in front in the Russian style, and arranged at the back in a double waterfall.

BATHING DRESSES.

(*See engraving, page* 21.)

Fig. 1.—Turkish pants of a gray and white striped material, fastened at the ankle with an elastic cord. Paletôt dress of a dark blue and black flannel, made with a small cape, and trimmed with black mohair braid. Oil silk hat, bound and trimmed with scarlet binding.

Fig. 2.—Suit of pearl-colored flannel, trimmed with dark blue flannel, and braided in a plain Grecian pattern with narrow blue braid. Cap of oil silk, trimmed with dark blue flannel.

Fig. 3.—Suit of black cloth, bound with scarlet flannel. The collar is of scarlet flannel, also the cap, which is trimmed with black braid and a long black tassel.

Fig. 4.—Suit of scarlet flannel, trimmed with wide and narrow black braid. The dress is decorated with applications of black cloth, cut in the shape of anchors. The hat is of white straw, trimmed with scarlet braid.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR JULY.

The various wraps to be found at the establishment of Brodie in New York are perfect marvels of taste and art. The silks are of the stand alone quality, and the shapes and trimmings the most elegant we have seen.

Many are of the circular shape, trimmed with gimp ornaments and chenille tassels. Directly at the back of the neck is a Louis 13th bow of the silk, with long ends richly trimmed.

Another style, both for cloth and silk, is a basque with three tails at the back and a skirt attached. This style is rather novel; but prettier in silk than cloth.

Paletôts cut slightly into the figure are among the favorites. Many of these are slashed at the back and on each side, the slashes being caught together with gimp straps and ornaments, and richly trimmed with lace. This style of wrap has pockets in front covered with either lace or gimp. Some have gimp epaulettes which extend down the back below the waist. Others are made double-breasted with revers lined with white silk.

We have seen another style with a stuffed crescent-shaped epaulette, of the silk trimmed with very large jet drop buttons, which was exceedingly stylish.

The jaunty little jackets which are so much worn by misses, are made of all materials; some are trimmed with a box-plaited ruffle, edged with a narrow fringe, and the effect is exceedingly pretty. Indeed, they are all trimmed with irreproachable taste.

Checked, striped, and plain cloth circles of all the new and indescribable shades, are generally finished with a woollen chenille fringe. As we are not indebted to our foreign neighbors for this trimming, it being made both in New York and Philadelphia, the match is generally perfect.

Though these silk and woollen garments are requisite during the entire summer, lighter tissues are also needed. We would, therefore, call attention to the fresh attractive *barège* wraps, so pretty and convenient for warm weather. These are trimmed with flutings, narrow velvets, quillings, and bows. Of the latter style, we give an admirable illustration in the present number. Besides these inexpensive *barège* wraps, are the ever fashionable real lace points, and a great variety of both black and white mohair mantles and shawls.

The Oriental looking scarlet cloak is still worn at watering-places, also white cashmere and silk mantles trimmed with black insertion and *chicorée* ruches.

Thin muslin mantles lined with colored silk, and the hood formed of muslin and Valenciennes insertion, are very elegant and dressy. Indeed, such is the bewildering variety to be found at Mr. Brodie's establishment, that choice is really embarrassing.

On lately visiting the distinguished *fleuriste*, Mme. Tilman, of 148 East Ninth Street, New York, we were shown many beautiful things, though there seems to be rather a lull in the production of novelties; owing, we suppose, to the little demand for them, the warm weather having driven the fashionable world to the various watering-places. However, at this hothouse of elegance there is always something pretty to be seen.

Conspicuous for simple elegance among the bonnets was one of rice straw. It was trimmed with narrow bands of sea-green velvet and a marabout feather, tipped all over with tiny particles of mother-of-pearl, which, cameleon-like, changed color with the slightest movement. The inside trimming was a ruching of green *crêpe* lisse, and almost fragrant roses.

For young ladies, nothing can be prettier than the vaporous-looking tulle bonnets with falling crowns. These are trimmed with violets, rose-buds, or lilies of the valley.

Another pretty style is a pressed *crêpe*, spotted over with beads resembling water drops.

A novelty in the way of a hat had a bird of Paradise feather fastened in front and passing over the crown. A very small circular veil, formed of figured net edged with a narrow thread lace, was fastened in with the crown lining, which caused it to fit closely to the face in the

mask style. Spun glass is but little used by Mme. T.; indeed, we saw it but on one hat. It was, however, of such exquisite fineness, and arranged so charmingly with scarlet velvet and fine grass, that the effect was exquisite.

Another pretty hat had in front a peacock with its beautifully crested head. It was small, and fitted very closely to the hat, the tail clinging to the sides of the crown. This is decidedly the prettiest peacock trimming we have seen, for, generally, the feathers are too large and sprawling.

Buff and salmon are very much used for the trimming of both bonnets and hats. On many of the bonnets a single flower is arranged on the outside. For instance, a water-lily, the leaves glistening with dew-drops. Or the bright tinted tulip. Of the latter flower we have seen many elegant specimens. Feathery, silvery, pearl, and silk grasses enter largely into the composition of *moutures* for bonnets and headdresses. Upon examining the elegant, wavering grasses, we found the hundreds of little spikelets to be formed of mother-of-pearl and steel; but so tiny and delicate, that the least breath would set them in motion; and the various lights thrown on them caused them to glitter almost like jewels.

Large, fancy wheat ears in salmon or buff *crêpe*, with long silky beards, form a very stylish trimming for a black horse-hair bonnet.

Much artistic skill is displayed in the arrangement of headdresses, though there is but little change in the style; nor will there be, until there is a decided change in the arrangement of the hair.

Sprays of pink coral, scarcely to be detected from the real article, arranged with grasses and shells, form a charming coiffure. Marie Antoinette tufts of the rarest flowers, and of the most graceful coloring, are to be found at Mme. Tilman's. Of the tufts and half wreaths of which we have spoken in a previous article, we shall shortly give illustrations. Many other beautiful fantasies we could mention; but we must also speak of children's hats.

For information we visited Mr. Genin's establishment, 513 Broadway, New York. Among the newest and most becoming styles, are the Arion, Casquet, and Armenia. The former has the crown tapering in front, and rounding at the back. The brim is narrow in front, runs to a point behind, and the edges are curled. The Casquet resembles the Arion, only that the brim is narrower and not curled. The Armenia has a high straight crown, narrow brim, which forms a curve both front and back, the sides being perfectly straight. In some of the models, the brim at the side consists merely of a tiny roll of velvet.

Besides the above mentioned styles there are many others; but the three we have named seem to be the favorites, and are to be had in all sizes from ladies to infants.

Some of the dress hats have the brim entirely covered with velvet. The principal trimmings for ladies and misses are feathers and velvet. All kinds of feathers are brought into requisition—peacock's, heron, king fisher's, cock's, and even eagle plumes.

For children, flowers, shells, wheat ears, and ribbons, are the accepted trimmings. Straw ribbons and tassels arranged with high colored velvets, are very dressy.

For school hats, the different shades of gray or cuir, and the mixed straws, are the most suitable both for misses and boys. The turban and Scotch styles, though old, are very much adopted, and with the mask veil and the hair arranged *en Grecque*, present quite a jaunty and pretty appearance. They are suitable, however, only for misses.

Where ribbon is used, it generally terminates in long streamers at the back. Frequently, however, narrow ribbon velvet is laid in deep points round the crown fastening underneath, a tuft of feathers or flowers in front.

A drawn rosette of salmon-colored *crêpe* lisse, with a scarf of the same, edged with a delicate straw fringe, forms a very light and pretty trimming for a hat.

For little boys, there are numerous styles; some have a round crown, with rolled brim. These are generally of a plain colored straw, trimmed with a band of blue or brown ribbon, fastened at the side with a pearl clasp. More fanciful shapes are trimmed with an aigrette, consisting of a small rosette of peacock's feathers, from which spring three straight feathers or a wing. The sailor-shaped hat is also fashionable.

Infants' hats are generally of white straw, bound with velvet, either a bright blue, lilac, or cherry. Narrow bands of the same encircle the crown, and, in front, a short white plume is caught with a bow of white ribbon. For a boy the plume passes over the crown, for a girl it falls at the side.

We can but give our readers a general idea of what is worn in our principal cities. So varied are the styles and trimmings of Mr. Genin's hats, that full opportunity is given for the exercise of taste in the selection of them.

As the warm weather is hurrying persons to the sea-side, a few hints on bathing dresses may be acceptable.

There is no dress so easy of accomplishment as a neat, tasteful, and comfortable bathing dress; and yet, sometimes, when watching bathers at the sea-side, one is tempted to believe such an achievement impossible.

Instead of the usual flannel, Mme. Demorest is making bathing dresses of moreen, and considers this material better adapted for the purpose. It is of a strong, firm texture; not too heavy, does not cling to the person after being in the water, as it immediately drains off.

A very handsome suit just finished at her establishment, No. 473 Broadway, was of drab moreen, the waist plaited to a yoke, and into a belt at the back, the front left loose and belted in like a morning wrapper. The skirt not too short, about half way below the knee, and plaited at the back in large box plaits; the sleeves full, and fastened by a close band at the wrist; a small round collar of the same material give a neat finish to the throat. The trimmings consist of a band of scarlet cloth, one inch wide, stitched all round the skirt, a short distance from the edge; the same on cuffs, collar, and belt. Bloomer pants, fastened into a band of scarlet cloth at the ankle, completes the dress. This suit should of course be lined, except the skirt, and was, in this instance, neatly done with a very thin muslin, with just sufficient texture to make it smooth; and the seams were covered in the same manner as a double gown.

Another of the same goods cut like a circular, only joined on the shoulders, was nearly finished and was exceedingly pretty. The skirt being very full, with full sleeves and pants, and dark blue trimmings instead of scarlet, made a very tasteful suit.

But we doubt the propriety of any but a genius at the work attempting to cut it. However, we remember that a duplicate pattern may be had from this establishment of any and everything desirable in the dress department.

By the way, why does not some leader of fashion at Newport or Cape May introduce the havelock as an appendage to a lady's bathing hat? It is so disagreeable to have the sun beating down on one's neck, which it will do, in spite of the wide-brimmed hats. We merely throw out the suggestion.

FASHION.